

RADIO and Television

July

25¢

MIRROR

BARBARA EILER

COME AND VISIT

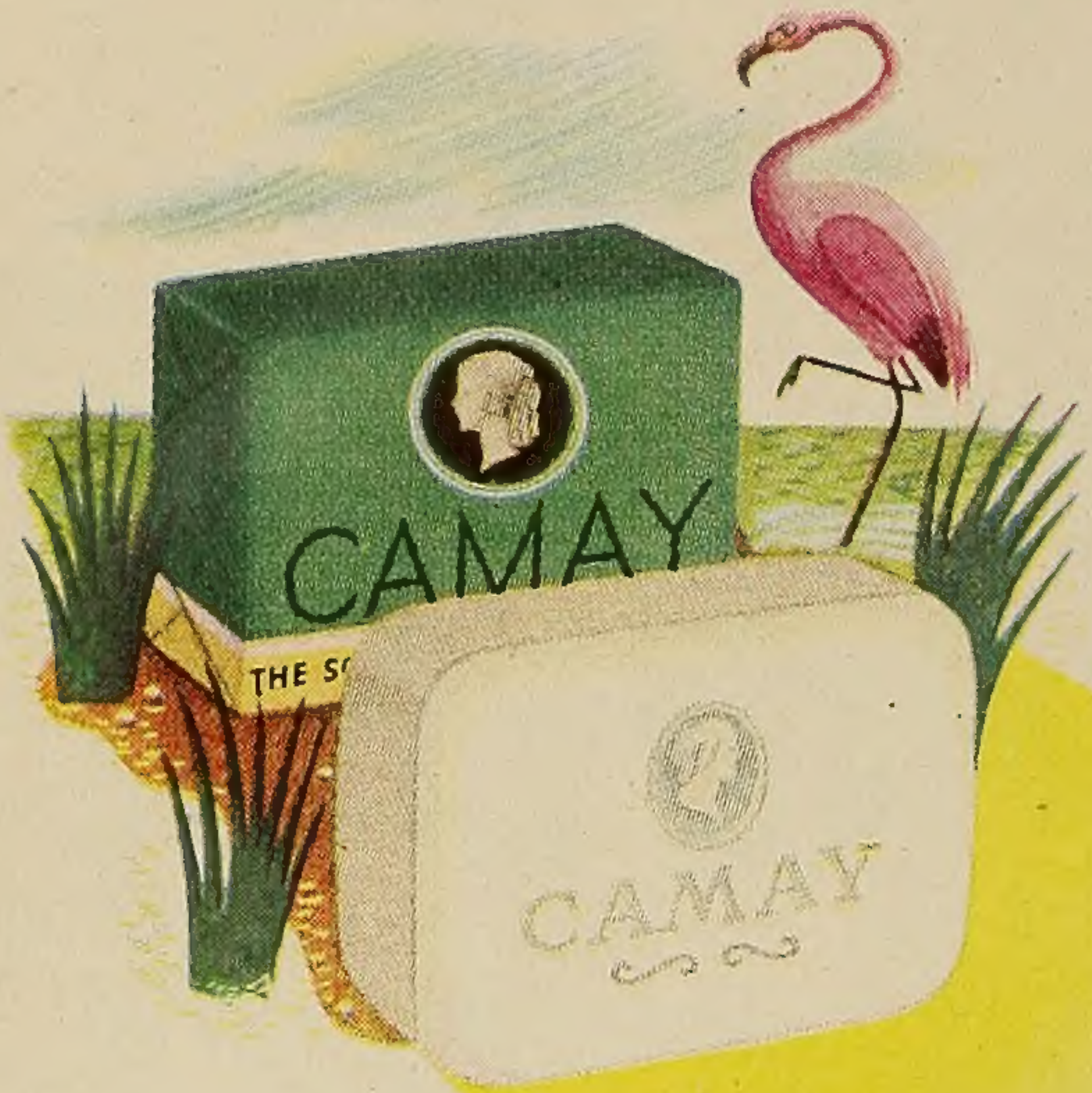
Perry Como

93

LC

Softer, Smoother Skin can be yours with just One Cake of Camay!

HE 8690
R16



Lady, if you'd be lovely, look to your complexion. A soft, clear skin is beauty's first essential. Yes, and you can have a softer, smoother skin with just *one cake* of Camay...if you'll forego careless cleansing...go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet! Just follow directions on the Camay wrapper. Camay—*so mild it cleanses without irritation*—can give your skin a thrillingly softer look!



MEET THE BAUDOS

Kay met Joe, a doctor, at a hospital dance. This was it! Kay is tall, dark and stunning—one of the most interesting-looking girls you ever saw!



The site is chosen for the Baudos' home on Long Island. They'll build soon. And in the meantime, Kay stays on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Let it help you too!

MRS. JOSEPH S. BAUDO
the former Kathryn M. Cheetham of Forest Hills, N. Y.
Bridal portrait painted by

Alex Ross.





"What d'you do —
Poison those arrows?"

CUPID: Sure! Arsenic; strychnine — take your pick. I aim to please.

GIRL: Verr-ry funny. But you know darn well you're not aiming to please *me*! Huh—and the folder said, "Cupid always gladdening the days at Mountain View Inn"...

CUPID: Now *wait* a minute! You go around looking like the meanest trick of the week, and you expect *me* to—. Look, cookie, try *smiling* at men for a change!

GIRL: It'd be a change for the worse. My smile's the original tattle-tale gray. I brush my teeth, mind you—

CUPID: Don't mind me. Just answer this: Do you see "pink" on your tooth-brush?

GIRL: Well—

CUPID: Well, *that's* a warning to *see your dentist* — but *pronto!* Let *him* decide what's wrong. Maybe it's just a case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise—and if so, he'll probably suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

NEVER
IGNORE
"PINK
TOOTH BRUSH"—



GIRL: Please try to concentrate. We were speaking of my *smile*.

CUPID: First things first, feather-brain. Sparkling smiles depend largely on healthy *gums*. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with gentle massage, to help gums. So if your dentist suggests massage with Ipana, then *massage with Ipana*, 'Sis... and you'll be started on a smile that'll slay the men—the way you *want* 'em slayed!

For the Smile
of Beauty—

Ipana and Massage



Product of Bristol-Myers

Coming
Next
Month



Never before have we told a Ma Perkins story the way we're going to tell the one in August—in pictures! Wonderful color, and black-and-white, for four pages of the heart-touching kind of story only Ma Perkins can give us.

* * *

To bring you up-to-date on Portia Blake are Living Portraits of the cast of Portia Faces Life. Color on this too, of course—a frame-worthy portrait of Portia herself.

* * *

Carolyn Kramer, Right to Happiness heroine, tells a breathless story of a crisis in her life as a mother. Any mother, reading it, will feel her own heart beating faster, and will understand Carolyn's moment of dreadful fear. . . . There's a very special story by Ted Malone, a love story in which a poem wove the pattern. . . . And the best Better Living ideas we could gather to make your summer comfortable and fun.

JULY, 1947

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NORTH ATLANTIC EDITION

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ON THE COVER: Barbara Eiler, of NBC's Life of Riley.
Miss Eiler's hat and parasol are by Weymann Brothers.

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in the *groove*

Candy Coated
means More Flavor!

also makers of
Fleer's Dubble Bubble Gum

Hear Spike Jones' new
RCA VICTOR RECORD
"Blowing
Bubble Gum"

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., PHILA., PA.

RADIO QUIZZES

Break the Bank

Try yourself on this father-and-son series of stumpers with which Break the Bank's M.C. Bert Parks recently added contestants. Answers, if you need them, are upside down, below.

1. Here are a very famous father and son. The father was one of the world's greatest inventors known as the "Wizard of Menlo Park." His son was recently the Governor of the State of New Jersey. Who are they?
2. The movie-goers gave us a famous father and son. The father was the swashbuckling hero of many pictures. Remember "The Mark of Zorro," "The Thief of Bagdad?" His son is now starred in a new version of "Sinbad the Sailor." Who are they?
3. The second and sixth presidents of the United States were father and son. Who were they?
4. In the world of music there was a famous father and son. The "Blue Danube" waltz was composed by the son. Who was he?
5. In politics we have a famous father and son. The father served as Governor of Wisconsin, then served his state as U. S. Senator for about twenty years. When he died his son was elected to fill his unexpired term and was re-elected in 1928, 1934, and 1940. Who are they?
6. Here are a famous literary father and son: the father wrote many famous historical novels and the son is chiefly famous for his play, "The Lady of the Camellias" or as we know it, "Camille." Who are they?
7. In one of Shakespeare's most famous plays a father gives this advice to his son: "Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice; take each man's censure but reserve thy judgment. Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, but not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy; for the apparel oft proclaims the man . . ." Now what was the name of the father who gave this advice to his son?

ANSWERS

1. Thomas A. and Charles Edison
2. Douglas Fairbanks Sr. and Jr.
3. John Adams, John Quincy Adams
4. Johann Strauss
5. Robert Marion La Follette, Robert Marion La Follette Jr.
6. Both known as Alexandre Dumas
7. Polonius to Laertes, in "Hamlet"

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Oh, yes — you look sweet enough to kiss!

But kisses mean close-ups, so guard your charm with Mum

THAT'S a smooth make-up job, Honey. On you it should catch a man's eye, steal his heart.

But even tempting lips hold no lure when a girl is guilty of underarm odor. So

why take chances? Be *sure* you're sweet with Mum. Remember, a bath washes away *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor.

checks perspiration odor

1. **Safe for charm.** Mum checks underarm odor, gives sure protection all day or all evening.
2. **Safe for skin.** No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.
3. **Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical, Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even *after* you're dressed.

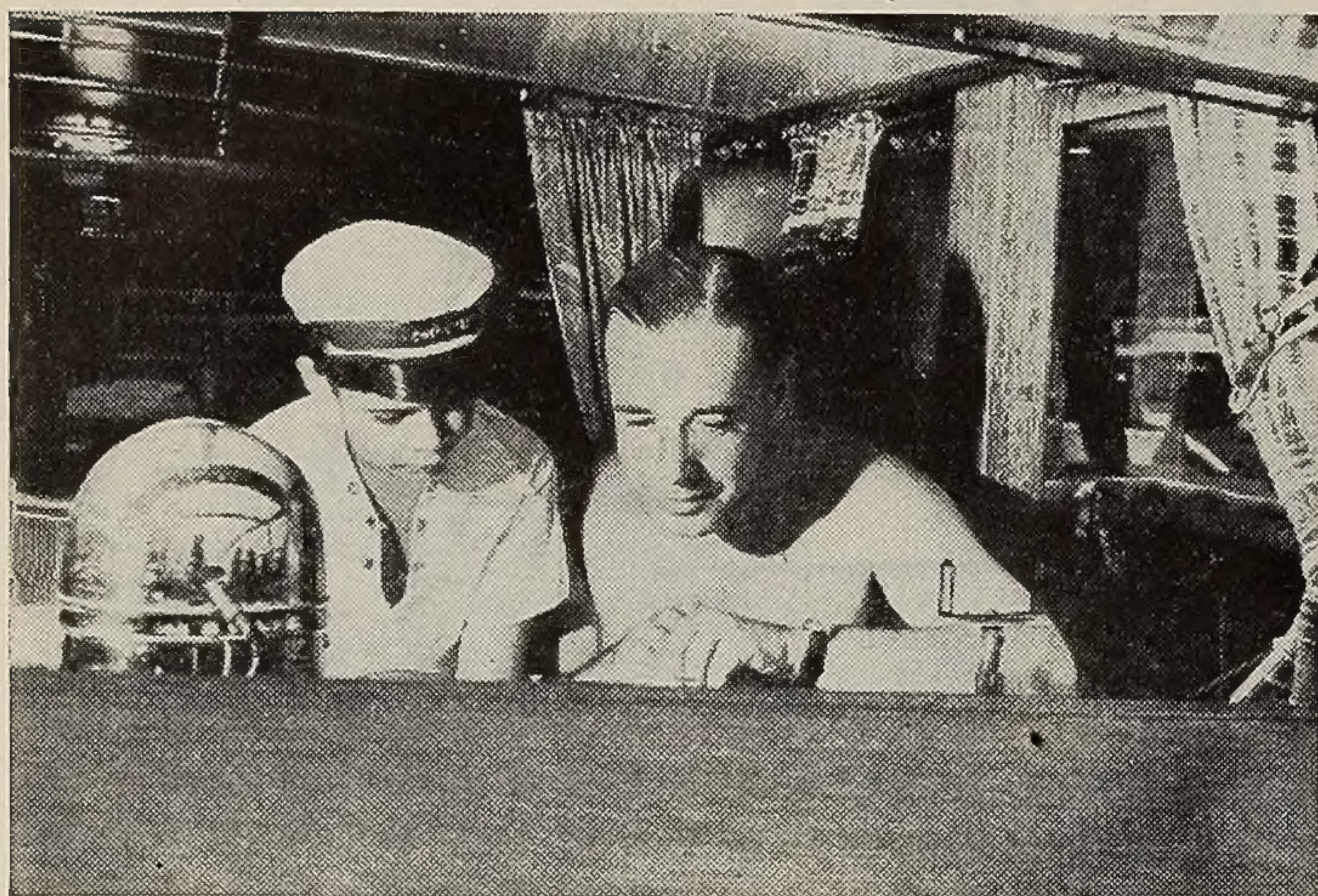
For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this use, too.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Main Spring

OF THE MUSICAL CLOCK



A lesson in navigation for young John as father and son cruise in the family yacht.



Remember "Walk to Work"? The wartime Gamblings found it fun.



Louis Biamonte, Vincent Sorey, Pietro Frisini, Michael Rosco and John B. Gambling.

RADIO'S human alarm clock is John B. Gambling. For twenty-two years John B. has been conducting his Musical Clock program from 7:15 to 8 A. M. over WOR, getting 315,000 people out of bed—and making them like it!

The mainspring of the Musical Clock, radio's oldest continuous program, owes his job to Cupid. A native of Cambridge, England, Gambling was a wireless operator with the Royal Navy during World War 1. After the war he was "sparks" on British and American passenger steamers until one sunny day in 1925 when he met Cupid and an American girl, on board ship. He decided to give up bachelorhood and he now confines his seafaring to cruises with his wife, Rita, and son, John Alfred, aboard the "John B."

Later that year John walked into station WOR, applying for an engineer's job. He got the post—at the grand salary of \$30 a week. As the greenest engineer, John was assigned the most-hated stint-handling, the 6:30 morning gym classes.

As the calisthenics craze waned in the late Thirties, Gambling dispensed with detailed instructions—just giving listeners a quick count. Today exercises are out.

However, the informality and fun-making that pervaded the program in the early days of broadcasting are still basic ingredients of the Musical Clock. Gambling boasts that he tells the oldest jokes in radio. He clips old wheezes from old papers and magazines and files them in used envelopes.

Beside John's humor, the show features brief and bright musical numbers by Vincent Sorey and his orchestra. The musicians, two of whom have been on the program for twenty-two years, are familiar to listeners and take part in the program.

When bad weather shuts suburban schools, John reads the list of closed institutions. The service has been commended officially, by boards of education.

Wise to the ways of the reluctant scholar, Gambling has set up a code system, assigning a number to each school. The ingenious student who disguises his voice, identifies himself as the principal and declares that his school is shut, is doomed to failure.

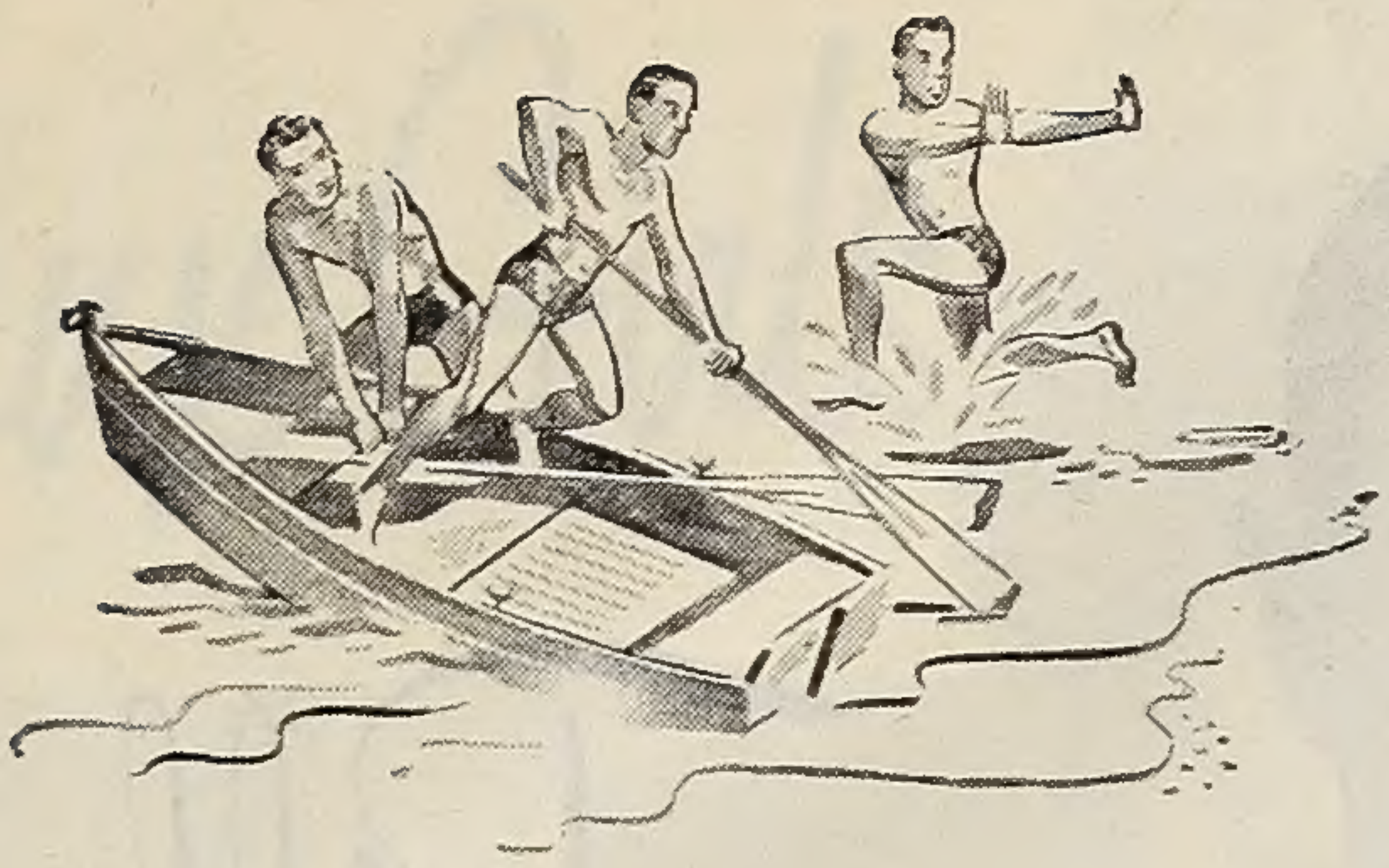
However, the system was almost wrecked recently when one principal, who misunderstood the situation, posted the code number on the school bulletin board. The "snafu" was quickly straightened out when Gambling gave the institution a new code number, this time labeled "Top Secret."

"Although my gags and jokes haven't improved in the past twenty-two years," Gambling says, "radio itself has come of age. If the producer of a big radio show today thinks he has headaches, he should have been at WOR in the 1920's. We only had one studio and one microphone and one lone remote line."

When Engineer Gambling went out on a "remote" to hotels and night clubs, he had to lug amplifiers under one arm, B batteries under the other, a coil of wire on his neck, and in his arm huge batteries that dripped acid on his tuxedo trousers.

John still remembers the afternoon of July Fourth, 1926, when a number of performers failed to show. The studio staff that afternoon numbered two—Gambling as engineer-announcer and Edward S. Breck, pianist-announcer. "The station went on the air at two-thirty," Gambling recalls, "with Breck playing a fifteen-minute piano recital. Following that, I announced that Miss Elizabeth Shuttlebottom would favor us with a group of piano classics—and Breck carried on for another quarter hour. To cut a very long story short, Breck played for an hour and a half, under his own name and five aliases. The show went on!"

Al-libbing comes natural to Gambling. After twenty-two years he has logged 13,862 hours of broadcast—the equivalent of a year and a half of steady talking. And in that time, John estimates, he has told some 389,751 old jokes!



TAKE TO THE BOATS, BOYS!...
here she comes!

Is that the kind of treatment a pretty girl should get when she's off on her vacation and ready for romance?

Not if she's a bright girl, it isn't!

But Ginny isn't very bright about some things . . . : her breath, for example.

She has a little touch of halitosis (bad breath) from time to time, and the boys have already spotted it. She's elected herself to the "Suicide Club". . . social suicide, that is. She'll miss many a good time, sit out many a dance, watch the moon rise alone . . . *and wonder why.*

You, yourself, may not realize when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath)*. So the smart thing to do is to be extra careful about offending this way. And by being "extra careful" we mean using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and especially before any date where you want to be at your best:

Almost instantly Listerine Antiseptic makes your breath fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend. Start the day and go to your date with a wonderful feeling of greater assurance and freshness. Make Listerine Antiseptic a "must" every day. It helps you to be at your best always.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri



*While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

FOR ORAL HYGIENE **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

SWIM

any day of
the month
with
Tampax



BECAUSE it's "that time of month" do you stay out of the water pretending you don't care? You do care and others are likely to know it. So why not use Tampax and take your swim? Women everywhere now are doing just that . . . Tampax is modern sanitary protection worn internally. There are no belts, outside pads or anything else that can show. In bathing suit wet or dry, you are safe from the most watchful eyes.

Made of compressed absorbent cotton, Tampax was invented by a doctor for this monthly use. Individual applicators make insertion easy and when the Tampax is in place it cannot be seen or felt. It is quick to change and easy to dispose of. Also, no odor can form. Do you wonder that millions of women are now using Tampax?

Buy Tampax and swim to your heart's content. At drug stores and notion counters in Regular, Super and Junior absorbencies. Month's supply fits into purse. Or get the economy box with 4 months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR**



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association



Bill Stern

EVERYONE who has even the most casual interest in sports is familiar with Bill Stern's dramatic play-by-play descriptions of the country's top sporting events. He can bring the colorful spectacle of a football game into your living room so vividly that the only things you miss are the biting autumn wind and the hard stadium seats.

Bill started out to be an actor, but that didn't last. When his hopes for a dramatic career went up in smoke, he decided to capitalize on the intensive sports training he'd had—along with academic work, of course—at college. Besides his B.S. degree he had letters for football, basketball, tennis, boxing and crew.

NBC started him broadcasting with Graham McNamee in 1934. Then he was made guest announcer for a football series the following year. In 1937 he had really arrived, for he was made a regular member of the NBC Special Events Staff. And now he's Sports Director.

He's a past master at the art of ad libbing. When there's an unexpected pause during a game, you can always count on Bill to fill in with a human interest story about some member of the team or with an amusing account of some side-light on the day's event. He has the happy faculty of bringing his listeners to the game.

The human interest angle of the news has become a regular feature of Bill's daily sports broadcast. It takes research, delving into little-known facts about well-known people to come up with the anecdotes that give Bill Stern's programs that lively, personal touch. And his listeners love it! People around the NBC studios are still talking about the time Bill told the story of the little boy who saved his tired old dog from fire while his brand new bicycle went up in flames. The next day, the NBC mailroom was buried in a storm of contributions for a new bike. One of the nice things about Bill is that he always finds time to do the little things that mean so much.

Somehow, between dashing around the country to cover major sporting events, Bill manages to find the time to be commentator for MGM's "News of the Day" and various movie shorts.

Never missing a broadcast has become a fetish with Stern. And on one occasion his race with time didn't have a happy ending. He was en route to Texas to cover a football game when an auto accident landed him in the hospital for six months. But more important still, it cost him a leg. However, Bill Stern doesn't regard the accident as a great tragedy. He hasn't let it interfere with his career in any way. It happened; he has overcome any of its possible handicaps; and that, as far as he's concerned, is the end of that. But it wasn't the end of it as far as his listeners were concerned. The flood of mail and presents they sent to the hospital was an indication of the friendly audience-reaction Bill has earned.

"Lux Girls are Daintier!"

"A Lux Soap Beauty Bath makes you sure of skin that's sweet!"

JOAN BENNETT

Starring in
Diana Production

"THE SECRET BEYOND
THE DOOR"

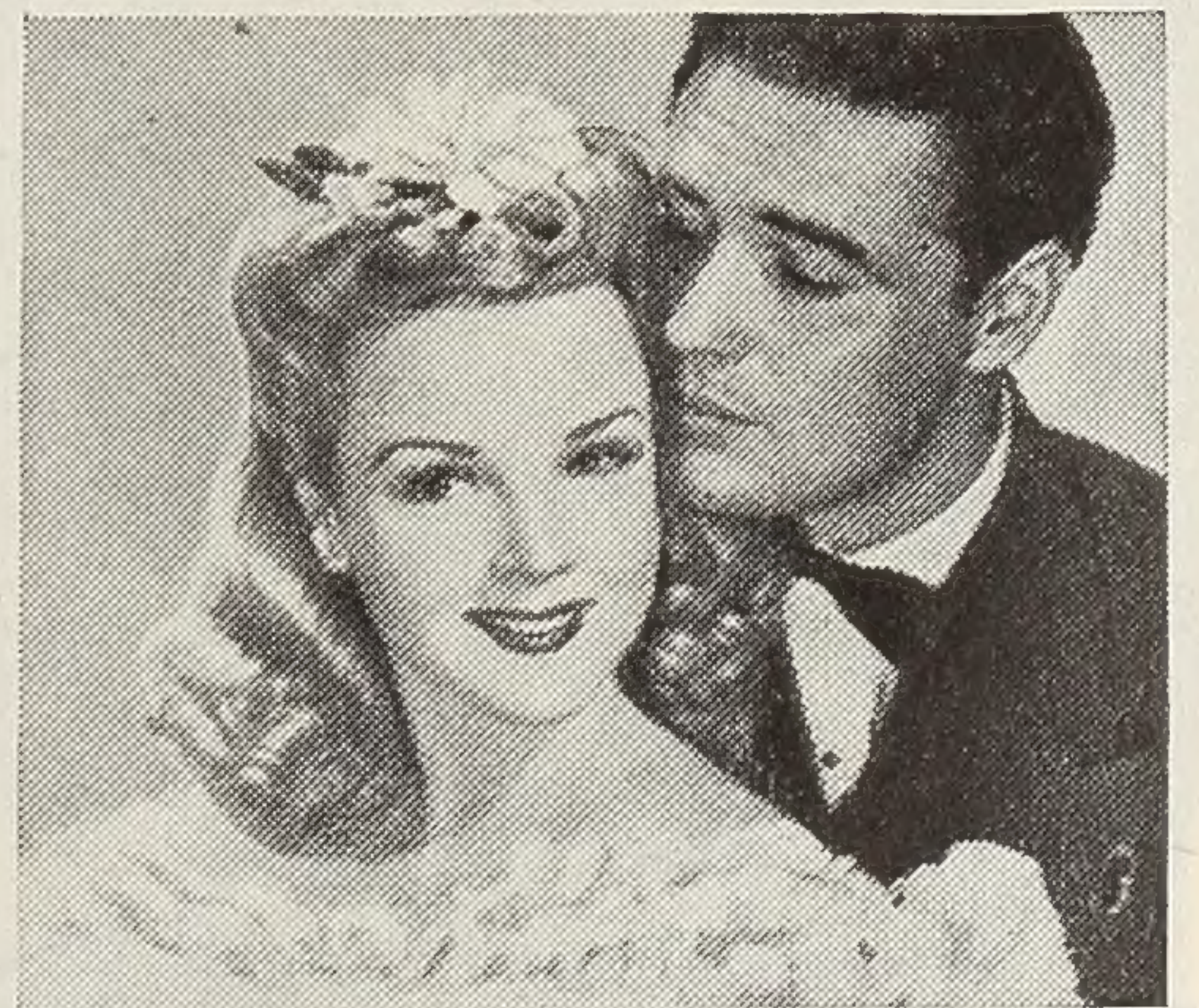


A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

"THERE'S APPEAL men can't resist in skin that's smooth, fragrant," says Joan Bennett. "I love the delicate, clinging perfume Lux Soap leaves on my skin."

"If a girl isn't dainty, no other charm counts, and a daily Lux Soap beauty bath makes you *sure*. Active lather swiftly carries away dust and dirt, leaves skin fresh, *sweet*."

Take Joan Bennett's tip! Use this fine complexion soap as a daily bath soap, too. You'll agree—Lux Girls are daintier!



YOU thrill when he whispers "You're sweet!" There's appeal men can't resist in skin that's exquisitely *fresh*. Try this fragrant Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap — *Lux Girls are Lovelier!*



Facing the

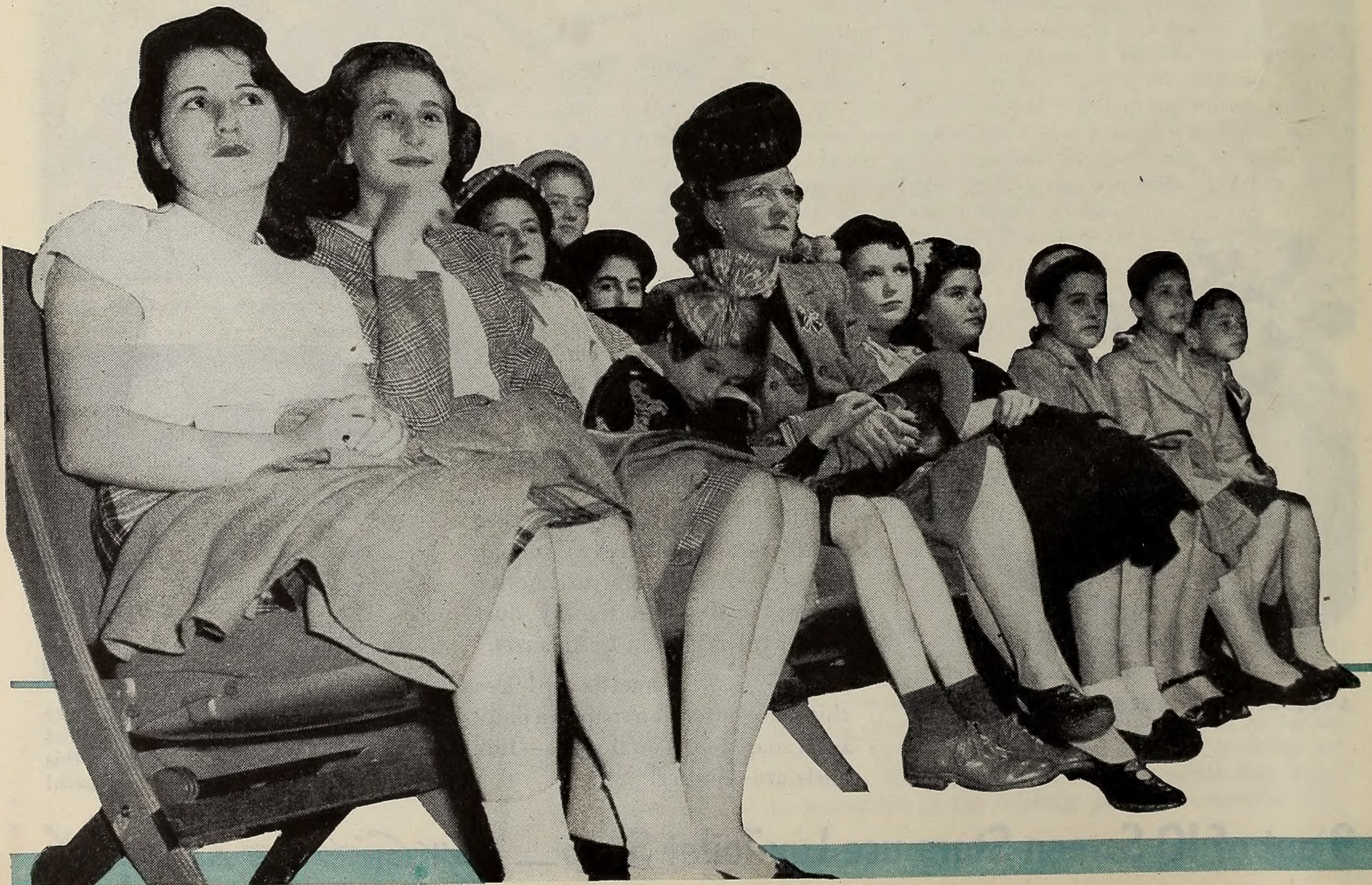
GORDON MacRAE who stars on NBC's Saturday morning 'Teentimers' program, and who is heard from coast-to-coast on a twice-weekly transcription series, found out at the very start of his singing career that it takes more than just knowing how to hit the right notes to get along in radio.

He learned that he had to find out how to act in front of an audience; how to read lines; how to develop microphone technique.

The Mill Pond Summer Theater, on Long Island, became his first "caddying" spot. (He'd learned to play his near-championship brand of golf by caddying and figured he could learn showmanship by the same technique.) There, working for room and board and about eleven dollars a week, he gained his first experience at working in front of live people. It took no time at all to figure that an actor's lot was not an easy one.

But Gordon was lucky. A young, successful radio actress, Sheila Stevens, spending the summer at Mill Pond as a "working vacation," decided the youngster needed a lot of help. She pitched in and helped him rehearse. They must have rehearsed their love scenes better than any of the others because by the time the

★ Many come hoping; one is chosen Wishing-Star.



Music

By
KEN
ALDEN

season ended they were married.

A few weeks later, at \$23 a week, Gordon was marching around Radio City, garbed in the dark blue uniform of an NBC page boy.

This job gave him plenty of opportunity to watch closely the technique of some NBC's top stars. He was assigned to escort guests to the Walter Winchell broadcast on Sunday nights, and that gave him a chance to observe Winchell's mike mastery.

Which set the stage for one of his proudest moments, a few years later, when the same Walter Winchell told his 23,000,000 listeners "It's a girl at the Gordon MacRae's. Daddy is the singing star of the Ray Bolger hit, 'Three To Make Ready'. It's their second girl."

Between these stages, however, there was a tough apprenticeship.

When the Army called him in June, 1943, Gordon was holding down the sustaining spot on CBS vacated by Frank Sinatra.

He won his wings, was an air corps lieutenant.

In October, 1945, he returned to his civilian clothes and CBS put him back on the sustaining program. But sustainers don't pay much. Then (Continued on page 11)

★ Star-time for Gordon MacRae: NBC's Saturday Teentimers' Club; hear it from 11 to 11:30 A.M. EDT.



★ MacRae draws them; police watch the crowds form.



★ Made-to-order guest: teen-ers love Count Basie.



★ Program's Fred Robbins, the Winner, and Mac.



*Met Her on Sunday-
Lost Her on Monday!*



JUST WHEN I
THOUGHT THIS PERT
PIGEON AND I WERE
DEFINITELY ON THE BEAM.
SHE FLEW! AND WHY?
I ASK YOU, SIS, WHY?

EVER THINK OF THE
BAD BREATH ANGLE?
NO FOOLING, PETE,
YOU OUGHT TO MAKE
TRACKS FOR OUR
DENTIST'S—BUT FAST!



TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC
TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES,
COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH
THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

"Colgate Dental Cream's active penetrating
foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth
—helps clean out decaying food particles—
stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause
of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft pol-
ishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly,
gently and safely!"

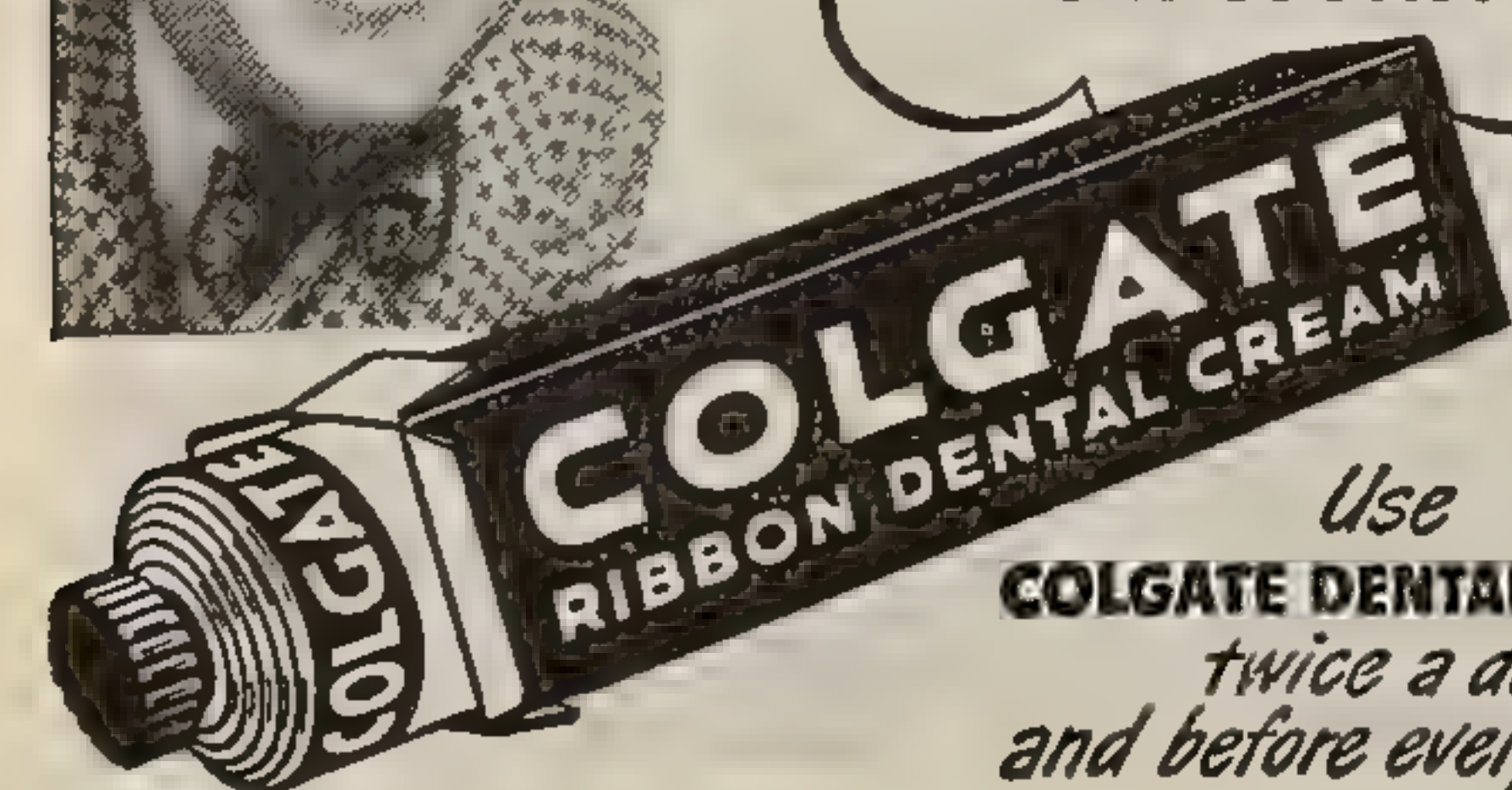


LATER—
THANKS TO
COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM

MET HER SUNDAY — LOST HER MONDAY—
TOOK A TIP— AND WOO! WOO! WEDNESDAY!



**COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM**
Cleans Your Breath
While It Cleans
Your Teeth!



Use
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
twice a day
and before every date!

NEW RECORDS



RECOMMENDED By KEN ALDEN

ART LUND:

Well, here's the new swooner threat, thanks largely to his hit pressing of "Mam'selle" from "The Razor's Edge." (MGM)

WOODY HERMAN:

Now a soloist, the former bandsman reveals a fine baritone styling as he sings "No Greater Love" and "Across the Alley From the Alamo." (Columbia)

TEX BENEKE:

Salutes his contemporaries in a juke box medley called "Blues of the Record Man" and pairs it with a slow one, "Why Don't We Say We're Sorry?" (Victor)

CAB CALLOWAY:

With the self-explanatory "Hi-De-Ho Man" and "Necessity," this super jazz showman goes to town. (Columbia)

TOMMY DORSEY:

Whips up a swell platter with "Spring Isn't Everything," a tune with an unusually fine lyric. The reverse has a noisy riff called "Bingo, Bango, Boffo." Solid. (Victor)

HARRY JAMES:

Although Ted Weems trail-blazed the "Heartaches" revival, the torrid trumpeter has a respectable version which he enters with "I Tipped My Hat" on the reverse. Art Lund sings the vocal on the latter tune. (Columbia)

ROBERT MERRILL:

NBC's vigorous baritone sings two fine standards, "Home on the Range" and "The Last Round-Up." Both top notch. (Victor)

KING COLE TRIO:

More smooth ensemble work by this top drawer group making "Meet Me At No Special Place" and "You Don't Learn That In School" sound like much better tunes than they really are. (Capitol)

ANDY RUSSELL:

Recruits his wife, Della, for a mediocre duet on "Unless It Can Happen With You" and then does better solo with "Dreams Are A Dime A Dozen." (Capitol.) Vaughn Monroe selects the same melody with a rhythmic assist from the Moonmaids. (Victor)

THE DINNING SISTERS:

We've been touting these carolers long enough. It's about time they hit the Big Time. For proof of performance, try "My Adobe Hacienda" and "If I Had My Life to Live Over." (Capitol.) The same tune gets a swell spin from Buddy Clark. (Columbia)

DINAH SHORE:

Not the Dinah Shore of old, but still able to lead the distaff parade, the Southern songbird has a brand new Columbia album of favorites, including "Dixie," "Kerry Dance," and "The Thrill is Gone."

FRANKIE CARLE:

The prolific pianist Steinways through "The Man Who Paints the Rainbow" and "Unless It Can Happen To You." To make it a family affair, daughter Marjorie handles the vocals. (Columbia)

LOUIS ARMSTRONG:

The daddy of the blues singers, must have found the Fountain of Youth, for his newest Victor disc, "I Wonder, I Wonder," and "It Takes Time" has more youth than a Margaret O'Brien-June Allyson flicker.

XAVIER CUGAT:

The Latin American beat gets the master's touch with the guaracha, "Cu-Tu-Gu-Ru" and "Illusion," a beguine. (Columbia)

FRANK SINATRA:

Gives out with two tunes from his new film, "It Happened in Brooklyn." They are "The Brooklyn Bridge" and "It's the Same Old Dream." Both good. (Columbia)

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 9)

came the singing lead in Ray Bolger's musical revue. And a little later Gordon was signed for his first commercial program, the Teentimers' Club.

Now he's up in the class that needs police protection outside the studio door to prevent worshipers from getting hurt in the crush.

Once again Artie Shaw failed to make the marital grade. He and "Forever Amber" authoress, Kathleen Winsor, have called it a day.

Take it from Bea Wain and Andre Baruch, the Mr. and Mrs. of disc jockeys, heard on WMCA. They point out that ten years ago, the top sellers were bands like Glenn Miller, Tommy Dorsey, Artie Shaw, but now the top wax works come from singers like Bing, Sinatra and Shore. Records are at peak sales with an average hit selling over 400,000 copies—twice as many as before. An important influence has been the sudden popularity of strings and small instrumental combinations like the King Cole Trio, Joe Mooney Quartet, The Three Suns, and the newly-rising Page Cavanaugh Trio.

A year and a half ago, Vic Damone was an usher in the New York Paramount theater. When Perry Como played the theater, Vic stopped the elevator he was piloting to force an audition upon Como. The star liked what he heard, encouraged the singing usher. Today, 18-year-old Damone has his own Mutual network show and is headed for the big time.

The reason you don't see any new Decca records is due to the fabulous success of the Al Jolson albums, with all production grooved for additional pressings of this package of tunes by the great jazz singer. Other Decca artists who made master cuts months ago without seeing them distributed are sizzling.

There's an old adage to the effect that good things always happen in threes, and bandleader Ted Weems, the man who put "Heartache" on the Hit Parade with his recording of that oldie, happens to be the third party in a cycle of good things.

Back in pre-war years, before Ted gave up his band to go into Navy service, he had a couple of vocalists named Perry Como and Marilyn Maxwell. Everybody knows how Como and Miss Maxwell achieved stardom via screen and radio after graduating from their vocalist spots with the Weems band. But, how about Ted?

Ted came out of the Navy about a year ago, only to find that a lot of people had forgotten him during the war years. It was a tough scuffle getting started again, but Ted did. Then, all of a sudden, a disc-jockey on an all-night show in Charlotte, N. C., dug an old Ted Weems record of "Heartaches" out of the station's files and gave it a couple of airings. In no time at all the record became so big that Decca repressed 50,000 copies of it and put them on sale in Charlotte.

Before "Heartache," Ted and his band were playing mid-west hotels for \$2000 a week. Now he's getting offers as high as \$3000 a night for college prom dates, and a radio commercial is in the offing.



Are you sure of your loveliness—sure the deodorant you now use gives you complete protection 24 hours of every day? Be sure—switch today to safe, new Odorono Cream.

New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours

Wonderful, new wartime discovery gives more effective protection than any deodorant known.

New Odorono Cream not only protects your daintiness a full 24 hours, with the most effective perspiration-stopper known, but . . .

It gives you the exclusive extra protection of HALGENE . . . the new wonder ingredient that checks perspiration odor.

Just think! One application of new Odorono Cream in the morning keeps you dainty—all day and night.

It does not irritate. So safe and gentle—can be used after shaving.

Stays soft and smooth down to

the last dab. Never gritty. (Even if you leave the cap off for weeks.)

Greaseless, stainless, vanishing. Odorono leaves no sticky film. Protects dresses from perspiration stain and odor.

More economical! Odorono gives 21 more applications from a 39¢ jar than other leading brands. Savings on 10¢ and 59¢ sizes, too. (Odorono comes in liquid form, also.)

24-hour protection
with
Odorono Cream





Like all Screen Guild Players, Jack Benny and Paulette Goddard turned their fees in to an actors' fund.

What's New

FROM



Honeychile Robinson covers the keys in a Jack Smith Show guest performance.

WE HEAR that Burl Ives has bought the entire top of a mountain in Valley Center, just north of San Diego. There are eighty acres of land and Burl plans to build an adobe house on it. Right now, he's camping there in an Army tent, whenever he gets the chance. He goes there for peace and quiet to work on his autobiography.

* * *

Before we get too gay and gossipy, we'd like to take our hats off to the Screen Guild Players. They've been doing one of the most consistently good jobs on their air shows. And all for free. All money earned by the top flight actors and actresses on this show goes to support charities which take care of theatrical, screen and radio people in old age and sickness. We like especially the fact that so little is made of this aspect of the show. However, it may account for the high quality of the shows. They do a good job because they're doing it for a good reason.

* * *

It sounds like a gag, but Jay Jostyn showed it to us. He's just received an offer from a detective agency to become an undercover operative. He turned it down, of course.

* * *

As we go to press an ever-growing group of radio people and just plain citizens who want their rights are planning a big conference in New York to discuss what can be done about the recent chopping off of heads in the liberal commentator line. Norman Corwin will be chairman of the meeting which is being called by the Radio Division of the Progressive Citizens of America. Here's hoping that they come up with a few ideas. We even have a suggestion. How about finding a few more sponsors like the CIO? You hear Leland Stowe, now, because the CIO decided that an absolutely honest, free-thinking commentator was needed and the only way to guarantee there would be one was to dig into the treasury of their organization and buy the

By Ken Alden

When Al Jolson guested with Amos (Freeman Gosden, r.) 'n' Andy (Charles Correll, l.) Red Skelton was a well-wisher.



COAST TO COAST

radio time for it. There's a job for you listeners to do. You're the ones the sponsors have to please. There's no harm in letting them know how you feel about the shows or speakers with which they present you.

Now, Juvenile Jury has gone just about as far as it can go, until the discovery of atomic fission begins to affect the means of transmission of entertainment. The show is now being televised, and, for the first time since television went commercial, it is being sponsored by the same firm that sponsors the show over Mutual. That makes three fields invaded by the smart kids and Jack Barry—radio, movies and television.

Mr. and Mrs. teams have become quite a thing, what with all these breakfast chatter shows. But they're by no means new. One of the oldest and best functioning teams is one you'll never hear about on the air. Robert Maxwell—he's the producer of Superman—and his wife have been one of the most successful combinations for years. But their partnership is all behind the scenes. Besides Superman, they write and produce, together, the Hop Harrigan series. They also work together extremely well as just plain Mr. and Mrs., which these days is an accomplishment in itself.

The career women who form the round-table-of-romance panel Leave It To The Girls rarely have a good word for any male animal. The way they rake the boys over the coals! But—it can happen! On a recent broadcast, without any verbal agreement, they all pulled their nice claws in because of a last minute accident. Ted Malone, who nobly arbitrates their catty chat, had spilled a glass of water all over his desk and seat, just before the On The Air signal flashed. There wasn't time for any mopping up, so Malone squirmed and sweated through the whole broadcast, sitting in a puddle. The girls felt he was suffering enough and eased up on the anti-male talk that usually sparks the show.



Detecting Sam Spade (Howard Duff) and his secretary (Lurene Tuttle) of the CBS series.



Peter Donald, often the March of Time voice of the Duke of Windsor, shows His Grace how he does it.



A wartime Al Sisson in a Red Cross truckmobile in Africa.

Along MAIN STREET



Eileen Broderick was a guest of Al's when she won a local School Bus Safety Essay Contest.

HERE'S a fellow who has really carved his name into the radio history of Rochester. Al Sisson, the WHAM "Mainstreeter," has been in radio since 1933. His jobs have been many and varied. First a staff announcer, then a news reporter, next, a news editor, he now has a program of his own entitled Along Main Street, and is an early visitor in thousands of homes each morning at 7:30 A.M., Monday through Friday.

Al, more affectionately known as "Doc," was born at Italy Hill, Yates County, New York, on November 18, 1901. He attended Ithaca College for training in dramatics. After college Al made two decisions; he got married and started teaching school. In 1928 he returned to Ithaca College as head of the Dramatics Department. He took an interest in the theater and spent the summers in stock and repertoire companies.

Radio beckoned and Al auditioned for a dramatic role after which he hung around until an announcer's job finally opened. Several years of straight announcing followed and then he went into news and finally became News Editor for WHAM.

Al, in appearance, reminds you of a very successful football or baseball coach. He stands 5 ft. 8 in. in height, weighs 170 lbs., has brown hair and eyes to match. The one thing that will outshine his smile is his heart. Al's friends say that you just can't measure that—it's too big.

December 7th, 1941, war with Japan and Germany found Al here at WHAM. Not content to sit idly by, Doc joined the American Red Cross as a Field Director. After a short training period he was sent to Africa and then into Italy where he served our GIs on many different fronts. A severe throat infection forced Al to return to the States where he carried on for the local chapter of the Red Cross, speaking at rallies and visiting our wounded soldiers in near-by hospitals.

Radio offered him his old job back but Al had a different idea. He wanted to do a program about people, the way he saw them and what they meant to him. Striking out on his own, Al sold himself to a trust company which to this day sponsors his program. The secret of his



"Doc" Sisson during a typical morning broadcast, WHAM.

success is that his subjects are many and all different. Maybe a Scout meeting he attended, or an old friend he met on the street, a review of the recent best-seller, a civic affair or a visit to the Sampson Naval Hospital.

Last Christmas he heard of Leatherwood School, Carter County, Kentucky, which had never had a Christmas party. He asked his listeners to send little presents to the sixty-two children so that they might have their first Yuletide party. The response was terrific. All types of gifts were sent including clothes, candy, toys, books and even money. The party, needless to say, was a huge success. The kids at Leatherwood School have written their thanks and call him "Uncle Al." To continue to help "his kids" Al and his sponsor have made arrangements with the "Save the Children Federation" to officially sponsor Leatherwood School. Last spring Al again asked his listeners to help the youngsters at Leatherneck School by sending seeds for their mountainside gardens. How did it work out? You guessed it! Response was huge and the gardens in Carter County, Kentucky, are doing fine.

Which Twin has the *Toni*?

(and which has the beauty shop permanent?)



The Toni twin—winsome Ella Wigren of Chicago, exclaimed "My Toni Home Permanent looked soft and lovely from the start! No wonder Lila says after this we'll be *Toni twins*." (Can you tell their permanents apart? See answer below.)

Yes, you can give yourself a lovely TONI Home Permanent for your date tonight

Beautiful, deep, graceful waves — so smooth, so natural-looking. A Toni is truly lovely. And look how easy it is to give yourself a Toni Permanent—at home.

1. Roll your hair up on curlers (new Toni plastic curlers make it easier than ever). Dab on Toni Creme Lotion as you go.
2. Tie a turban round your head and do whatever you like for 2 to 3 hours.
3. Saturate each curl with Toni Neutralizer and rinse.

Your wave is in — just the way you like it. By following the simple Toni directions you get the curl just as tight or as loose as you want. And your wonderful Toni wave is frizz-free from the start. For Toni Creme Lotion coaxes the hair into soft, graceful, easy-to-manage waves.

Toni works like a charm on any hair that will take a permanent — even gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair. And the wave is guaranteed to last just as long as a beauty-shop permanent costing \$15 or more. That's why — every hour of the day

another thousand women use Toni. Take a tip from them and get a Toni Home Permanent Kit today. On sale at leading drug, notion and cosmetic counters.

Ella, the twin with the Toni is on the right above. Did you guess right?

Easy as rolling your hair up on curlers — but the wave stays in for months.

De Luxe Kit with re-usable plastic curlers
\$2.00

Regular Kit with fiber curlers
\$1.25

Refill Kit complete except for curlers
\$1.00

All prices plus tax • Prices slightly higher in Canada



Toni HOME PERMANENT
THE CREME COLD WAVE

THE

Worm's Turn



With such guests as Mischa Auer and the unpredictable m.c.-ing of Sherm "The Worm," Club Midnight is a program well worth staying up to hear.



THEY call him "Sherm the Worm" on his midnight show. They name three-foot sandwiches after him. The mail brings him fantastically hand-decorated postcards. It's all because Sherman Feller is master-of-ceremonies and chief performer on WEEI's Club Midnight (Mon.-Sat., 12:05-1:00 A.M.).

Sherman is a natural philosopher. Although young in years, his many efforts to earn a living while going through school convinced him that an active sense of comedy is required to keep up with the complexities of modern life. All the weight of family pressure was put on Sherman to acquire a profession with a future in it. That's why he studied law, with his tongue in his cheek, of course; but he studied it just the same, and graduated.

After graduation, he took a year off to work as a lumberman on a government reservoir project. In the woods, the workmen relied on radio for their off-hours entertainment. This gave Sherm an idea. Radio might be a good field for him.

His natural aptitude and legal training made him at ease with words. To learn radio technique, he entered Emerson College, taking the complete course. This was all right, but he needed experience. He made the rounds of stations, auditioning one after another until he came to Lowell. There he not only landed an announcing job, but also made the acquaintance of the boss's secretary. She is now Mrs. Sherman Feller and his own secretary, inspiration, and joy. Sherm is well over six feet in height, and sparsely built, like an athlete. Norma is a scant five

feet, weighs no more than a hundred pounds; but she's full of fire, and her sweet clear voice showcases all the tunes that have been coming from Sherm's facile pen, for he is a composer too.

Sherm returned to Boston to audition at WEEI a few months before the outbreak of World War II. There were factories working 'round the clock and laborers on swing shifts who needed entertainment. Sherm got that job . . . running WEEI's Dawn Patrol from midnight to 6:00 A.M.; and it became one of the most popular features on the station.

Then came Sherm's own call to arms. His was a Coast Artillery unit with sand bags to the right of them and sand bags to the left of them. Sherm declares he "was holding the bag" most of the time, until the Treasury Department sent out a call for soldier talent to write and produce an all-service musical. The gangling private who was always playing a harmonica (between sand bags) was given the assignment to write words and music for the production he later called Direct Hit. He acted in it, too. The show played all around the country and sold eighty million dollars' worth of war bonds.

Every moment of leave he haunted the music publishers and radio stations of New York. His "I'm Cooked, Boiled and Toasted . . . I'm in Love" has been featured by Tommy Dorsey. "Take a Look at Me" has been sung over the CBS network by Patti Clayton on the Danny O'Neil program; and "Hey! How About That" which is his latest, has been introduced to the airlines by Carl Moore.



Cutex (wonderful new, improved Cutex) brings you
beautiful new bowl-him-over "Applecart"

So spicy, so saucy, such a flattering red it's wicked!

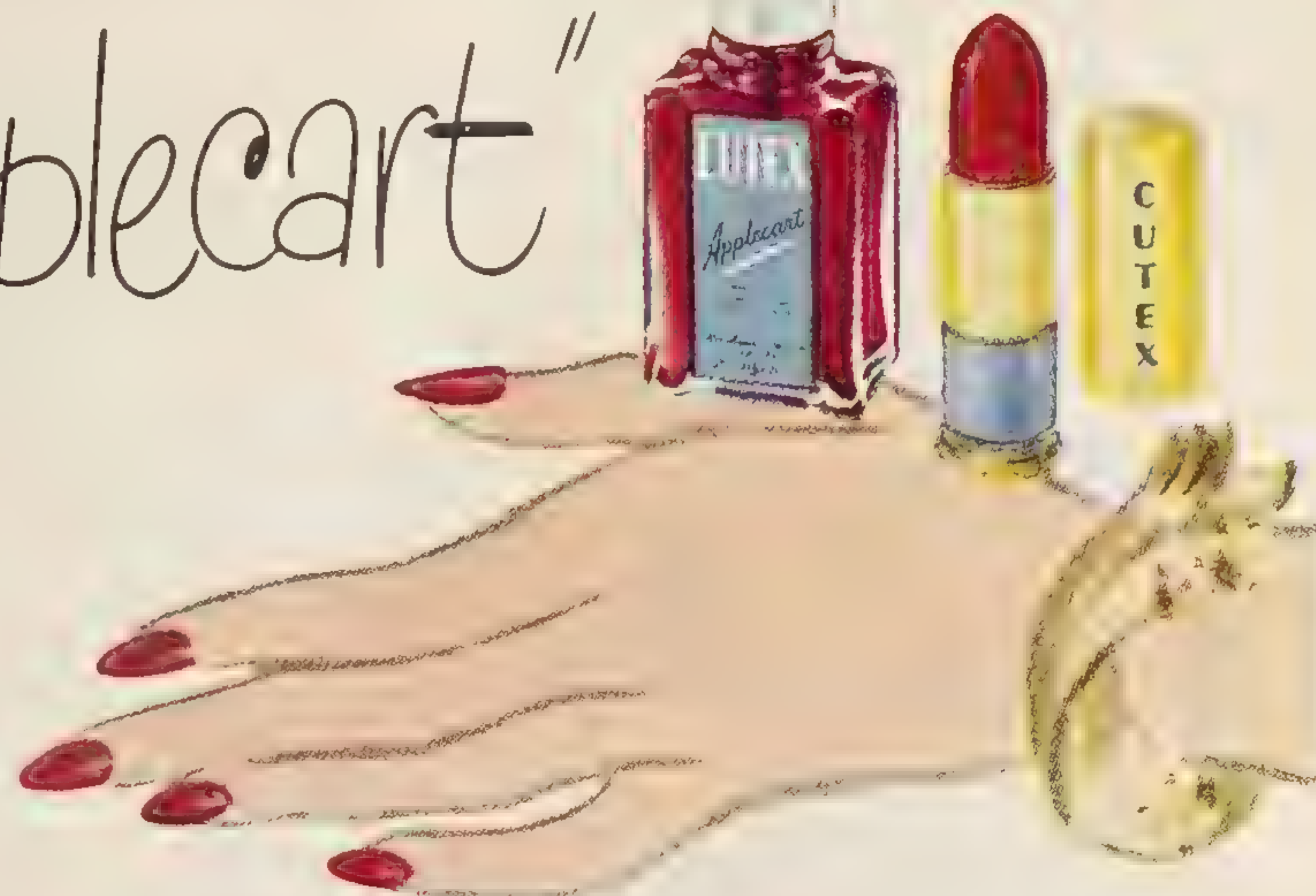
"Applecart"—the bright young thing to wear with your sun-gold tan! You'll love the provocative new shade, "Pippin," too—dark and delightfully attractive.

And the beauty of it is—all the new Cutex polishes are so wonderfully well behaved.

New stay-on and-on-and-on! Improved Cutex can really take it—thanks to a highly talented ingredient found only in the new Cutex. This wonder ingredient defies chipping and peeling.

New drying speed! Try new Cutex on one hand, your old-time polish on the other, and clock-watch them. You'll be amazed—new Cutex dries so fast!

"Polished performance?"—now, more than ever, you get it with Cutex. Northam Warren, New York.



NEW! NOW! LUSCIOUS CUTEX LIPSTICKS!

Yes, Cutex, the most popular name in nail beauty, now brings you heavenly new lip beauty!

Creamy-smooth, alluringly lovely lipsticks in shades that match or harmonize with your new Cutex nails. Only 49¢, at your favorite cosmetic counter.

VIRGINIA MAYO discovers New Improved Drene

At Last! The New
Miracle Shampoo
that lets your hair

*Shine
like the Stars!*

New! Leaves your hair dazzling
as the stars! Take Miss Mayo's advice.
Discover how new improved Drene's *richer, creamier* lather brings out *all* the glorious
brilliance now hidden by dulling soap film!

New! Never leaves hair dried out!
Proved superior in tests by hundreds of
women. New improved Drene does not dry
out hair. Instead, its *richer, mellower*
lather actually leaves your hair softer,
smoother, far easier to set, curl, and
arrange right after shampooing.

New! See and feel the difference,
instantly, in the way new Drene lathers...
the way it brings out all the beauty of
your hair! Ask for new Drene today.



Now! For All Types of Hair

New improved Drene is at your dealer's now
in the familiar blue-and-yellow package.



VIRGINIA MAYO

Co-starring in Samuel Goldwyn's Technicolor Comedy,
"THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY"

Miss Mayo says: "Thanks to new Drene,
my hair is now so full of highlights
it actually shines"

Never before DRENE

could any shampoo perform ALL of these Beauty Miracles

- ★ Reveals ALL the lustre in your hair
- ★ Does not dry out hair
- ★ Leaves hair far easier to manage
- ★ Marvelous hair conditioning action
- ★ Luxurious instant lather
- ★ Removes unsightly dandruff
- ★ No acid after-rinses needed
- ★ Flower-fresh fragrance

The Greatest Story ever told

THERE is on the air at the moment a program universal both in its appeal and interest—The Greatest Story Ever Told, a series of beautifully-done Biblical dramatizations.

For those whose religious education has been meager, the program opens a whole new knowledge of the precepts upon which our faith was founded. Even those who profess no religion can find beauty in the parables and a counterpart to present-day problems in such stories as those of The Good Samaritan, The Prodigal Son and the others which The Greatest Story Ever Told dramatizes. The solutions to those ancient problems might well be applied today for a better world.

In simple, modern language, The Greatest Story Ever Told is easily understandable while it sacrifices none of the beauty of the Bible stories. In a setting of excellent music, the parables of the past come to life and take on new meaning. And, as a final dignity, the sponsor has had the excellent good sense not to intrude mention of his products in a place where it does not belong—only the minimum credit required by radio regulations is given, for the sponsor is content to present the program as a public service.

Radio Mirror believes that your attention should be called to this program. Gather your family to listen to "another episode in The Greatest Story Ever Told, from the greatest life ever lived" next Sunday night at six-thirty, Eastern time, on your American Broadcasting Company station, and see if you don't agree.

The Editors



IT'S IN

By Don McNeill

I USUALLY enjoy myself a lot on the Fourth of July—I have ever since I was a boy in a small town and set off firecrackers at dawn with the other kids, and went on picnics during the day, and watched the fireworks display at night. Being a small-town boy at heart, the way I like to spend the Fourth nowadays is to pack up the family and drive to some little town, where they still have the same kind of celebration I remember as a boy. Take it all in all, the Fourth is one of the best holidays in the year for enjoying yourself, I think, partly because it's summer then, and you can do your celebrating under a blue (if you're lucky) sky; and partly because it turns your attention to the fact that you can enjoy yourself as you want to in this country and it doesn't hurt to remember that, once in a while.

That's why, no matter how good a Fourth I'm having, I find ten spare minutes to read over the Declaration of Independence. After all, if that document hadn't been written a hundred and sixty-one years ago, the day would be just like any other day in July. I've always been a little sorry that, after we get out of school where we've *had* to study the Declaration, most of us take it so for granted that we never, voluntarily, give it another re-reading. Of course, we'd all say we believe in it; we'd say it indignantly, if anyone challenged us.

Alvin Tyler would have said that too. But it wasn't true of Al, as it isn't true of lots of other people. He thought he believed in it, but the facts showed otherwise.

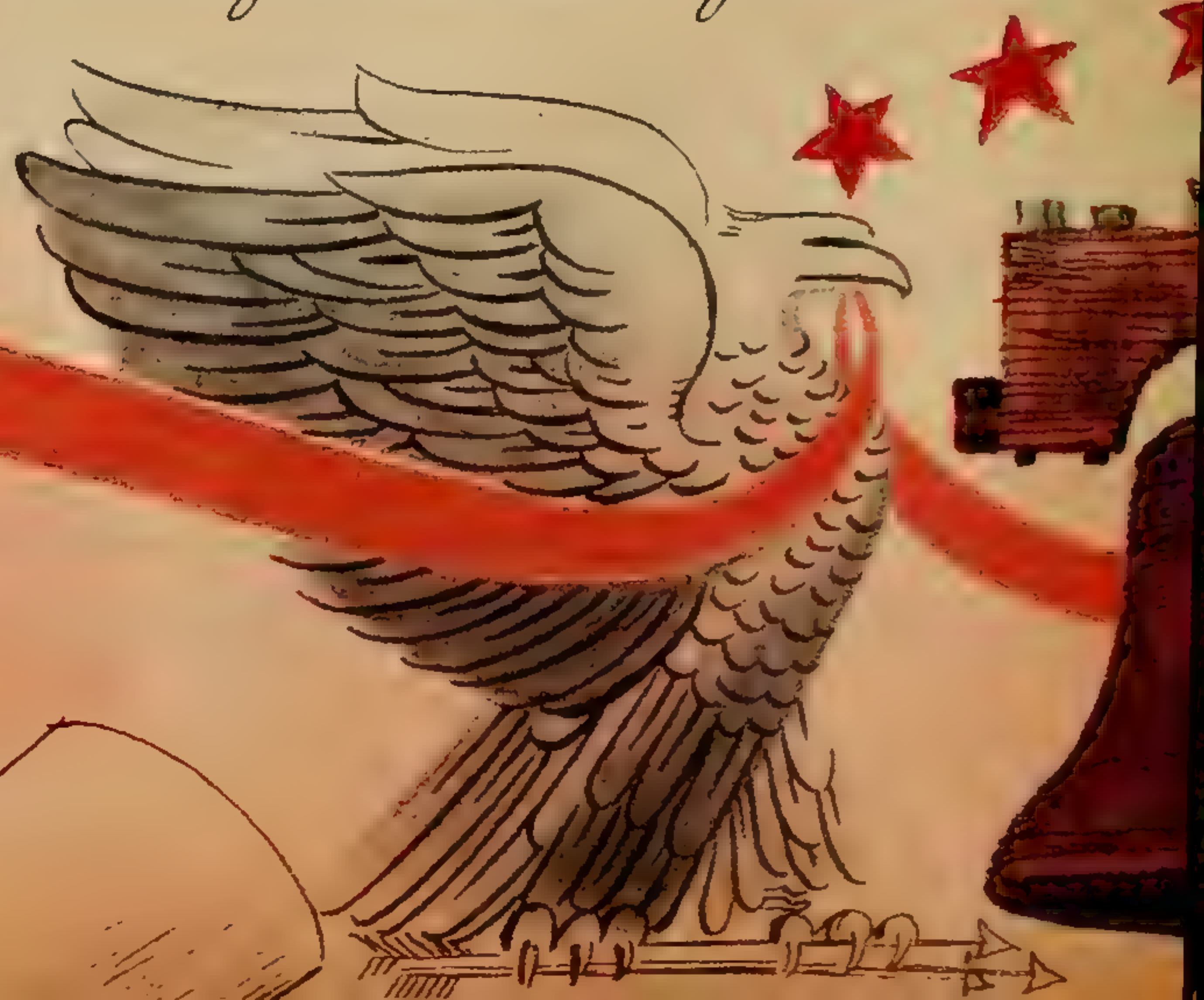
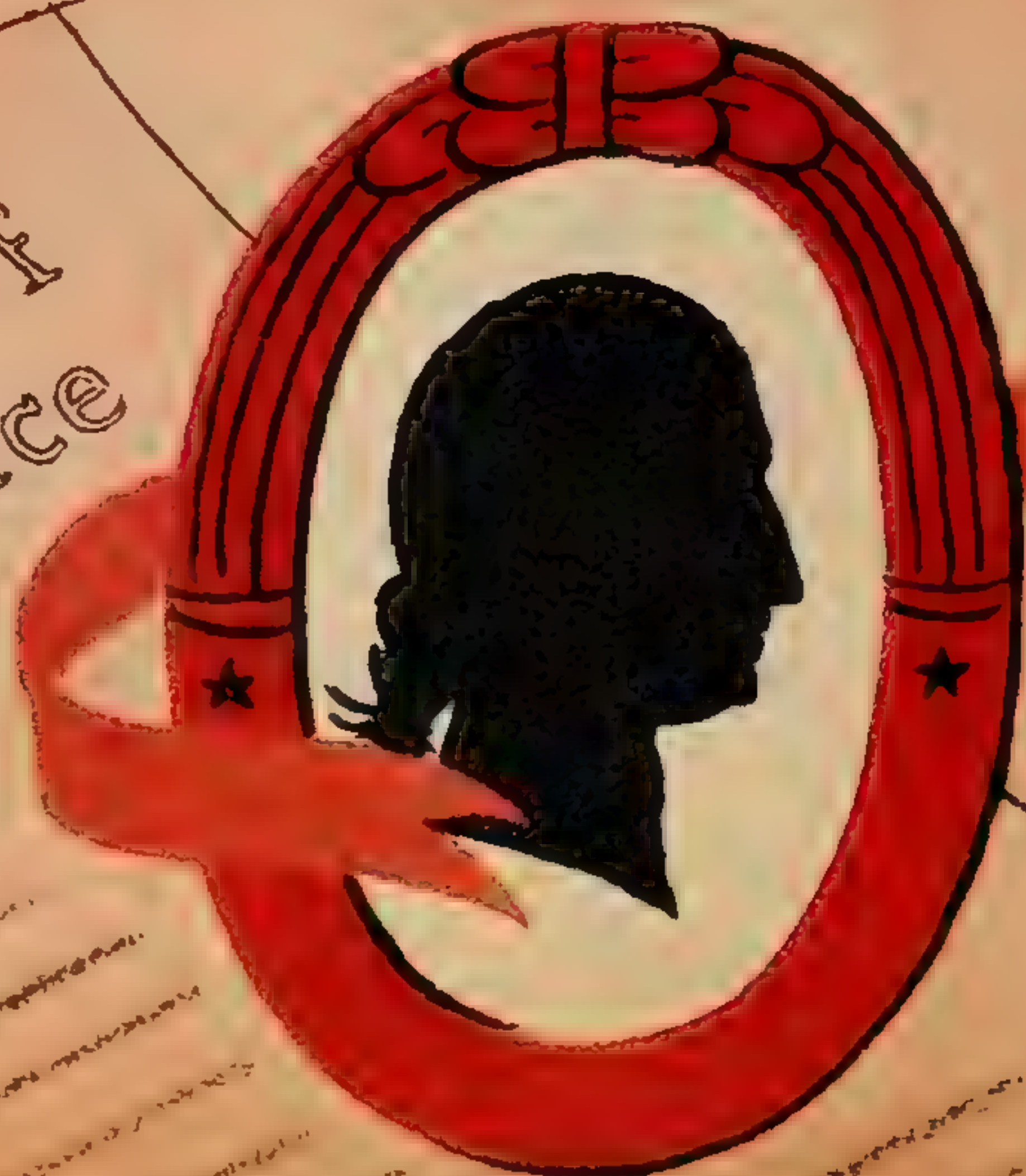
I first met Al when, after a broadcast one morning several years ago, a slender girl with amber-brown hair came up to thank me, very sincerely I felt, for something I'd said during the program about brotherhood. The studio had pretty well cleared out by the time we'd had a few words together, and I met her father too. They were in town for a few days on vacation from the little suburb, about twenty miles away, where Al Tyler was in the real estate business. When I heard the name of the town, something clicked in my memory. I tried to recall who had mentioned it—

"Henry Parks!" I said triumphantly. Then I explained to Ann Tyler and her father, "A friend of mine has been combing your town for months, looking for a place to live. Why don't I give him your name? Maybe you two can get together on shelter for poor Henry's family; I know he wants to live out there."

Al Tyler, of course, was delighted. And contrary to expectation (those things don't usually amount to anything) Henry called up about two weeks later and announced that he'd been out to see Tyler, and has just about closed a deal for a little house

Love isn't always blinded by stardust.

The
Declaration of
Independence



YOUR HEART

in the town that answered his needs. "It's a dandy house, and a very fair value," Henry said. "Why don't you come along next weekend when we drive out to see it? We owe it all to you!"

That was how I happened to see the Tylers again, and how I happened to make a fishing date with Al. After that I saw him and Ann whenever they came to Chicago. There were a lot more fishing dates, too; I didn't know anyone else who cared about it as much as I did. And of course I found out a lot about Al Tyler, as time went by.

Alvin Tyler is one of the leading citizens of his town, and a good man. He has lived there all his life. He owns a building on one of the business streets downtown and a big, comfortable house. He's been elected three times to the town council, and before that he was on the school board. When his wife died seven years ago he gave the town a new building for the Free Public Library as a memorial to her. He's public-spirited and honest and generous—Henry Parks told me that when Steve Matteoni's oldest girl Rosa (he's a shoemaker in the town) had to be sent to New Mexico for her health it was Al Tyler who footed the bills; and he's helped other people out when they needed it, too.

During the war, Al worked himself ragged. He was too old for active service, of course—fifty-five the year of Pearl

Harbor—but he served on the draft board and on the U.S.O. fund committee and as a volunteer plane watcher. If there was a job nobody else wanted, a job that would help win the war, Al was always there, ready to take it. He'd laugh and say, "Well, there isn't much doing in the real-estate business right now, and I've got to keep busy." He was patriotic and self-sacrificing.

All the same, he didn't believe in the Declaration of Independence.

It began after the war was over. Al Tyler had a tract of land on the edge of town, and as soon as he could get materials and workmen he started building houses there. I ran into him one day in Chicago, and he showed the plans to me. It was going to be a really nice development. Oak Knoll, he was going to call it. The houses were to be five- and six-room bungalows, each with plenty of its own land around it.

"And they'll all go to veterans, Don," he said. "Every last one of them." In spite of his white hair and the wrinkles around his eyes and mouth, Al sounded like an enthusiastic kid. I could see that this was something he'd been planning a long time, something he really wanted to do, and do right. "I've sat up nights, figuring how to shave pennies off the cost of building, to keep the price down to something a GI (Continued on page 93)

This story was written especially for Radio Mirror by Don McNeill, m.c. of The Breakfast Club, heard Monday through Friday from 9 to 10 A.M. EDT on ABC stations.

Sometimes lovers see clearly what others have missed





There were many things about Thorn that dismayed Marguerite—not the least of these his attitude, so different

IN THE town of Fairview, Iowa, this morning, there are two young people—high school teachers, both. Look at Marguerite first, in the corridor of the High School. Watch young Thorn when you meet him in the office of Tom Field, principal of Fairview High. Would you think that one of these two young people hides a secret? Would you believe that one of them is playing a masquerade?

In every person's life—in past or present or future—there is pretense. And no one, not friend nor parent, can truthfully say, "I know this man, this woman."

Marguerite Anderson walked briskly down the

high school corridor—so briskly, in fact, that it was only by throwing herself quickly to one side, flattening herself against the pencil-scarred, plaster-chipped walls, that she was able to avoid colliding with a boy at the corner.

"Joe—!"

"Gee, Miss Anderson! Oh, gee, I'm sorry. Did I hurt you?"

She caught her breath and laughed. "No, Joe, and it would have been my fault anyway, if we'd bumped. I wasn't looking where I was going. And you seem to be in a great hurry, too."

"Baseball practice," the gangling seventeen-year-



THE Mask OF Love

Love can make a coward of the heart, mask

it with bravado or defiance. It is to these

hearts, afraid to show themselves truly to

their loved ones, that the Masquerader speaks

By the MASQUERADER

from Tom Field's, toward young Joe.

old boy explained. "I'm late now and Mr. Drexel asked me to take over practice until he could get there. I'm captain of the team and if I'm not there the guys will just horse around and the team won't get any practice." His smile took any conceit out of the words and made them a simple statement of fact. "I'd better run."

"Wait a minute, Joe." Marquerite frowned. She liked young Joe King, as did the other teachers, and she didn't like what she had to say to him. "I hate to have to remind you, Joe, but you're falling behind a little in your studies again. That last composition of yours—it wasn't up to standard, Joe. It sounded

as if you hadn't opened your books in a week."

The boy sighed and awkwardly kicked one foot against the other. "I know, Miss Anderson. English is my toughest subject. And my dad says he can't see the need in all this studying . . . he says I'm going to be a farmer, anyhow, and I don't need to know anything about Longfellow to know how to milk a cow. He's always thinking up things for me to do evenings, so I can't study. But I'll do better—"

"I know you will. You're intelligent, Joe, and I know you try."

With a friendly smile she dismissed him and went on her way, past a row of (Continued on page 77)

Barbara Olsan, Winner Take All assistant; Tony Marvin, announcer; Bill Cullen, m.c.; Bill Todman, producer, and Geane McCarthy watched and listened as Mrs. Reyna Schild beat me. It was a good fight all along, and I'm glad she won.



I'M A WINNER who

WHO says life begins at forty? I say it starts at seventy-seven!

And at seventy-seven I ought to know a thing or two about living. It boils down to three words: "Take a chance!" I took a big one a year ago when I came to New York City. I'd been a school-teacher in the West for fifty years, and I came to New York a total stranger. Since then, I've found a comfortable apartment—now filled with furniture and gifts I won on the CBS radio show Winner Take All!

Adventurous, that's what it's been. The radio part of my adventures began when my daughter Vaughn McCormick came on from Portland, Oregon, to New York City on a teachers' convention a few weeks back. She's a school-teacher of forty-five, and right nice-looking, but she doesn't have her old man's "chancey" streak. So I had to talk hard to make her

start the biggest adventure in her life—which led into the biggest one of my own!

I remember the day well when I started arguing with her. She had the day all planned. She was going to spend it going to museums with some other school-teachers. But I said:

"Vaughn, I've got a much better idea. I have some tickets to the radio show Winner Take All. Let's go down there this afternoon. I've a hunch you'll be picked to go on the program and win a bunch of presents."

Vaughn sniffed. She'd never been on the radio in her life, and how could she answer those questions?

"Nothing a school-teacher couldn't answer in a flash," I told her.

But she still resisted. She said, "What makes you think they'd pick me out (Continued on page 104)

Winner Take All is heard at 7:30 Monday nights, and at 3:30 every Monday through Friday afternoon, on CBS network stations.



So now I have a vacuum cleaner, and what's more I have a rug to use it on. Miraculous!

TOOK ALL

By Elmer McCormick

*Just know the answers:
CBS's Winner Take All
will do the rest—in style*



Geane McCarthy, Winner Take All assistant, helped organize my winnings. And how they did mount up!

Come and Visit



PERRY COMO

A large gold key, a piece of paper—they're symbols of home to Roselle and Perry Como.

THERE is a certain understanding that two people who are married eventually come to and that's a wonderful thing, that's everything.

My wife and I have been married fourteen years. We started "going together" when we were a sharp thirteen and first met at a party, a wienie roast or something back in my home town of Canonsburg, Pa., and were wrecked.

When I start talking pretty, I'm fractured, so about this being still in love with my wife, let me tell you a bedtime story: Once a week, during my Supper Club broadcast, I telephone a fan. A few weeks ago, my sponsor suggested that, as a gag, the call be made to my wife without letting me in, in advance, on the deal. When the call came through, I was so flustered by the surprise, I was so tongue-tied and moon-calf that sixty valuable seconds of air-time was lost and the final commercial had to be cut out.



Cape Cod or English? That's the only Como family quarrel.



Perry's always around when Ronnie needs a little assistance with an extra-tough job.



Ronald, as a name, worried Ronald. So his cooperative family calls him Tex.

Come and Visit

PERRY COMO



They were thirteen apiece when they met.
By now, "we think—and even look—alike."



The house sold itself when Perry discovered the
golf course behind it. What more could you want?



Pink tufted leather covers the bed: "four miles by

Does this say it for me? It's the best I can do. Except that Roselle is a blonde, with big beautiful brown eyes, the kind that twinkle, and I'm dark with brown eyes, we've been married so long we look alike. Married so long, we have that certain understanding, that wonderful thing, that everything. ...

That everything that now includes, and high time, too, *a home*. A home in Flower Hills, which is a suburb of Port Washington, Long Island. Our own home. Our first home.

The very first home we've ever had in all these fourteen years and believe me, there is more excitement about it (we bought it a year and a half ago) than there is about anything else in our lives excepting, of course, that seven-year-old kid of ours, that Ronnie, who is the cricket on the hearth.

Get me talking about that character, Ronnie, and that Supper Club date of mine will run into the breakfast hour—and small thanks for it, from the kid.

Ronnie is a good guy. He eats his spinach without too many objections. He comes when his mother calls him. He doesn't put up too much of a squawk at bedtime except on Supper Club nights when he won't go to sleep until after the broadcast. He gets along fine in school and you don't tangle with too many baseball bats, fishing rods, mice (dead and alive), marbles, turtles and last week's bottle of cokes in his room, at home. But he is putting up a beef, right now, about—the Press! Seems that every time his picture appears, with mine, in a magazine or newspaper, the kids at school (he goes to a parochial school, in Port Washington) kid the jeans off him. He says he can't take it.

"Please, Pop," he says, "*no more publicity!*"

On the other hand, "Pop's" job has its advantages. Seems that one of my fans, a schoolmate of Ronnie's, is the daughter of a bubble gum tycoon.



Casa Como is arranged for the people who live in it.
So there's room for everything, including relaxing.

four miles," according to Perry's estimate.



Frogs, a turtle, a bee, and Banjo
Eyes are cuddled by Ronnie, alias Tex.

At his little daughter's insistence, I am sure, the bubble gum tycoon sends me a boxful every week, which Ronnie promptly appropriates.

When cornered, moreover, the ham in Como, Junior, speaks up. A few weeks ago, a news photographer was at the house, taking some indoor and outdoor pictures of the place. Back of the house, where the patio is to be, Ronnie was playing and the fellow with the camera leveled at him. "Wait a minute, bub," says young Como, "I think I got the wrong impression on my face!"

He's got a beef about (Continued on page 85)



Minno and his wife are "swell cooks," but
the specialties-of-the-house are Roselle's.

Barbara



Covering the Cover Girl—Barbara Eiler, who once suspected
that the ladder to success had more downs than ups, now finds
she's on an escalator going one way only; the right way

is a homebody

BARBARA EILER was walking across her high school campus in Los Angeles one day, minding her own business and trying hard to concentrate on her geometry lesson, when Fortune up and tapped her on the shoulder. Fortune didn't come riding on a white horse—he came walking up behind her in the person of a fellow student with baggy corduroys, sweater and crew-cut hair, but the golden gift he offered was the same.

"How would you like to be in radio, Babs?"

She stopped, confused. Her mind was still on that geometry lesson—a straight line is the shortest distance—and then there was that class play she was supposed to try out for that afternoon—but *what was Don Chapman saying about radio—?*

Radio! And everything else—the campus, the geometry lesson, the class play—all faded into nothingness. She stared at her friend as if he were crazy. Somebody was crazy!

"Me? How—?"

He explained. KFAC had a radio program which told, dramatically, the childhood lives of famous people and the director needed a young girl with a childlike voice. A girl who could act, but not necessarily a professional radio actress. And Don had already talked to Barbara's mother. And it was just as simple as that. The next morning, Barbara walked into the radio station and walked out again with a leading role in *Dramas of Youth*.

It was only a sustaining program, but it was a start. It was the kind of start that leads to the experience that those directors and producers talk about. It was, in Barbara's case, the kind of start that led up to her present-day roles, for now you hear her as Babs in *The Life of Riley*, Carla in *Aunt Mary*, Jeannie Wendall in *Masquerade*, and Kenny Baker's girl friend on his daily program. And that certainly is enough to keep anybody busy!

She is too busy, in fact, for much else. "Play-acting romance," she says, if you ask her the man-in-her-life question, "is going to have to satisfy me for a while. I haven't a heart interest right now—and do you know, I'm just plain too busy to find one!"

Dates—yes, indeed. Plenty of those, and lots of fun, too, but of the kind that includes a crowd—parties or picnics, or fishing off the pier at (Continued on page 90)

Barbara Eiler is heard as Babs in NBC's
Life of Riley, Saturdays at 8 P.M. EDT.



Barbara got discouraged, once. But Mother Eiler gave her the kind of encouragement mothers are famous for.

One day a week—and one only—Barbara can be caught sans knitting needles. That's floor-scrubbing day.



Something to Sing

How to be an opera star? Try having the
voice—and growing up in Brooklyn

By ROBERT MERRILL



Who misses Brooklyn? The new house has a big game room!



Bob and his parents could listen to a

GUESS what occupation this kind of a fellow would have: he's twenty-eight years old, comes from Brooklyn, and he's an ex-shoe salesman. What work is he doing now?

I'll tell you what he's doing—for I'm describing myself—he's a Metropolitan Opera singer—and the star singer on the Sunday RCA Victor radio show. It doesn't make sense, even to me. Most of us think of opera stars as European, fat, middle-aged, and dignified. As yet I'm not fat nor middle-aged, and I'll never be European. As for the dignified part, I defy anyone to study opera in Brooklyn and have any kind of a fighting chance for dignity!

Many's the time I've been vocalizing an aria from "Il Trovatore" or some other opera, for instance, in my family's Brooklyn apartment. Right

at my most beautiful (I thought) array of musical notes I'd hear a hoarse nasal voice yelling from across the courtyard, "Ahhhh, shut up!" And sometimes when I'd be practicing an aria and would stop in the middle, I'd hear another yell—this time from some apartment window over mine: "Aw, finish the thing, for the lovva Pete!" I usually did.

It's a far cry from the opera study you read about. No sweeping Italian landscapes outside the window, no cloistered music room and long-haired teacher. Fact is, I can't even speak Italian or French, even though I sing those languages in several operatic scores. More facts: I never went to college and I've never been to Europe. But maybe I'd better be more explicit.

About



Radio apiece; there are ten in the house.

My father was in the shoe business in Brooklyn as far back as when I was born. My mother was a concert singer, concentrating on Russian songs; she'd sung all over Europe and America. When she first saw me she took one look and said: "This boy will be a great singer." But I did everything to defeat her prediction. I scrambled around sand lots in Brooklyn with my younger brother Gilbert, worshiped the Brooklyn Dodgers, and piled my room high with Bing Crosby records.

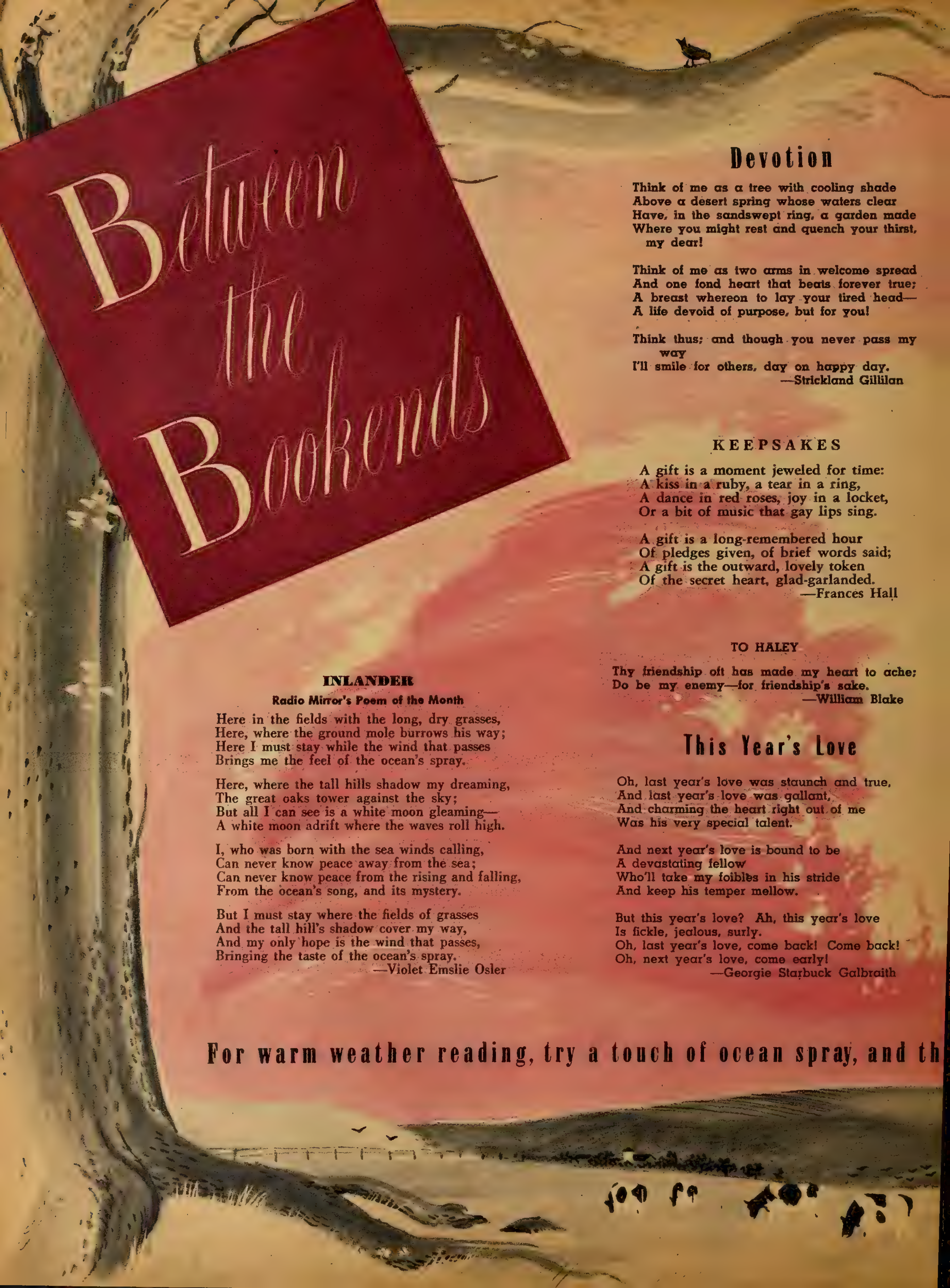
How I revered Der Bingle! I had every record he ever made. When Mother's Russian friends came over of an evening, and she and they sang haunting Russian songs in the living room, I'd be in my bedroom giving out with "Blue Skies." Finally the climax came (Continued on page 76)



Former concert singer and a woman of great determination, Mrs. Merrill won Robert from his early allegiance to popular music.



To be fit to eat, maid Roselle agrees, it's got to have garlic in it. Unless it's Mother's potato pancakes de luxe.



Between the Bookends

INLANDER

Radio Mirror's Poem of the Month

Here in the fields with the long, dry grasses,
Here, where the ground mole burrows his way;
Here I must stay while the wind that passes
Brings me the feel of the ocean's spray.

Here, where the tall hills shadow my dreaming,
The great oaks tower against the sky;
But all I can see is a white moon gleaming—
A white moon adrift where the waves roll high.

I, who was born with the sea winds calling,
Can never know peace away from the sea;
Can never know peace from the rising and falling,
From the ocean's song, and its mystery.

But I must stay where the fields of grasses
And the tall hill's shadow cover my way,
And my only hope is the wind that passes,
Bringing the taste of the ocean's spray.

—Violet Emslie Osler

Devotion

Think of me as a tree with cooling shade
Above a desert spring whose waters clear
Have, in the sandswept ring, a garden made
Where you might rest and quench your thirst,
my dear!

Think of me as two arms in welcome spread
And one fond heart that beats forever true;
A breast whereon to lay your tired head—
A life devoid of purpose, but for you!

Think thus; and though you never pass my
way

I'll smile for others, day on happy day.

—Strickland Gillilan

KEEPSAKES

A gift is a moment jeweled for time:
A kiss in a ruby, a tear in a ring,
A dance in red roses, joy in a locket,
Or a bit of music that gay lips sing.

A gift is a long-remembered hour
Of pledges given, of brief words said;
A gift is the outward, lovely token
Of the secret heart, glad-garlanded.

—Frances Hall

TO HALEY

Thy friendship oft has made my heart to ache;
Do be my enemy—for friendship's sake.

—William Blake

This Year's Love

Oh, last year's love was staunch and true,
And last year's love was gallant,
And charming the heart right out of me
Was his very special talent.

And next year's love is bound to be
A devastating fellow
Who'll take my foibles in his stride
And keep his temper mellow.

But this year's love? Ah, this year's love
Is fickle, jealous, surly.
Oh, last year's love, come back! Come back!
Oh, next year's love, come early!

—Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

For warm weather reading, try a touch of ocean spray, and th

I LIKE GOD BECAUSE
(in twenty-five words)

Not sparrows only but trudging mail-men,
His wise, all-seeing Eyes
Pierce the sacks that bend their backs
With carton-tops, dreams—and lies.
—Mayhoward Austin McEachern

Why?

Why is it, when everything runs like a clock,
And Junior behaves, and you don a clean frock
And get your house cleaned, and it's neat as a pin
Why is it that nobody ever drops in?

But say that you're canning, or painting the hall
And Junior is cranky and won't mind at all,
Your hair is untidy, the floor full of crumbs,
Then, tell me, why is it that company comes?
—Ruth Daniels

ADVICE TO POETS

Since brevity, as you have heard,
Is wit's essential soul,
Use no unnecessary word
Or windy rigmarole.

But when you write your little verse,
Prune it to the bone,
Leaving it clear and clean and terse
And solid as a stone.

If you make progress in the art,
Some day you may compress
The deepest yearning of your heart
Into ten words or less.

And in the end your finest sonnet
May be a page with nothing on it.
—Edgar Abernethy

BRAVE NEW WORLD

O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't.
—from The Tempest
William Shakespeare

By
TED MALONE

Be sure to listen to
Ted Malone's pro-
gram, Monday through
Friday, at 11:45 A.M.
EDT, over ABC.



**A DECLARATION BY THE REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
IN CONGRESS ASSEMBLED.**

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

RADIO MIRROR
will pay \$50 each month

for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month's poems submitted by readers. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem submitted and printed on the Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Poetry submitted should be limited to thirty lines. When postage is enclosed every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for Radio Mirror's Bookends pages.

sound of stirring leaves



HERE'S MORGAN

Nobody else could get away with biting, as Morgan does, the very hand that feeds him

Always funny, Morgan is funniest about sponsors.



For one of program's exaggerated sound effects, Bob Prescott breaks a glass. Morgan, announcer Charles Irving, comics Halop and Stang (see above), singer Charles Haywood, M.C. Kirby react according to type.



In the early days, Morgan just talked. Now the program has a director, Charles Powers, and sound man Bob Prescott.



"HELLO, anybody—here's Morgan!" is the ABC greeting Wednesday nights at 10:30, when the Morgan-written, Morgan-created show goes on the air. Morgan's the comedian who refuses to treat a commercial as though it were a bulletin from the United Nations. In fact, nothing trite or ridiculous is safe from the tart Morgan tongue; but sponsors have gradually learned that a commercial can be sarcastic and still sell the product. That's why Morgan's original fifteen minutes have expanded into a half hour, with an augmented cast including the Golden Gate Quartet, announcer Charles Irving, Bernie Green's orchestra, M.C. Durward Kirby, Arnold Stang ("Gerard") and Florence Halop ("Hortense").

Morgan, 32, lives in a New York hotel with actress-wife Isobel Gibbs, who beats him regularly at gin rummy.



1. Morgan likes dogs better than people. But, enter Gwendolyn, and he's confused. Can it be that girl people are better than other people?



2. They're hungrier! Gwendolyn's snack is taking all Morgan's valuables. But he's dazzled, and forgets how a mere bone keeps Skippy happy.



3. Now that she's fed, Gwendolyn thinks she might accept a small gift. Just a little silk scarf, say—something around \$59.50, plus tax?



4. The winner—Skippy! Girls, Morgan decides, are even worse than other people. In inflation days a man can afford just one friend—his dog.

You know what the MOON

By IRIS NOBLE

EXCEPT for two children who hovered in complete absorption over the glass case of assorted candies, the Willoughby Drug Store, for once, was deserted of customers. Back of the soda fountain, Dennis Day polished glasses while Mr. Willoughby checked on the stock of syrups.

"Hmmm—" Mr. Willoughby peered into the several compartments marked *Chocolate—Strawberry—Pineapple—Cherry*—on their gleaming white porcelain surfaces—"Dennis! You've got these all mixed up again! There's chocolate in the cherry and strawberry in the pineapple . . . what in the world were you thinking of? Do you want to make our customers sick?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Willoughby!" Dennis was shocked. "That's *your* department. . . . I never mix the prescriptions!" He breathed dreamily on the glass he was holding and then gave it a final swipe with the cloth. "I guess I have been a little forgetful lately, though. I just can't seem to get Mildred off my mind. She's so wonderful—and she's a *girl*!" He pronounced the last word with an ecstatic sigh.

"Well, if you love Mildred Anderson—what's the matter? Why are you so upset, Dennis?"

"I just want to be alone with her for a few minutes without her mother. So that I can tell her how much I love her and maybe we could plan how we could get married, even if her mother does dislike me."

The drug store proprietor turned his full attention now to his young clerk. "So you're in love. Well, I must admit Mrs. Anderson is someone to be

reckoned with. And she doesn't like you—she says you tried to give her rat poison the first day you worked here." He raised a hand to stop Dennis' protestations. "Never mind—I'm tempted to give that old battle-ax a little drop of something in her prescriptions, myself. But—Dennis—if you're ever going to marry Mildred, you'll have to be a man and grab her in your arms and defy the world."

"That sounds wonderful. I could do it, too, if it weren't for Mildred's mother. I could lick my weight in wildcats, but Mrs. Anderson could tame a wildcat just by *looking* it in the eye." He shuddered. "Mildred said she could make a man out of me, but her mother said it wasn't fair to make her start from scratch." He sighed deeply. "If I could only see Mildred alone—without her mother always coming between us!"

"Take her on a picnic, my boy. Sneak her away from the house. And then you may run into all kinds of adventures—save her life or protect her from wild animals—and then Mrs. Anderson will be eternally grateful to you."

Dennis' face brightened. "Gee, do you think so, Mr. Willoughby? I'll do it—and here comes Mildred now!"

Mr. Willoughby faded discreetly into the back of the store and Dennis was left to gaze with adoring eyes at the pretty girl who plunked herself on the counter stool opposite him.

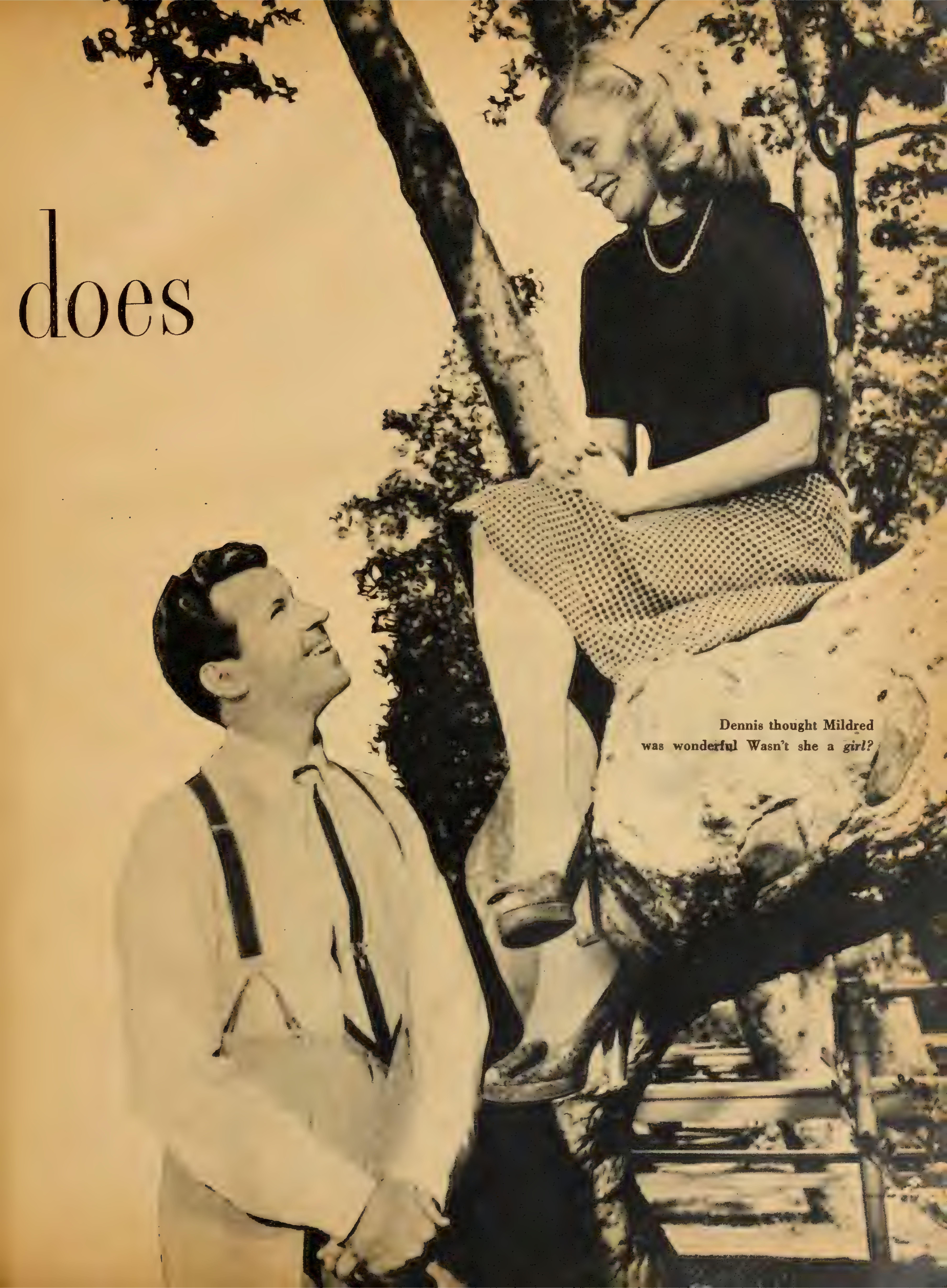
"Dennis Day, whatever did you say to Mother this morning? She's in a terrible temper over you!"

"She always is." Lovingly, he scooped triple

When a girl loves a boy like Dennis Day—who hasn't even the courage to hold her hand—there's very little she can do. Unless, of course, there happens to be an extra-special moon . . .

does

Dennis thought Mildred
was wonderful Wasn't she a *girl*?



helpings of ice-cream into a sundae dish and lavishly he poured hot fudge and nuts over it—and all over the counter and himself, since he couldn't bear to take his eyes off Mildred's face. "I don't even have to say anything. She just looks at me and gets mad."

The girl sighed. When she looked at Dennis, it was with something like despair. Ever since the first day that Dennis had come to town, got a job in the drug store as a soda jerk, and come to board with her family, she had decided that some day she would marry him—but the rose-colored glasses of love couldn't hide the fact that Dennis had a way of wandering innocently into more than his share of trouble. And that he definitely rubbed her mother the wrong way. Her father's opinions didn't count—Mrs. Anderson always made up his mind for him and the most he ever added to an argument was a meek "Yes, dear."

If only she and Dennis could be alone for a little while, really alone. Maybe together they could figure out a way of reconciling Mrs. Anderson to their romance and showing her Dennis' good points. (Mildred was stubbornly sure that he *did* have them!) And—maybe—if they were alone—maybe Dennis just might get up enough courage to hold her hand!

So, when he proposed the picnic, she was immediately enthusiastic.

"We could wait until after church tomorrow, Dennis, and then Daddy will want to take a nap and Mother will be busy thinking up all the things she wants him to do around the house for the next week. I think we could sneak out without getting caught."

BUT the best-laid plans sometimes go wrong—in fact, any plans of Dennis Day were apt to end up in a fizzle. And so it was this time.

With the picnic hamper between them, Mildred and he were cautiously making their way out of the Anderson boarding house the next day when—suddenly—

"Dennis Day! Just where do you think you're going with my daughter? And with my best wicker basket, too. Come right back here!" The Amazon figure of Mrs. Anderson was blocking their way and one hand had him tightly by the collar.

"Gee, Mrs. Anderson—" gulping, Dennis turned to face the formidable bosom of his prospective mother-in-law—"we just thought—that is, Mildred and I—we wanted—" his voice trailed off and he quailed before the gimlet eyes that were fixed on him—"gee—wouldn't you like to go on a picnic with us,

Dennis Day, of course, plays himself on the air. Betty Mills is Mildred; Dink Trout, Mr. Anderson; Bea Benadaret, Mrs. Anderson; John Brown, Mr. Willoughby.



*Herbert tried to calm
his wife while
Dennis took cover.*

*Mildred was stubbornly
sure that Dennis
had his good points.*



This Dennis Day story was written especially for Radio Mirror. A Day In The Life of Dennis Day is heard every Wednesday evening at 8, EDT, on NBC stations.

Mrs. Anderson? We'd just love to have you come along."

Mildred's elbow in his ribs reminded him, sharply, that they definitely did not want her mother along—but something about the warlike stance of Mrs. Anderson told him even more sharply that this was not the time for defiance.

IF HER features could be said ever to soften, they did—at least, slightly—at the invitation.

"Well, that's very thoughtful of you, Dennis, I'm sure. I'm surprised you would have enough consideration to plan such a nice surprise for me. Herbert!—Her—BERT! Get off that couch and come here at once. We're going on a picnic."

"Yes, dear. Coming." The other half of the Anderson family sidled meekly through the door, stifling a yawn as he spoke. The little man blinked at the others and then blinked again as he saw the battered, dilapidated jalopy standing next to the curb in the street. "Are we going in that, lover girl?"

"Hmmm—well, I guess we will have to. Since Dennis has already rented it. Come along—oh! first run and get my sunglasses for me, Herbert."

"Yes, dear."

"And my sunburn lotion."

"Yes, Poozie."

"And my scarf. And you'll find my knitting on top of the bookcase. And, Herbert—"

Under cover of the flurry and the scurry as poor Herbert trotted around the house on the innumerable commissions, Mildred and Dennis had an opportunity for a quick whispered conference.

"But what are we going to do, Mildred! I'd hoped to be alone with you and rescue you from some terrible danger and then you'd fall in love with me—"

She interrupted. "That's it! That's what you'll do, Dennis. Only instead of me, it will be Mother."

Dennis looked dubiously at Mrs. Anderson, who was marching down the porch steps to the car, followed by her husband, loaded so much with rugs and bundles that only the tip of his rabbit nose could be seen.

"You want *her* to fall in love with me?"

"No, silly," Mildred whispered. "I mean I want you to rescue Mother from some terrible danger and then she will forgive you for not having any brains and then she'll let us be married."

"Oh, you're wonderful, Mildred. You think of everything."

There was no more time for whispers because Mrs. Anderson had finally settled herself in the car and was calling for them. Nor was there any time for further planning on the ride out to the country, even though Mildred and he were in the front seat and the other two in back. For one thing, the car bounced too much and for another, Dennis was too well aware (*Continued on page 99*)



WILLING HANDS

Dear Papa David:

My husband died suddenly leaving me with three high school age youngsters. We owned our own home, but outside of a small monthly sum from my deceased husband's insurance, we would have nothing to live on. I had never had to worry about money before, as my husband had been a good provider. Even the children had managed to work after school. This money my husband and I had let them spend as they wished.

Now I knew I would have to depend on their earnings for the necessities of life. Bill, who was sixteen, could no longer save the twelve dollars a week he earned at a drugstore Saturdays and evenings for the vacation trip to Mexico. Kathy, who was fifteen and earned ten dollars a week at a department store, could no longer buy all the pretty things dear to a girl's heart. Even thirteen-year-old Barbara would have to buy school clothes with the three dollars a week she averaged minding children. I took a part-time sales position, telling myself I wouldn't make the mistake of working

all day and neglecting my home and children. But because I was truly worried about our situation and because I hated to ask the children to give up their money, I made the more serious mistake of becoming irritable and nagging. I kept saying things such as, "No, Bill, we can't afford steak tomorrow," or "No, Barbara, you can't have a party" or "No, Kathy—turn off those lights! The electric bills are much too high already!"

Soon the comradeship I had always been so proud of in my family disappeared. The children were sullen and un-cooperative. At night, when I'd go over the household accounts I had a feeling that as a family we were drifting apart, and I, as its head, was a failure.

One evening as I sat with my mending, I listened to the radio. The theme of the story was that our soldiers always fought better when they were briefed in all details of the job to be done by their officer. It dawned on me that I had neglected to "brief" my children in their new responsibilities.

The next evening we had a conference. I made a list of our earnings and assets and another of our expenses for the children to study. Then I assigned part of the accounts to each child. Kathy was to keep track of the food accounts. Bill was to have charge of general up-keep, such as water and light bills, insurance, etc. And Barbara—clothing and amusements. I am proud to say that all three entered into the spirit of the job like true soldiers. No more did I have to remind them about turning off lights or to take care of their clothes of their own accord. They agreed to patronize the neighborhood movies rather than the much higher priced down town places. It's a great day for us, and a feather in Kathy's cap, when her budget allows us a steak. I am a happier woman and mother because I am sharing the responsibilities of our home with three pairs of willing hands.

Mrs. M. T.

This letter, Papa David's first choice, earned one hundred dollars for its writer. The writers of the letters that follow have received fifteen-dollar checks from the editors of RADIO MIRROR.

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS \$100 EACH MONTH FOR YOUR LETTERS

Somewhere in everyone's life is hidden a key to happiness. It may be a half-forgotten friend, a period of suffering, an unimportant incident, which suddenly illuminated the whole meaning of life. If there is such a memory in your life, won't you write to Papa David about it? For the letter he considers best each month, Radio Mirror will pay one hundred dollars; for each of the others that we have room enough to print, fifteen dollars. No letters can be returned. Address your Life Can Be Beautiful letter to Papa David, Radio Mirror Magazine, 20 East 42 Street, New York 17, New York.

How can a mother best prepare her children to live successfully?

Beautiful

IN SPITE OF HANDICAPS

Dear Papa David:

Four years ago I was told my little five-year-old daughter would never be able to see. I was completely dazed for I had such hopes and I had prayed so hard she might be like other children. You see she was born with congenital cataracts in both eyes. This was her fourth operation and the last one.

I didn't tell her what the doctor had said and we never talked about her eyes. I let her learn to do things for herself and when we were working together I told her all the beautiful Bible stories I knew, trying as best I could to instill in her a faith in God which would help her when she went away to school.

There is a little old lady in our neighborhood who has been blind for most of her life and who lives alone. She does everything for herself even to making her own clothes. She digs greens from her yard and I have seen her dress a chicken perfectly.

She loves to have someone read the Bible to her. I would take Julia Carol and go read to her every week. We would discuss together, Julia Carol and I, how jolly and good it was to be with Grandma B.

A year ago my mother came to visit me. She has become blind in the last few years. It has been hard for her for she couldn't accept her fate easily and was continually bemoaning it. She hadn't learned to do for herself and little Julia Carol led her around. After mother had left Julia Carol said, "Mommie, I am always going to be like Grandma B. I am going to learn to do everything."

This is her second year away at school. In her last letter home she says she is learning to roller skate. She is learning piano and singing and she loves to sing in chapel. When she comes home on vacations and says, "Mommie, I am so happy," I know she finds life is really beautiful in spite of her handicaps. She had infantile paralysis when she was two years old and as a result her left leg is still weak. She never complains and everyone marvels at her happy disposition. I hope and pray that no matter what (Continued on page 67)

Life Can Be Beautiful is written by Carl Birby and Don Becker, and heard Monday through Friday on NBC, 12 PT, 1 MT, 2 CT, 3 ET.

Here is one woman's thoughtful answer



Actors both, they give all scripts a double going-over.

Right for

Not love at first sight, for Muriel.



Any Cotsworth apartment must have



East River view goes with this.

NO, IT was *not* love at first sight.

If you want the plain truth, in the very beginning I came awfully close to disliking Staats Cotsworth.

Our meeting was a professional one—but hectic! Have you ever tried to appear calm and poised (as befits the leading lady of a theatrical troupe) while sprinting madly up the gangplank of a steamship just before the deckhands haul it aboard? That was me, Muriel Kirkland, late one afternoon in 1935.

Somehow I made it, aided, no doubt, by boisterous moral support from a quartet of fellow troupers who cheered, screamed and waved encouragement as they stood at the ship's rail. I recognized three of them—knew in advance they were to be part of our company. The fourth, a smiling sandy-haired, blue-eyed young man was a stranger but, all through my breath-

EACH OTHER

d Staats, but something much better



by
**MURIEL
KIRKLAND
COTSWORTH**

Staats Cotsworth is
Crime Photographer,
Thursday nights at 9:30
on the CBS network.



Soups of this and that go into Staats' skillet successes.

itchable walls!

less scramble up that gangplank, it was he I was conscious of most. He was yelling and cheering the loudest. Even after all these years, I can still hear that boat whistle trying to compete with him.

I finally managed to get on deck and join them. The five of us, three women and two men, were bound for Magnolia, Massachusetts, scheduled to do a summer stock production of Noel Coward's "Private Lives." I remember a confused jabber-jabber of greeting. I half heard someone saying, "Muriel, meet soandsoandso, he's to play the second lead let's-go-we're-all-thirsty!" And with that sketchy introduction I trailed along as the little group steered a straight course for the ship's cocktail lounge.

There I found myself in conversation with, or rather, listening to the tweedy young man with the alive blue (Continued on page 70)



Yucatan—worth a ten-year wait.

THE FAT MAN

finds the man who wasn't there



2. The inquisition continued down at Headquarters. Lila admitted that she knew Blair, was once engaged to him, did visit his place that afternoon. "But I didn't kill him!" she cried. She said he'd called about 4 P.M., said he had something urgent to discuss with her.



3. "He sounded so pathetic," Lila continued, "that I agreed to go to see him that afternoon. I got there at 5, but when I realized he'd only wanted to propose marriage—again!—I left almost at once. When I refused he became so angry and abusive I was frightened. But he was alive when I left!"

DASHIELL HAMMETT created his Fat Man especially for radio. And it's no accident that actor J. Scott Smart, who plays The Fat Man, looks the part—it was felt that only a man of proper proportions could successfully convey the distinctive Fat Man personality over the air. Also in this RADIO MIRROR picture-story are: Lieutenant McKenzie, played by John McGovern; Lila, Mary Patton; Dawson, Jason Johnson; Blair, James Van Dyk; Miller, Stephan Schnabel; Policeman, William Keene; Policewoman, Joan Shea. Director-producer is Clark Andrews; time is Friday nights at 8, on ABC.

As The Fat Man, Brad Runyon's vocation is crime detection. But, off duty, his avocation is theater-going, so when his friend Lila North opened in a new play, Brad was there. Afterward, he went backstage to congratulate Lila. Now he tells the story that grew out of what should have been a happy night in Lila's life.



When Bill Shakespeare wrote his "all the world's a stage—" he must have known what I found out that night in Lila's dressing-room—that plenty of our most exciting drama happens on the audience side of the footlights! We'd hardly begun talking, Lila and I, when in came Lieutenant McKenzie—on *official* business. With no ceremony, he questioned Lila: where was she at 5 that afternoon; did she know wealthy Abner Blair, and so on. And he climaxed the barrage with a grim statement: "Blair was found dead in his penthouse, shot through the ear. And you, Miss North, were seen entering that apartment late this afternoon!" Lila, trembling, almost collapsed. "No!" she whispered. "I didn't do it!"

THE FAT MAN



4. But McKenzie wasn't convinced; Lila was held pending indictment. So I quietly took myself over to the penthouse for a little checking. Dawson, the butler, showed me around; I saw the bloodstain that marked Blair's fall. Suddenly, we heard a noise. . . .



5. . . . and tracked it to a closet, out of which at the point of a gun we routed a stranger. Dawson was shocked: this Roy Miller, it turned out, was once an orderly in a private sanitarium where Blair had been secretly treated for a mental disorder.



8. By this time friend McKenzie was with us, and Dawson led us both to something that, for sheer bafflement, beat everything. It was the ripped remains of an inner tire tube, which Blair had bought a few days back—though he neither drove nor owned a car!



9. It was so queer I had to make some sense out of it—and then I got a glimmer! I argued McKenzie into bringing Lila over; explained Blair's mental state, fit the portrait and the tattered tube into the picture I'd made—the picture of a suicide!

finds the man who wasn't there



6. Miller was a craven little creature, terrified at the word "murder"—he said he'd come to blackmail Blair, and I believed him. We locked him up, continued our search. Out on the terrace I found a nail which Dawson swore hadn't been there yesterday.

7. The nail driven into the railing was baffling enough; Dawson said Blair had been eccentric since his return from the sanitarium. He showed me what remained of a picture of Lila, which he'd seen Blair smashing and cutting in a terrible fury.



10. McKenzie jeered "You're as crazy as Blair was! Where's the weapon?" I took him to the terrace and showed him the nail. Blair had cut the tube into strips, fashioned a powerful sling, looped it over the nail and attached a gun at one end of it.



11. Then he'd stepped back to the blood-stained spot, pulled the trigger. The gun sprang back over the railing. He'd hoped Lila would be accused of murder; his revenge for her refusing him. If we hadn't looked, we'd never have found the sling—in the branches of a dead tree.

In Living Portraits

Joyce Jordan, M.D.

Doctor's mind or woman's heart: which will rule the destiny of this CBS heroine?



DAWSON BLAKELEY, young man of wealth and charm, has had a profound impact on Joyce Jordan's life since she came to work at Hotchkiss Memorial Hospital. She now knows herself capable not only of inspiring turbulent emotion, but of responding to it. The knowledge has revolutionized her as a doctor—and as a woman. (played by Les Tremayne)



JOYCE JORDAN is a successful doctor and surgeon. But now another destiny seems to be offering itself: a time when her disciplined heart may open to a love so sweeping that in its wake may come great happiness . . . or pain.
(played by Betty Winkler)



IRIS BLAKELEY, jealous mother of the attractive Dawson Blakeley, holds the purse strings of Hotchkiss Memorial in her calculating hands. She has the power to wreck Joyce Jordan's career—a formidable threat, for, suspecting that her son and Joyce are in love, Mrs. Blakeley will stop at absolutely nothing to separate them. (played by Elizabeth Watts)



Joyce Jordan is heard Monday



DR. ANICE TRACY, experienced Chief-of-Staff of Hotchkiss Memorial, calls herself an "Old Battle-ax"—and is always ready to do battle in a friend's cause. Mrs. Blakeley, therefore, will face an antagonist as tough as herself if she attempts to damage Joyce's position, for Dr. Tracy thinks very highly of her colleague. (played by Irene Hubbard)



MIKE MALONE, reformed gangster, and DORIA VAN DORN, reformed playgirl, are making plans for their marriage—a marriage for which Joyce sincerely wishes all happiness. These three, who were once enemies, are now the firmest of friends, for both Mike and Doria have come to realize that they owe everything to the charming doctor who has helped them both. (Mike is Chuck Webster; Doria is Ginger Jones)

through Friday at 10:45 A. M. on NBC stations.



DR. ALEXANDER GREY, eminent scientist and surgeon, is a widower, and much attracted to his beautiful associate, Joyce Jordan. LYDIA DRAKE, Dr. Grey's nurse-secretary, is aware of this, for she herself is in love with Dr. Grey—so much in love that she is quite ready to do anything she can to discredit Joyce, not only with Dr. Grey but with the world. (Dr. Grey is Raymond Edward Johnson; Lydia is Louise Fitch).



With this at-home picnic goes a hostess as attractive as her table, because she hasn't fussed.

PORC MARY

To paraphrase a lovely song, summer is the time when living is easy and very, very pleasant. One way to step up the pleasure is to serve meals out-of-doors—in the yard or on the porch—and one way to make everything as easy as pie is to serve them buffet style. Whether it is for the family only, or includes guest, remember to keep your menu simple. For instance:

Summer Baked Bean Casserole
Cold Sliced Ham and Chicken
Tomato and Cucumber Slices Sour Cream Dressing
Radishes and Scallions Celery and Carrot Sticks
Almond Cream with Crushed Raspberries
Iced Tea

Using this menu as a skeleton you can vary it in a number of ways. For the hot dish, instead of beans, you might serve a casserole of macaroni and cheese. Or, in very warm weather, substitute cold potato and egg salad. A small smoked pork shoulder or picnic ham is a more economical choice than baked ham for a small group, and a jellied chicken loaf might replace sliced chicken.

Summer Baked Bean Casserole

2 1-lb. cans baked beans
¼ cup molasses
2 tbs. vinegar
2 tsp. prepared mustard
½ onion, minced
¼ tsp. salt
1 can tiny Vienna sausages

Combine all ingredients except sausages. Turn mixture into a 1-quart casserole and arrange sausages on top. Bake uncovered for 45 minutes in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.). 4 to 6 servings.

Sour Cream Dressing

1 pint sour cream
2 tbs. minced onion
3 tbs. lemon juice
1 tsp. salt
2 tbs. chopped parsley
1 hard-cooked egg, chopped

Combine all ingredients and mix well. Serve with sliced tomatoes and cucumbers or on mixed green salad. Makes about 2 cups dressing.

Baked Picnic Ham

1 picnic ham (or smoked boneless butt) 2-3 lbs.
1 tsp. prepared mustard
1 tbs. minced onion
¼ tsp. powdered sage
¼ tsp. powdered cloves

Combine mustard and onion and spread over ham. Dust on sage and cloves. Bake in a shallow pan, uncovered, in a moderate oven (325 degrees F.) until tender. Allow 35 to 40 minutes cooking time per pound. 4 to 6 servings.

Jellied Chicken Loaf

2 cups chicken stock
1 tbs. plain gelatine
3 cups minced cooked chicken
¼ cup sliced green onions
2 tbs. minced ripe olives
2 tbs. lemon juice
½ tsp. curry powder (optional)

Heat 1½ cups chicken stock but do not boil. Soften gelatine in remaining ½ cup stock, add to hot stock and stir until dissolved. Stir in other ingredients. Pour into loaf pan or a 1½-quart mold and chill until firm. Unmold onto platter and cut into serving slices. 4 to 6 servings.

Potato and Egg Salad

6 medium potatoes, cooked in jackets
1 clove garlic, minced (optional)
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper
3 tbs. vinegar
3 tbs. mayonnaise
3 tbs. sour cream
1 tbs. prepared mustard
4 hard-cooked eggs

Peel potatoes and cut into ½-inch cubes. Combine garlic, salt, pepper and vinegar and pour over potatoes. Toss until (Continued on page 83)

By
KATE SMITH



Beginning June 23, Kate Smith will be heard on a new network. Listen to Kate Smith Speaks at 12 Noon, Monday through Friday, on stations of the Mutual Broadcasting System.

Paper draperies, room-brighteners at any time, are specially good in summer, Jan Miner says; inexpensive to replace, they do away with laundry problems.



EASY does it is Jan Miner's motto for summer housekeeping. "I think it is the little nagging chores that have to be done over and over, day after day, that are the worst," says Jan, who is Lora Lawton on NBC's popular serial, "and what I am interested in is finding some way that will simplify them, or eliminate them entirely, at least in everyday living."

Fortunately for Jan, and for those of you who share her feeling, there is one way to make these routine tasks easier, and that is to use paper products. First on the list come tablecloths, place mats and napkins of paper. Gay and colorful, they are sturdy as well, and their use does away with laundering and its consequent wear and tear on good linens. For a personal touch, you might have your name or initials on cocktail napkins for party use. There is, in fact, a regular package, merchandised as a unit, of tablecloth or place-mats, coasters and small napkins—very attractive patterns, and you can imagine how useful!

No doubt you consider paper towels a must for the kitchen, but have you thought about paper guest towels for bathroom use? They can be matched to your own color scheme and, like the napkins, may be initialed if you wish. They look as smart and trim as can be.

If dusting is your bugaboo, dusting paper, which comes in a roll similar to that other necessity, waxed paper, will interest you. It is treated so that it picks up dust readily and gives a good polish. Simply tear off a section, whisk it over the furniture and when it is soiled into the wastebasket it goes. (What can be more pointlessly time-wasting than the laundering of dust cloths?)

If dishwashing is your pet peeve, there are a host of paper products which will cut it in half. For instance, paper plates and cups, which are just as usable and useful at home as they are at a picnic. There are fluted paper cups for cupcake and muffin baking, paper "pans" for baking pies, cakes and casserole dishes and individual containers in which salads and desserts may be chilled and served.

If food is tied in vegetable parchment before cooking, the cooking pots will be easier to wash than they usually are. Aluminum foil, though not a paper, is available in rolls like waxed paper and is paper-thin. A sheet of it placed beneath the broiler during cooking will make cleaning the oven much easier than you have ever found it. In addition to these useful features, both the vegetable parchment and the aluminum foil are excellent for wrapping and storing food in the refrigerator.

Nothing changes and brightens a room so well as new draperies and lamp shades and, happily, these, too, are made of paper. The draperies are made in a variety of lovely floral patterns and colors, as are the cottage curtains, so you are sure to find a style which will key into the furniture of the room you wish to transform, and sure, too, to find a lampshade which will harmonize. Best of all, both the draperies and lampshades are so inexpensive that you can discard them when soiled, or when you wish to change your decorating scheme again, without a single qualm about being extravagant. And the fact that they're paper is imperceptible to any eye, however sharp.

Vacation-wise Janet Waldo collects
scarves, drapes them cleverly for
time-saving, color-adding extras



Two scarves, strapless bra.



Ascots for a halter top.



JANET WALDO, who plays Corliss Archer on CBS, has an easy solution to the summer vacation clothes problem—scarves and more scarves.

"Vacation clothes are just about the most important part of a girl's wardrobe," she says. "We all want to have things that are smart and attractive, we want a variety of changes and we like matching sets—a bag and hat set, for instance, or bag and belt.

"There is almost no end to the variety of ways in which you can use them and the trouble they save in packing is almost unbelievable because they fold flat, take up very little room in a suitcase and don't need pressing when you take them out."

Janet likes suits, and a favorite trick of hers is to wear a scarf in place of a blouse, either knotting two ends at the back of her neck, or draping the scarf so as to leave one shoulder bare—a fashion which is equally good with suits or slacks. She uses a large square scarf, folded into a triangle. The long side, where the edges meet, goes under one arm and over the other shoulder, and the three points of the triangle are knotted at the back. After the scarf is knotted into position, she arranges the folded portion at the waist, tucking it under to create a bare midriff effect.

If you wear a scarf in place of a hat, Janet suggests a matching scarf, knotted around your waist, or as an over-arm bag—very easy to make because all you need to do is tie the four ends together in a big puffy knot and slide it over your arm.

Matching scarves also make a beach dress. They should have an all-over pattern and for best results Janet suggests wearing a strapless bra as a foundation. With one point of the scarf at center front of the bra, tuck the scarf smoothly into the bra, then tie the two ends at the back; this leaves the shoulders bare, front and back, to insure an even suntan. The second scarf, on the straight, is wrapped around the hips and knotted at the front—and there you have it. (See picture.)

For the halter top to wear with shorts, Janet uses long narrow scarves, or Windsor ties in two colors.

INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below Are EASTERN DAYLIGHT TIMES
For Correct CENTRAL DAYLIGHT TIME, Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30 8:45			Earl Wild	Carolina Calling
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Story to Order Words and Music	People's Church Tone Tapestries	White Rabbit Line	News Renfro Valley Folks Johnson Family
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Bible Highlights Circle Arrow Show	Radio Bible Class Voice of Prophecy	Message of Israel Southernaires	Church of the Air Church of the Air
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Design For Listening News Highlights Solitaire Time	Bible Institute Reviewing Stand	Fine Arts Quartet Hour of Faith	Wings Over Jordan Salt Lake Tabernacle

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	World Front News Eternal Light	Pilgrim Hour Lutheran Hour	F. H. LaGuardia String Orchestra Raymond Swing	Invitation to Learning As Others See Us
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	America United Chicago Round Table	Take These Notes Music	Melodies To Remember Sammy Kaye	People's Platform Time For Reason Howard K. Smith
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Robert Merrill Frank Black James Melton	Married For Life Bill Cunningham Veterans' Information	Dr. Danfield National Vespers	Weekly News Review "Here's To You"
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Carmen Cavallaro One Man's Family	Open House Juvenile Jury	Warriors of Peace Vagabond's Quartet	N. Y. Philharmonic
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	The Quiz Kids Musicana	House of Mystery True Detective	Are These Our Children This Week Around the World	Hour of Charm
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	NBC Symphony	The Shadow Quick As A Flash	Darts for Dough David Harding	The Family Hour Hoagy Carmichael Joseph C. Harsch

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	The Catholic Hour Adventures of Ellery Queen	Those Websters Nick Carter	Drew Pearson Don Gardiner Greatest Story Ever Told	Ozzie and Harriet Kate Smith Sings
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Jack Benny Bandwagon	Mysterious Traveler California Melodies	Willie Piper Comedy The Clock	Gene Autry Blondie
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Edgar Bergen Fred Allen	A. L. Alexander Voices of Strings	Detroit Symphony Orchestra	Sam Spade Crime Doctor
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Manhattan Merry- Go-Round American Album	Exploring the Unknown Double or Nothing	Walter Winchell Louella Parsons Jimmie Fidler Policewoman	Meet Corliss Archer Tony Martin Show
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45 11:00	Don Ameche We Believe News	Gabriel Heatter Show The Edmund Hock- ridge Show	Theatre Guild	Take It Or Leave It We the People News Feature



Jane Powell

—the sixteen-year-old charmer who guested on the Frank Sinatra program last December has appeared on it regularly ever since.

Johnny Thompson



—the tree surgeon from Bordentown, New Jersey, who sang in the choir of New York's Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Opera star Richard Crooks heard him and advised that he forsake the tall timber and devote all his time to vocalizing. He won an RKO talent contest; organized a six-man band; went on a cross-country tour; now has his own program, Sundays, ABC, 1 P.M., EDT.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Three Steps to Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in New York Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Once Upon Our Time Road of Life Joyce Jordan	Arthur Gaeth Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air Club Time	Look Your Best Evelyn Winters David Harum
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Cecil Brown Tell Your Neighbor Easy Does It Victor H. Lindlahr	Tom Breneman Hollywood Story Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Echoes From Tropics Words and Music	Noon Edition Checkerboard Jamboree Coast Guard on Parade	Kenny Baker Show	Kate Smith Speaks Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Sketches in Melody Quartet Art Van Damme Robert McCormick	Cedric Foster Smile Time Merv Griffin Bobby Norris	Nancy Craig Powers Charm School	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone Road of Life
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Women in White Masquerade Light of the World	Queen For A Day Harlem Hospitality	Kiernan's Corner Ethel and Albert Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Lone Journey Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Heart's Desire Jackie Hill Show	Ladies Be Seated Hollywood Tour	Bouquet For You Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Two Ton Baker Adventure Parade	Tommy Bartlett Show Cliff Edwards Dick Tracy	Hint Hunt Give and Take
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	House Party Treasury Bandstand

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Serenade to America Lowell Thomas	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid In My Opinion Red Barber Sports Bob Trout
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Manor House Party H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis Jr. Vincent Lopez Henry J. Taylor Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Bob Hawk Show
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cavalcade of America Voice of Firestone	Scotland Yard Casebook of Gregory Hood	Lum and Abner Bobby Doyle Show Sherlock Holmes	Inner Sanctum Joan Davis
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Victor Borge	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories Guy Lombardo	Treasury Agent Sammy Kaye	Radio Theater
10:00 10:15 10:30	Contented Program Dr. I. Q.	Fishing & Hunting Club Family Doctor	Doctors Talk It Over Buddy Weed Trio	Screen Guild Players Sweeney and March



Charlotte Manson

—one of radio's busiest actresses. She is Dr. McVickar on Road of Life, Nick Carter's Patsey, the heavy on the Sheriff Show. Charlotte is a Brooklyn-born New Yorker whose radio career began with Society Girl, a part for which she was picked because of her remarkable resemblance to the favorite debutante of that season, but she's just as convincing as a gangster's moll or a young physician.

TUESDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember News			The Trumpeteers Three Steps to Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaire Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30	Once Upon Our Time Road of Life	Arthur Gaeth Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Mag- azine of the Air Listening Post	Look Your Best Evelyn Winters David Harum
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Cecil Brown Tell Your Neighbor Bill Harrington Victor H. Lindlahr	Tom Breneman Hollywood Story Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Echoes From Tropics	Noon Edition Checkerboard Jamboree	Kenny Baker Show	Kate Smith Speaks Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45	Words and Music	Naval Academy Band		Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	U. S. Navy Band Art Van Damme Quartet Robert McCormick	Cedric Foster Smile Time Merv Griffin Bobby Norris	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone Road of Life
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Women in White Masquerade Light of the World	Queen For A Day Harlem Hospitality	Kiernan's Corner Ethel and Albert Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Lone Journey Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Heart's Desire Jackie Hill Show	Ladies Be Seated Hollywood Tour	Bouquet For You Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Two Ton Baker Adventure Parade	Tommy Bartlett Cliff Edwards Dick Tracy	Hint Hunt Give and Take
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	House Party Treasury Bandstand

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John Mac Vane Serenade to America Lowell Thomas	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid In My Opinion Red Barber Bob Trout
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Manor House Party H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dance Orch. Arthur Hale Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Green Hornet Drama	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith American Melody Hour
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Milton Berle A Date With Judy	Warren's Crime Cases Special Investigator Adventures of the Falcon	Lum and Abner Bobby Doyle Show Boston "Pops" Concert	Big Town Mel Blanc Show
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Amos and Andy Fibber McGee and Molly	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories American Forum	Rex Maupin's Orch.	Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
10:00 10:15 10:30	Bob Hope Red Skelton	Vic Damone International Quiz	Hank D'Amico Orch. Hoosier Hop	Open Hearing

WEDNESDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MES 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Three Steps To Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaire Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30	Once Upon Our Time Road of Life	Arthur Gaeth Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Mag- azine Of The Air Listening Post	Look Your Best Evelyn Winters David Harum
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Cecil Brown Tell Your Neighbor Easy Does It Victor H. Lindlahr	Tom Breneman Hollywood Story Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Echoes From Tropics	Noon Edition News Checkerboard Jamboree	Kenny Baker Show	Kate Smith Speaks Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45	Words and Music	U. S. Marine Band		Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Sketches In Melody Art Van Damme Quartet Robert McCormick	Cedric Foster Smile Time Merv Griffin Bobby Norris	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone Road of Life
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White Masquerade Light of the World	Queen For A Day Harlem Hospitality	Kiernan's Corner Ethel and Albert Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Lone Journey Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Heart's Desire Jackie Hill Show	Ladies Be Seated Hollywood Tour	Bouquet For You Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson The Johnson Family Two Ton Baker Adventure Parade	Tommy Bartlett Show Cliff Edwards Dick Tracy	Hint Hunt Give and Take
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	House Party Treasury Bandstand

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John Mac Vane Serenade to America Lowell Thomas	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid Word From the Country Red Barber Bob Trout
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Manor House Party H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dance Orchestra Leland Stowe Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Winner Take All
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Dennis Day Great Gildersleeve	Crime Club Johnny Madero Special Features	Lum and Abner Bobby Doyle Show Court of Missing Heirs	Jack Carson Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Duffy's Tavern Mr. District Attorney	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories What's the Name of That Song	Paul Whiteman Beulah Program	Frank Sinatra Dinah Shore
10:00 10:15 10:30	The Big Story Kay Kyser	Did Justice Triumph Latin American Serenade	Bing Crosby Henry Morgan	The Whistler Information Please



Herbert Marshall

—The Man Called X, who returns each summer to Columbia in a popularity leader among warm weather shows. This distinguished British actor came to America after he had recovered from a World War I wound and has long been popular for his work on stage, screen and radio. He has been seen recently in "Duel in the Sun" and "The Razor's Edge" and brings the romantic and mysterious Mr. X to listeners on Thursday at 10:30 P.M., EDT.

THURSDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Three Steps to Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30	Once Upon Our Time Road of Life	Arthur Gaeth Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Mag- azine of the Air The Listening Post	Look Your Best Evelyn Winters David Harum
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring. Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Cecil Brown Tell Your Neighbor Bill Harrington Victor H. Lindlahr	Tom Breneman Hollywood Story Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Echoes From Tropics	Noon Edition News Checkerboard Jamboree	Kenny Baker Show	Kate Smith Speaks Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45	Words and Music	U. S. Navy Band		Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Sketches in Melody Art Van Damme Quartet Robert McCormick	Cedric Foster Smile Time Merv Griffin Bobby Norris	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone Road of Life
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White Masquerade Light of the World	Queen For A Day Harlem Hospitality	Kiernan's Corner Ethel and Albert Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Lone Journey Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Heart's Desire Jackie Hill Show	Ladies Be Seated Hollywood Tour	Bouquet For You Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Two Ton Baker Adventure Parade	Tommy Bartlett Show Cliff Edwards Dick Tracy	Hint Hunt Give and Take
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	House Party Treasury Bandstand

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Serenade to America Clem McCarthy Lowell Thomas	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid In My Opinion Red Barber, Sports Bob Trout
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Grand Marquee	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Vincent Lopez Arthur Hale Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Studs Terkel Show	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Mr. Keen
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Aldrich Family Burns and Allen	Lawyer Q Count of Monte Cristo	Lum and Abner Erwin D. Canham America's Town Meeting	Suspense F. B. I. Peace and War
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Eddie Duchin, Eddie Foy, Jr. Jack Haley with Eve Arden	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories Hour of Song	Those Sensational Years	Dick Haymes Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30	Abbott and Costello Eddie Cantor	Family Theatre I Was A Convict	World Security Ralph Norman	Reader's Digest Radio Edition Man Called X



—the son of Mattie Bell and Samuel Smith of Arkadelphia, Arkansas, always wanted to be an actor. He graduated from Fairfax High School, Los Angeles; studied for three years at the Laguna Beach Community Playhouse; had a bit in Earl Carroll's revue, "World's Finest; next was in "Jumpin' for Joy". Now he's a regular on the National Broadcasting Company's Red Skelton program, Tuesdays, 10:30 P.M., EDT.



Glenn Mark Arduurs

—went on tour at the age of ten days with the dance team of Ann and Sonny Arthurs (his mom and pop), supported by Heathcliffe (a Scotty) and Bunky (a duck). At three years he left the road for a humdrum existence at home with Granny. Later he attended Holy Name School where Mutual discovered him when he was six. Result: He's a regular on Juvenile Jury, MBS, each Sunday afternoon at 3, EDT.

FRIDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Three Steps To Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30	Once Upon Our Time Road of Life	Arthur Gaeth Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Mag- azine of the Air The Listening Post	Look Your Best Evelyn Winters David Harum
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Cecil Brown Tell Your Neighbor Easy Does It Victor H. Lindlahr	Tom Breneman Hollywood Story Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Echoes From Tropics	Noon Edition News Checkerboard Jamboree	Kenny Baker Show	Kate Smith Speaks Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45	Words and Music	Campus Salute		Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Sketches in Melody Art Van Damme Quartet Robert McCormick	Cedric Foster Smile Time Merv Griffin Bobby Norris	Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone Road of Life
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White Masquerade Light of the World	Queen For A Day Harlem Hospitality	Kiernan's Corner Ethel and Albert Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Lone Journey Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Heart's Desire Jackie Hill Show	Ladies Be Seated Hollywood Tour	Bouquet For You Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Two Ton Baker Adventure Parade	Tommy Bartlett Show Cliff Edwards Dick Tracy	Hint Hunt Give and Take
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	House Party Treasury Bandstand

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News Serenade to America Lowell Thomas	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid Report From Washington Red Barber, Sports Bob Trout
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Manor House Party H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dance Orchestra Henry J. Taylor Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Highways in Melody Alan Young	Burl Ives Holly House Leave It To The Girls	The Fat Man This Is Your FBI	Baby Snooks Thin Man
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	People Are Funny Waltz Time	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories Bulldog Drummond	Break the Bank The Sheriff	Ginny Simms Durante and Moore
10:00 10:15 10:30	Mystery Theatre Sports	Meet The Press Date Night	Boxing Bouts	It Pays to be Ignorant My Friend Irma

SATURDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
9:00	Percolator Party		Wake Up and Smile	CBS Morning News
9:15				The Garden Gate
9:30	Coffee With Congress	Robert Hurleigh		Renfro Valley Folks
9:45	Bill Herson	Bobby Norris		
10:00	Frank Merriwell	Smilin' Ed McConnell		Barnyard Follies
10:15				
10:30	Archie Andrews	Jackie Hill Show	Junior Junction	Mary Lee Taylor
10:45				
11:00	Teentimers Club	This Week in Wash- ington	Elizabeth Woodward	Let's Pretend
11:15				
11:30	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Say It With Music	Buddy Weed Trio	Adventurers Club
11:45			Piano Playhouse	

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	W. W. Chaplin	Pro Arte Quartet	Your Children and Your Schools	Theatre of Today
12:15	Consumer Time		Tell Me Doctor	
12:30	Home Is What You	Flight Into the Past	American Farmer	Stars Over Hollywood
12:45	Make It			
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Bands For Bonds		Grand Central Sta.
1:15				
1:30	Veterans' Aid	Dance Music	Fascinating Rhythm	County Fair
1:45	Elmer Peterson			
2:00	Your Host is Buffalo		Our Town Speaks	Give and Take
2:15				
2:30	The Baxters	This Is Jazz	Hill Toppers	Country Journal
2:45			This Is For You	
3:00	Nation's Orchestras	Dance Orchestra	Phil Brestoff	Cross Section U.S.A.
3:15				
3:30		Sports Parade	Sunset Roundup	Treasury Band Stand
3:45				
4:00	Carter Handicap	Horse Races	Horse Racing	Dance Orchestra
4:15		Dance Orchestra	Stars in the	
4:30	Doctors Then and	Dance Orchestra	Afternoon	Adventures in
4:45	Now		Treasury Show	Science
				Of Men and Books
5:00	Edward Tomlinson	For Your Approval	Saturday Concert	
5:15	Art Mooney			
5:30	Three Suns Shine	Dance Orchestra		Local Programs
5:45	King Cole Trio	Jan August and His Piano Magic		

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Rhapsody of the Rockies	Cleveland Symphony	Jimmie Blair	Bill Shadell
6:15			Chittison Trio	The Chicagoans
6:30	Boston Tune Party		Harry Wismer	
6:45	The Art of Living		Labor U. S. A.	Larry Lesueur
7:00	Our Foreign Policy	Hawaii Calls	Voice of Business	
7:15			Song Spinners	
7:30	Curtain Time	News and Sports	The Music Library	The Little Show
7:45		F. H. LaGuardia		Jean Sablon
8:00	Life of Riley	Twenty Questions	Famous Jury Trials	Vaughn Monroe
8:15				
8:30	Truth or Conse- quences	Scramby Amby	I Deal in Crime	Mayor of the Town
8:45				
9:00	Your Hit Parade	Mighty Casey	Gang Busters	
9:15				
9:30	Can You Top This?	High Adventure	Murder and Mr. Malone	Saturday Night Serenade
9:45				
10:00	Judy Canova	Theater of the Air	Professor Quiz	
10:15				
10:30	Grand Ole Opry	Hayloft Hoedown		This Is Hollywood



—the willowy blonde singer who is teamed with Abbott and Costello on their Thursday night program over NBC. She was once a singer with Ted Weems and wrote songs with him before she was spotted by

Hollywood while singing at a bond rally in Cleveland. Her first camera work was with Robert Taylor in "Stand By For Action"—and her first name is "Marvel"!

One of Radio Mirror's Information Booth readers wrote not long ago, saying, "I like the daytime serials as well as the next person, but I don't like *all* of them. And I suppose it's that way with other women, too—we all have our favorites and listen to them religiously. And I suppose some women listen to all of them, all day long. But I like to keep my date with my favorites, and then turn to other kinds of entertainment between times. However, it doesn't seem to me that there's much else to listen to, day-times. Won't you recommend some programs?"

Although daytime serials, as the favorite radio listening of the women who stay at home, do take up a large—but not more than a fair—share of radio time from morning until dinner time, still there are a number of other programs, and very good ones, to be heard. Here are a few:

Breakfast Club—Five mornings a week (9-10 A.M., EDT.) Don McNeill and his gang have a little bit of everything to offer, from laughter through music to a moment of prayer. That's on ABC, and following it is *My True Story*, which is a dramatized program, but not a daytime serial. If you like your stories finished in one episode, this is for you. Also on ABC, right after *My True Story*, is *Hymns of All Churches*, on part of the network, and the new *Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air* on the other part. If you like church music, you'll choose the former, and if you want household news, recipes and general information, listen to the Magazine. If it's romance of a real sort you're interested in, try *Honeymoon in New York*, on NBC, at 9 in the morning. Mutual has *Shady Valley*, if you like folk music, from 9:15 until 10. *Look Your Best*, on CBS at 10, finds a man telling women what's wrong with them—and that's worth listening to! Breakfast all over again, with orchids and wishes-come-true, with Tom Breneman on *Breakfast in Hollywood*, ABC, at 11. Or if you'd rather feast on music, NBC, at the same time, has *Fred Waring* and his gang to offer. *Ted Malone*, with stories and poetry and the kind of voice that makes you feel you know him, is on ABC at 11:45. *Jack Berch* has a little bit of everything on his show, NBC, 11:30, and at the same time on CBS there's a new kind of quiz, *Grand Slam*. *Kenny Baker* and his Glamour Manor turn up on ABC at noon. At the same time, *Kate Smith* is on CBS (Mutual after June 23). NBC takes a daytime serial recess from 12 until 2, and fills it with brief programs of music and short sketches, all worth listening to. At noon on Mutual, *Victor Lindlahr* has good advice on what and how to eat, and *Checkerboard Jamboree*, with noisy fun and music, follow after him. *Ethel and Albert*, the kind of husband and wife you wouldn't want to be, but wouldn't want to miss, are on ABC at 2:15. At two o'clock, you can have an exciting vicarious adventure with *Queen For A Day*, Mutual. *Bride and Groom*, another—and good—"how we met and married" follows *Ethel and Albert*, ABC. Mutual, at 2:30 has the new and different quiz-and-talent program, *Harlem Hospitality Club*. Johnny Olsen's antics go into *Ladies Be Seated*, on ABC at 3—the kind of show that's fun whether you're there participating and laughing with the people, or staying home and laughing at them. If your ambition tends towards movies and movie stars, then *Hollywood Tour*, on ABC at 3:45 is for you. If you'd like a quiet afternoon musical interlude try *Bouquet For You*, at CBS at 3:15, followed by half an hour of quiz, *Winner Take All* and then *Hint Hunt*. Art Linkletter's *House Party*, on the same station, follows with questions and prizes and plenty to laugh about, and another quiz, *Give and Take*, comes on its heels.

CBS's *American School of the Air* should be a welcome relief after all that laughter—find it at five o'clock, followed by the *Treasury Bandstand*. That takes care of CBS. Mutual offers, in rapid succession from three on, *Heart's Desire*, the program on which dreams come true; *Jackie Hill*; the wonderfully funny *Johnson Family* (all of those parts are played by one man!) until the hour-long collection of hair-raising adventure stories begins at five.

INFORMATION

Step right up and ask your questions; if we don't know

INFORMATION BOOTH is the part of RADIO MIRROR for which you readers are responsible. The Editors of RADIO MIRROR are delighted with the stream of letters which come in from you concerning radio and radio personalities.

Each month we'll select the questions we think you would be most interested in knowing the answers to. Watch Information Booth for the information you want; it's possible that someone else may have asked the same question a little before you got to it. If you don't find the answer here, watch the mail; for either on these pages or by personal reply we'll answer every letter that comes to us accompanied by the box on page 63. Write to Information Booth, RADIO MIRROR, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y., and attach the box. Be sure, also, to sign your letter with full name. Only initials will be used if your letter is printed.



Barry Fitzgerald

Could you please enlighten us as to what happened—and will it ever be resumed?

Meriden, Conn.

As you know, radio programs run not indefinitely but for specified periods. When His Honor the Barber's contract expired, the sponsors made other plans. You'll have to watch the screen for Barry Fitzgerald, who continues to make his ever-popular movies. As you probably know, motion pictures were Barry Fitzgerald's medium long before he ventured into radio.

LOCATION SERVICE

Dear Editor:

I buy your RADIO MIRROR every month, and enjoy it very much. I wonder if you could tell me what happened to Harry Elders, who used to play the part of Dr. Jack Landis in Woman In White. Does he take part in any other stories? I would like to see pictures of Backstage Wife, Woman In White and Young Widder Brown. I'll certainly appreciate it, and I know others will too.

New York City

You'll be happy to hear that Harry Elders, now in Chicago, is starring on Curtain Time. The program is heard over NBC stations Saturday evenings at 7:30 EDT. There were Living Portraits of the Young Widder Brown in the April issue; Backstage Wife in March. Watch for Woman In White.



Harry Elders

HIS HONOR

Dear Editor:

In my estimation (and I know of several others who feel the same) one of the very best programs ever presented over the air was His Honor the Barber, with Barry Fitzgerald. The humor was delightful and the mystery involved was just at its peak when—zingo! What happened? The program disappeared off the air just as if it had never existed; no explanation, no nothing. What could be more exasperating—I ask you!??

Mrs. P. F. N.



Michael Raffetto

have a 3000 wave length dial; then we could listen to any or all stations.

Hancock, Maine

I Love A Mystery, the program you're wondering about, has been off the air for quite some time. It may interest you to know that Carleton E. Morse, who wrote the script for the program, also writes One Man's Family. And Michael Raffetto, who played Jack in the mystery show is also Paul on the other program. The problem of wave length extension is a matter for the Federal Communications Commission in Washington, D. C. They can give you the technical information you are interested in. We suggest that you, and any other listeners who have a similar technical problem, out of the province of RADIO MIRROR, write directly to the Commission.

MISTER D. A.

Dear Editor:

I am very much interested in the Mr. District Attorney program. I know Jay Jostyn plays Mr. District Attorney, but outside of that I can't find out anything else about him. Could you possibly just outline his life very briefly? I mean age, single or married, etc. Is he on any other program? I would appreciate it very much. Would it be possible to get tickets to see a Mr. District Attorney program?

Phoenixville, Pa.

Milwaukee-born Jay Jostyn was interested in dramatics from school days on. The summer before entering college he spent with a stock company, and kept it up until graduation. At nineteen he was barnstorming through the far west and Canada. His early professional-acting days were spent in Hollywood, where he divided his time between the stage and a job with the telephone company. Finally he won a radio audition, and has been in radio ever since. Currently he devotes all his attention to Mr. District Attorney, although at one time he was playing forty-eight different characters in thirty-six radio dramas! He prefers character roles, but hates to be the villain. He is married to Ruth Hill, a former actress, and they have two children. For tickets to a Mr. District Attorney broadcast write to NBC, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City.



Jay Jostyn

Miss D. J.

BOOTH

the answers we do know where to find them for you



Betty Winkler

NO FAIR PEEKING!

Dear Editor:

I have been reading your magazine for a long time now and have enjoyed every page of it. There is one radio program I have been listening to for quite a while. It is Joyce Jordan, M.D. Many of my friends have enjoyed it also, but now there is one request I want to ask, not only for myself but for other radio listeners too. We would like Joyce Jordan to marry Dawson Blakeley. I think if she did marry him it would be more interesting to listen to. Many women

doctors have gotten married, and if Joyce Jordan did I know for a fact that more people would listen to the program. Couldn't my request be answered? I hope it is. Thank you very much.

Miss B. S.

Amsterdam, N. Y.

P. S. I would also like to see Joyce Jordan and her friends in the near future.

Your question is impossible to answer, at least for us. Because we don't know any more than you do about future events in the serials. That is a secret that belongs to the script-writer; and maybe even he doesn't know yet! Besides, wouldn't it spoil the story for you if you knew how it was going to go? It would be like reading the last page of a mystery story first—and then where would the mystery be? So let's just listen and see what happens. Meanwhile, Joyce Jordan Living Portraits are in this issue of RADIO MIRROR on page 50. There's your picture of Joyce and all the rest of your Joyce Jordan friends.

SWING CINDERELLA

Dear Editor:

I would like to have some historical background on Georgia Gibbs. What program and network she is on, when she is on the air, and where she started out, and anything else about her that you may be able to tell me.

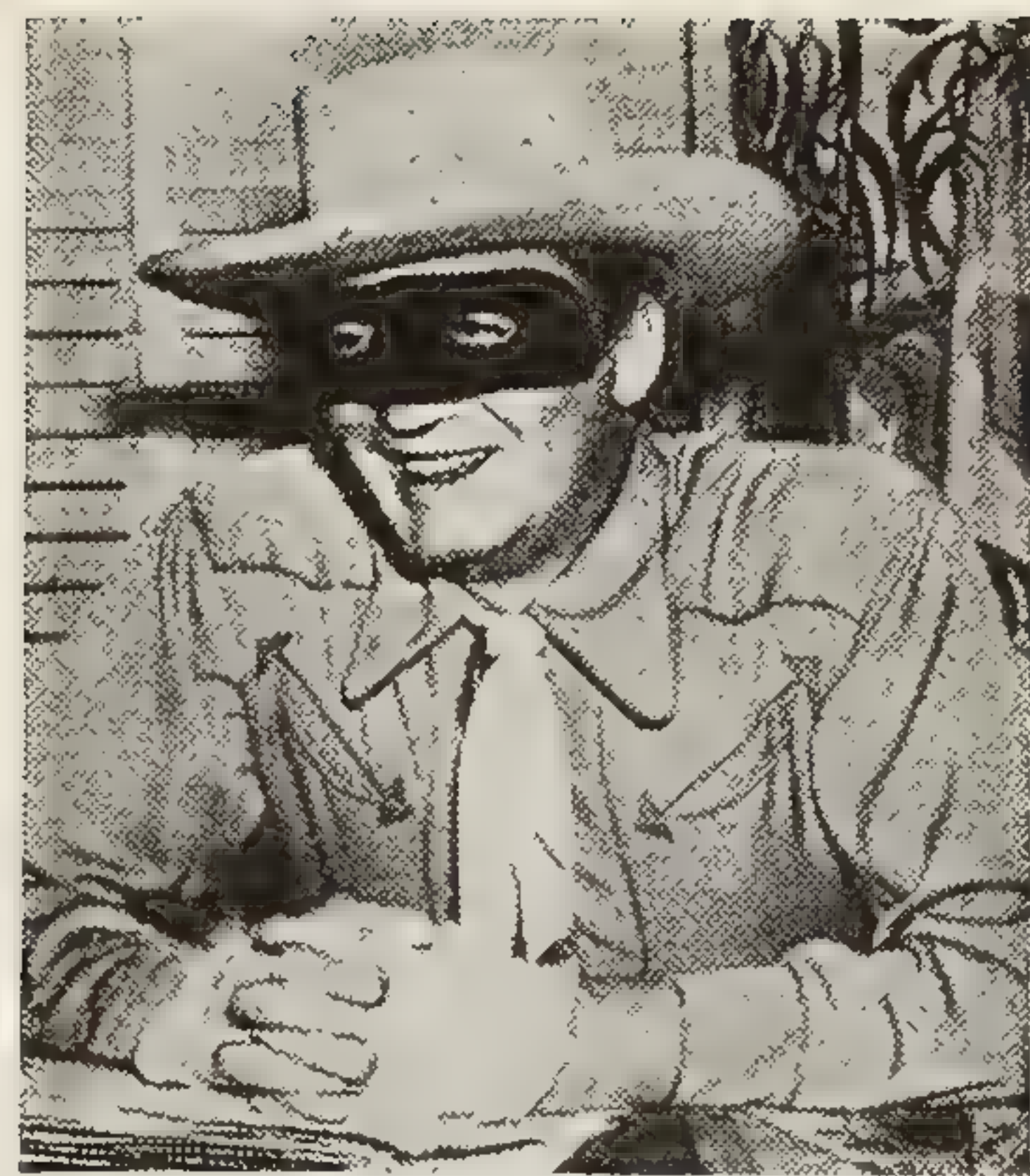
Licking, Mo.

Mrs. F. S. W.

Georgia Gibbs has been singing with bands and in night clubs since she was fourteen. For a long time she was admired by swing musicians but almost unknown to the listening public. Then John Hammond, the swing critic, heard her and acclaimed her among the "greatest singers of American songs."

He introduced her to Artie Shaw, and from there on her way was clear. The unknown singer from Boston won an enthusiastic welcome, and now shares the acclaim of musicians and public alike. Georgia loves sports, hates cooking, and has a tremendous record collection ranging from Duke Ellington to Debussy. Her style is her own, and she sings "from the heart." She is singing now with David Rose's orchestra over NBC stations Thursday evenings at 10:30.

Georgia Gibbs



Always masked, always mysterious — rare glimpse of Lone Ranger

IT'S A SECRET

Dear Editor:

I have been interested in RADIO MIRROR for quite a long time and would not miss a copy, and would like to know who takes the part of the Lone Ranger. Will you please tell me what has become of Cousin Cassie, on the Mark Case Sheriff show? Thank you.

Mrs. L. B. B.

Colwyn, Pa.

Sorry, but this is one question we can't answer. The Lone Ranger's identity is one of the best-kept secrets in radio. We can give you a picture of him, though—mask and all. That's the way he looks. The Sheriff's sponsors have decided to eliminate the comic element from the program. That is why Cousin Cassie is no longer there. From now on the show will be straight drama.



Ned Wever

MORE PICTURES

Dear Editor:

I have just recently started taking your magazine each month, and I do enjoy it very much indeed. As I listen daily to all the radio serials I would like to see more pictures, such as Young Widder Brown, Just Plain Bill, Rose of My Dreams, Second Mrs. Burton, and of any other. Would you please tell me who plays the part of Anthony Loring? And can we have something on The Breakfast Club?

Mrs. A. F.

Brunswick, Mo.

All the programs you mention either have been featured in RADIO MIRROR or soon will be. Young Widder Brown and the Second Mrs. Burton were both in the April issue. Just Plain Bill is coming very soon; and we have plans for Rose of My Dreams. The part of Anthony Loring, in Young Widder Brown, is played by Ned Wever, who has played that part for a number of years. Keep watching for your other favorites—we'll get to all of them. Don McNeill, m.c. of The Breakfast Club, has written an inspiring story for this issue of RADIO MIRROR. Turn to page 20!

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—Sometimes, in spite of all our efforts, a request-letter is mixed in with other mail—and we don't want that to happen any more than you do. So, will you help us by clipping this box and attaching it to your Information Booth letter? That way we'll know at a glance that you're an information-seeker, and we'll be able to give much quicker service on answers—either by printing your letter on these pages, or by an answer delivered through the mail. Important: No letters can be answered or considered for Information Booth unless accompanied by this box, and signed with your full name. (Only your initials will be used, of course, if your letter is printed.)



Farm Director Frank Atwood of WTIC greets early risers in New England.

CONNECTICUT'S *Voice of Dawn*



At the University of Connecticut Frank Atwood catches a lecture on safety precautions for farm machinery.



Daughters Margaret, Joanna and Christine hear their daily off-the-air program of funnies.

IF you have to get up early in the morning, you may as well turn on the radio and let the cheerful, friendly voice of WTIC Farm Director Frank Atwood, heard at 6:15 A.M., help you get rid of your early morning grouch. That's the way a lot of sleepy, crack o' dawn risers in Southern New England feel, and if they'd like to go back to sleep they can remember that he has gotten up a lot earlier than they, at 4 A.M. to be exact. Before broadcast time he has driven from Storrs, Conn. 26 miles away, has compiled the farm market reports from New York, New Haven, Hartford, and Boston, has added any last-minute copy to his script, and he still sounds cheerful, no matter what the weather.

Most of the people who have to get up so early are farmers, and Frank's program is beamed to them. They tune in for his neighborly visit, knowing that they will enjoy his program and will also hear some vital information about the agriculture industry. Frank has his finger on the agricultural pulse of New England, and for seasonal problems he has the best known experts on his program.

Frank understands the farmers. He was born and raised on a dairy farm in Vermont; was graduated from the University of Vermont and after 10 years as agriculture writer for the Hartford Courant, several more as assistant editor and radio activity manager for the University of Connecticut, he became Farm Director for WTIC.

Frank began his microphone career while he worked at the University when he instituted the Connecticut

Farm Forum over WTIC, one of the oldest farm programs in the east, broadcast continuously Saturdays at 12:30 P.M. for more than nine years.

Statistics show that there are many farm accidents, and Frank is concerned with trying to keep the farmers safe. In the past two years his farm programs have spearheaded farm safety campaigns which have won for WTIC first prize and top honorable mention in the nationwide radio contest for 50,000 watt stations conducted by the National Safety Council.

Do city-folk enjoy a program that is designed for the rural population? They definitely do according to the large amount of fan mail Frank receives from them. "I don't live on a farm," they say, "but I like your program." Their interest still amazes him.

Just because Frank finishes his broadcast at 6:55 A.M. doesn't mean that his day's work is completed. He must plan for the next day's program, go over the script with his guests, or go out with an engineering crew to transcribe an interview if a guest can't make it to the studios at 6:15 A.M., answer fan mail, or go out to cover a newsworthy agricultural event. Never a dull moment, and a man with less energy than Frank would be mighty tired. From "can see to can't see"—that's a farmer's work day in New England. On many days that's a radio farm director's schedule, too.

When the day ends finally, Frank hurries back to Storrs where he is greeted by his wife Barbara and the three Atwood children, Joanna, aged 14, Margaret, nine, and five-year-old Christine.

New! Blush-cleanse your face — *for that lovely engaged-girl look*

See it give *your* skin:

—an *instant clean-fresh look*

—an *instant softer, silkier feel*

—a *lovely blush of color*

SEE RESULTS TONIGHT — with this new blush-cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream.

BLUSH-CLEANSE — Rouse face with warm water. Dip deep into Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl it over your receptively moist,

warm skin in little creamy "engagement ring" circles up over your face and throat. Tissue off.

BLUSH-RINSE — Swirl about 25 more creamy Pond's circlets over your face. Tissue well. Tingle with cold water. Blot dry.

CLEAN, SOFT, GLOWING — your face will feel! Pond's *demulcent* action softens, loosens dirt and make-up—helps *free* your skin! *Every night*, this full blush-cleansing. *Every morning*, a once-over blush-cleansing with Pond's!

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely!

She uses Pond's!

MISS ELEANOR PAINTER, recently introduced to Philadelphia society by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert J. Painter, is engaged to Mitchell Wing Beardsley of Narberth, Pa. During the war he flew a P-51 in China in the A.A.F.

Miss Painter's profile is cameo-perfect, and her eyes darkly hazel under winged brows. Her complexion has a soft and fresh-as-a-dewy-rose look that is the lovely reward of lovely care. A Pond's "blush-cleanse" is her conscientious beauty routine. "It feels blissful," she says, "and leaves my skin so clean-fresh and *extra* soft."

Have the Pond's "blush-cleansed" look! Get a big jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. Blush-cleanse your face with Pond's tonight!



Eleanor Painter gives her luminous complexion Pond's blush-cleanse care



HER RING—
a beautiful diamond
set high and round,
a baguette deep-set
on either side



Engagement Diamonds and Pond's! Round diamonds like Eleanor Painter's; a pointed marquise; emerald-cut diamonds, shining clear as ice!

*Among the beautiful women of Society
who use Pond's*

MRS. GEORGE J. COULD, JR.

THE LADY DAPHNE STRAIGHT

MRS. JOHN A. ROOSEVELT

MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, III

MRS. ERNEST L. BIDDLE

MRS. WILLIAM RHINELANDER STEWART

THE DUCHESS DE RICHELIEU

VISCOUNTESS MOUNTBATTEN

Find your place in the sun this summer. Joan Alexander's is on horseback, Claire Niesen's at a beach. Either way, sun's a beauty-builder.



Pretty, Please

IT'S July again! Summer's really here! Let the warm sunshine and gentle breezes chase away your worries, and give you a terrific health buildup for the coming winter.

Do as radio stars, who must maintain hectic, five-day-a-week schedules all summer, do. Get outdoors at every opportunity, but guard against harmful effects of unwise exposure to the hot sun.

Claire Niesen, star of CBS's *The Second Mrs. Burton*, and Joan Alexander, "Marion" on the same program, frequently take a day or a weekend and go to a nearby beach, or to the country.

Claire prefers the beach, and a refreshing plunge in the water. Joan likes to hie herself off to the country for her favorite sport, horseback riding. After their outdoor sprees, they return to the hot, dirty city and their broadcast work with that glad-to-be-alive feeling.

In a handy little beach bag, Claire totes everything she needs to protect her skin, hair, and eyes from Old Sol's burning rays. These items include sunglasses; burn-preventive, tan-encouraging lotion, cream, or oil; and an attractive kerchief to wrap around her head, turban fashion, so her hair

will not get dried out and bleached while she's lying on the sand listening to music from her portable radio. In case she feels like a snooze, she has her companion wake her in fifteen minutes. That's so she'll not burn to a crisp!

There are new miniature hairbrush-comb sets that are convenient for carrying in your purse or beach bag. You ought to have one, for of course you'll want to do as Claire does, and brush your hair to glossy beauty so, after being outdoors, it will look as healthy as you feel.

After riding horseback, Joan takes a cool shower, pats on lots of cologne or toilet water, and dons a pair of slacks. Then she lies down, with her feet slightly higher than her head, for fifteen minutes. This relaxes her leg muscles. You might try it for a quick pickup when tired.

While working in the city, Joan keeps a make-up kit at the studio for removing her old make-up and applying new. She keeps on hand, too, cologne or toilet water for patting on the back of her neck, behind her ears, on her arms, and the palms of her hands.

The snapshots of Claire and Joan are cute, don't you think? Snapshots of you might turn out more flattering if you assume a casual pose, and avoid facing directly toward the camera. Try it.

By
MARY JANE
FULTON

Life Can Be Beautiful

(Continued from page 43)

happens she will always find something in life that is still beautiful.

Mrs. R. R.

We've Made a Home

Dear Papa David:

In 1942 I became the wife of a man I truly worshipped. It was, it seemed to us, a marriage made in heaven. As if we weren't happy enough, there was born to us the next year a baby boy.

Then my husband was drafted. I packed my clothes, and baby's bottles and followed him, grateful even for those short weekends with him. Five months after his induction, he was shipped to the Pacific. In five months more, I received the soul-shattering news that he had fallen on Okinawa. But I still had the baby so I managed to exist; not really caring, except for the baby's sake.

NOT long ago, a soldier friend of my husband's came to see me. He had known my husband well and was also a veteran of the battle of Okinawa. For long hours we talked about my husband—and their mutual experiences.

This soldier has a little boy too, whose mother had died in his infancy. He had loved his wife, dearly. Thus, we had many experiences in common, the strongest being our terrible loneliness and a feeling of futility. So, after a time, I consented to marry him.

Now we have a small, but comfortable home and we each have our boys, only one and one half years difference in their ages. Instead of two lonely little half-orphans, they are "little brother" and "big brother," and have a mother and daddy, too.

Instead of a lonely, grieving woman, eating her heart out, (as I was for a while) I am a busy mother with no time to brood. In the midst of a thousand everyday tasks, I am proud that I can make a home, not only for my son, but for another little motherless boy, and a man who has endured the horrors of war.

Mrs. C. W. M.

One Little Boy

Dear Papa David:

We have living proof that Life Can Be Beautiful. Two years ago my husband was in the service of our country. Our son Robert missed him so much he was on the edge of a nervous breakdown. Just think of a nine-year-old boy about to enter a life which would have been the same as death. He is a bright boy and more thoughtful than many adults.

Many people could not understand. But as I told them, many a dog died for want of their master, why shouldn't a little boy miss his Daddy?

The doctor wrote a letter to his commanding officer, which of course went higher—where I don't know. Within two months Mr. Chalmers was given an honorable discharge. Today Robert is normal in every way—his last report card showed his work was good, nothing below eighty.

Tell me, where else on this earth except the U. S. A. would time be taken, and at a time when the greatest of all wars was being fought, to consider the suffering mind and future of one little boy?

Mrs. G. C.

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...ADDS THE *"finishing touch"*

Dear Papa David:

When Jackie Ralston enlisted in the U. S. Navy six months before he was seventeen years old, all the neighbors shook their heads sadly and said, "Why did he do it? Poor Gladys!"

Gladys is Jackie's mother. I wish I could draw a word picture that would enable you to really see Gladys. She is small, dainty and as lovely as a Dresden china figurine. She looks young enough to be Jackie's sister instead of his mother. She has soft, dark, curly hair and the face of a madonna. She has that certain intangible "something" that makes her unforgettable. Perhaps it is a deep, abiding faith born of years of physical suffering.

For Gladys has been an invalid in a wheel chair seventeen years. Her hands, useless in her lap, have fingers locked against the palms through the crippling deformity of rheumatoid arthritis. Her feet and limbs are useless, too. Before going to work each morning, her husband lifts her into her wheel chair where she sits all day. The owner of the apartment house, a kind, motherly soul, cares for her through the day until Mr. Ralston comes back at night.

When I talked to her about Jackie's enlistment, her face wreathed in smiles, she said, "We're so proud of Jackie. He is doing what he thinks he should."

It was six months after he enlisted that she received the telegram, saying that Jackie had been killed in action. And again, everyone said, "Poor Gladys." Loving her, I dreaded to go to her, knowing there is no comfort at such a time.

Very pale, her beautiful eyes dark with pain, she greeted me with a smile, as usual, and said it was so good of me to come. She said she had faith, that maybe it was a mistake and the Lord never put more on your shoulders than you could carry.

It was on my way home that I realized it was she who had comforted me.

As week dragged into weary week following the delivery of the tragic telegram, we of little faith arrived at the conclusion that there was no justice.

And then, one bright, sunny day Jackson Price Ralston came bounding up the stairs, two at a time, rushed into the little apartment and gathered his brave, courageous, little mother up in his arms.

Can life be beautiful? If you are ever driving through the little country town of Smithville, Missouri, do drop in to see Gladys. You will have your answer. V. Z.

Inspiration of Years Ago

Dear Papa David:

Many years ago, we were poor, very poor. My husband could not find work, and we lived in one dark room. There were no lights, gas, water, only one small window and an oil lamp for light, and a small oil stove for heat and cooking combined. Our recreation was playing with our babies. Our boy was nineteen months old and our baby girl only a few months.

Then it came. It made mere poverty seem fun. Our boy was stricken with infantile paralysis. The doctor didn't know much to do, except quarantine us. Day after day we watched our baby become almost unrecognizable as the fever and torture altered his features. The fat little legs were reduced to just bone with skin covering them.

One day the doctor shook his head—he'd done all he could. Whether our

boy lived, or didn't, was out of his hands. We turned to God. That night we moved his little bed in front of the open door so it would be a bit cooler. The move roused him. He opened his eyes—then upon his face came such joy and happiness—his eyes were shining. Slowly he spoke, "Mother, I see the moon—the moon—see it?" I looked up—almost above us the moon was shining. I had never seen it so bright. I knew our prayers were answered—everything would be all right. And it was.

By writing of this experience, the memory has become clearer and I have received again the inspiration of years ago. I am glad I wrote, for the benefit I myself received.

Mrs. A. P. D.

The Wisdom of Tolerance

Dear Papa David:

Five years ago I met a very nice boy. After a courtship of six months we became engaged. To most girls an engagement is something sacred. I felt the same way until I found out he was Protestant. For myself I didn't care because to me all religions are the same as long as you have faith in God. But to my parents this meant all the difference in the world. They are strong Catholics.

I was of age so there wasn't much they could do about it. I kept on going out with him on the sly and finally a year and a half later he asked me to marry him. When we asked my folks for their consent to our marriage, they refused to give it to us. I knew that if we did get married, I was to make the final step. We got married in a parsonage by a Protestant Minister and from there on I was a Protestant. My wedding day was a happy one because my folks were there. Although they were strict against it, they attended because of me, their baby of the family.

After returning back from the honeymoon we heard my mother wasn't feeling too well. Everyone said it was my fault. She was making herself sick over my change to a different religion. On our arrival at my home a Catholic priest was called in. I told my story to him. When I finished talking he took my hand in his and made a speech to all of us. The best way I can explain his speech in brief is "that no matter what your race, creed, or religion is, if you have strong faith in God, He will see that everything will work out for the best."

After his speech there were tears in everyone's eyes. This speech put new life and hope in my mother's heart. We've been married now for three and a half years and two years ago a fine baby boy was born to us. I don't think there is anyone as happy as we all are.

Mrs. G. H.

We Make Out!

Dear Papa David:

I have been in bed in an Arizona tubercular sanitarium for the past thirteen years; the road has been long and weary, but I can still count many blessings. My biggest is the love and loyalty of my darling wife who has been the willing breadwinner all these years I have been ill. Her one concern, her prayers, her whole life is dedicated to my healing and comfort. She is truly "one in a million." She visits me twice daily, rain or shine, coming first right after work to remain until time for her to go to her tiny apartment for supper. After supper she comes back

to remain until 9:00 P.M. when it is "lights out" in this sanitarium, and we say a little "good night" prayer.

In addition to the discomforts, weakness and often pain which nag this eighty-nine-pound body of mine, there are financial worries, too. But while I am poor in purse, I am rich in friendships—friends I have made through the mails while in bed all these years.

So the days have run into weeks, months, years, and we "make out"—my wife with her work to keep her mind occupied, her daily visits, and I with my daily mail to look forward to, my radio to listen to, good books and magazines to read—and here comes my darling up the walk right now!

Mr. F. T. P.

A Lesson Learned in Time

Dear Papa David:

When I was a young girl, I fell deeply in love with a man who worked in the same office with me. He was a few years older than I and the fact that he already had a wife seemed no obstacle to my naive mind. I was convinced she must be a horrible creature who somehow had tricked my hero into marriage. Everyone else in the office—in the whole world—was unimportant—no one had ever been in love as we two and I cared little what people would say. I made no secret of my infatuation for Jim.

He must have been flattered by the attention of a young girl to have responded in the same mood. The affair continued for several months, both of us convincing ourselves this was the love of all times. Nothing could stand in the way of our happiness. Jim was to figure out a way of arranging a divorce.

One day an elderly woman in our office made a suggestion I shall always remember with gratitude. She asked casually if I ever had met Jim's wife. She was sure I would like her as she was such a lovely girl. In fact, she said, Jim's wife and I were a lot alike.

This conversation set me thinking. I met Jim's wife and we had several movie dates together. What a shock it was to discover she was indeed a lovely woman, one I was delighted to have as a friend. Hearing her speak fondly of Jim, what a wonderful husband he was, and even what he liked to eat, these things made me realize more than all the lectures in the world that I could do nothing to destroy this woman's life.

I quit my job in the office and found employment and happiness in another city. I found I didn't even miss Jim too much and I soon forgot him completely.

I am now happily married and have a fine family—happiness I didn't steal from someone else. If one only remembers the importance of the dreams and hopes of others then "life can be beautiful."

Mrs. R. D.

A Good Wife

Dear Papa David:

I am a truck driver but have a radio in my truck and always try to hear you every day.

I had a stepfather who put me out and would not let me stay home. I did not get to go to school like other boys, and never did know what Christmas was like until this year, as my own father died when I was only three years old. But I got married last March and have a good wife—she has helped me see that Life Can Be Beautiful.

M. C.



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See what Meds give you:

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Dear Martha Steele: I want to try the new Slender Meds. Please send me, in plain wrapper, the trial package of 3 for which I enclose 10¢ in coin to cover mailing cost.

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Right For Each Other

(Continued from page 45)

eyes and the reddish blond hair. I listened as he rhapsodized over a marvelous shoreline visible at the moment through the lounge windows. Oh, to be able to paint those flaming reds and pinks and purples! I interrupted him, saying, "Look, this has been so mixed up. Will you tell me your name once again?"

He paused long enough to reply, "Cotsworth. Staats Cotsworth." Then he continued his discourse on Art. He talked—too glibly, I thought, and too much, about painting, about music, about theater.

I listened politely (getting in a word edgewise was well-nigh impossible, anyway) and mentally labeled him as a self-centered, conceited poseur.

I was to learn, not long afterward, that this loquacious young thespian, hired to play second lead in our straw-hat circuit production, was highly qualified to discuss such artistic matters. I was to learn that he was not self-centered or conceited but, on the contrary, remarkably warm-hearted and considerate of his fellow troupers. I was to discover, before very long, that I was very much in love with the lad.

TODAY, next to my wedding ring, the thing I prize most is a charm bracelet which I wear almost constantly. Attached to it are several tiny miniatures in gold and among them are a rock, a monkey, a champagne bottle, a railroad car, a man's smoking pipe, a microphone and an airplane. At first glance it might appear like any charm bracelet but I assure you this one is very special. These miniatures were assembled with loving care by Staats and me. They represent the wonderful highlights in our wonderful life together.

The miniature rock—now, that one has Gibraltar-sized importance for us. The rock stands for our first days together when we played at Magnolia's summer theater. On that sun-drenched New England seashore they were idyllic days, days of discovery.

My hasty judgment of him as a self-centered and pretentious person had already undergone one revision. Early in "the rock" period something else happened to make me realize that I'd been unfair. I'm referring now to Staats' behavior as a real trouper.

It was no secret to me that Staats wanted to play Elyot Chase, the lead role in that Noel Coward comedy. And it was a secret to nobody that the man who was filling that role fell far short of perfection, mainly because he happened to be a singer rather than an actor. Producers have a way of spotting such box-office handicaps, even though belatedly, and so that situation was endured for only a few rehearsals. The singing actor was switched to the second lead and now Staats was playing Elyot Chase—opposite me!

I was delighted with that change for entirely professional reasons and, I'll confess, for personal reasons as well. But, the main point of this is, during all the time my first leading man was rehearsing Elyot Chase so inadequately, Staats continued to give him magnificent acting support—without even the slightest hint of criticism. I liked him for that, tremendously.

And so, when the change was made Staats Cotsworth and Muriel Kirkland

were an acting team. Audiences liked us immediately, but we would spend most of our off-stage time rehearsing and polishing the roles, striving for perfection.

It was summer in New England. The rock was our rehearsal hall, with blue skies and scudding white clouds for a ceiling and walls that were vistas of sand-dune and ocean. The romantic lines we spoke were by Noel Coward. A pounding surf provided incidental music.

But many of the lines we spoke were strictly our own. There was much to talk about, on that rock. Much to learn about each other. I learned about Staats' boyhood in Oak Park, Illinois, where he was born. He told me about his studies at the School of Industrial Art in Philadelphia, and how, after he'd studied under well-known artists there, he went to Paris for more training at the Academy Collorossi. Then, when he returned to the United States a few years later, he told me, he illustrated several books, and got a commission to paint murals in Honolulu.

But then, back in New York again, Staats admits that the smell of grease paint suddenly became much more interesting to him than the smell of his artist's oils—so he became an actor, and first trod the boards at Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theater in such plays as "Alice in Wonderland" and "Hedda Gabler," and then went to Broadway to play with Jane Cowl.

Of course, in turn, I had a lot to tell him, too—all about my family in New Rochelle and how they, bless them, had encouraged my interest in the theater right from the start. I remember quoting my dramatic coach to him—the one who once declared, "Muriel, you'll never be an actress. You may do all right in some walk-on part in a play, but that's not acting!" I told him about my work in stock, and how it prepared me for stardom in such Broadway plays as "Strictly Dishonorable" and "The Greeks Had A Word For It." When I came to those, Staats groaned, "Of all the plays I've seen, I had to miss those two with you in them!"

MARRIAGE was something in the back of my mind—something in the not-too-close future, but something, still, to be dreamed about. So we filled our time with finding out about each other, and then, when we knew our parts to perfection, when the stage was set, the curtain went up on the really important part of our lives, for it was then that Staats proposed to me. To this day, I can't recall exactly how he phrased that momentous question, or exactly what words I used to reply. I don't remember the lyrics, you see—only the wonderful music. But I do know one thing—no matter how I said it, the gist of my answer was a heartfelt yes!

And then came the time of waiting. Knowing my theater, I should have known that it would. We couldn't have been married right away, because of course the big climax always comes at the end of the second act, and our curtain had only just gone up! So we marked time—marked time throughout the following Summer, Autumn and Winter. And in those months, time alternately flew by much too swiftly, or dragged interminably, depending on

whether Staats and I were together or were separated by our work.

Right after our short season at Magnolia, Staats joined the Philip Merivale-Gladys Cooper productions of "Macbeth" and "Othello," so of course he was in New York by the time autumn was well under way. And I? Well, Christmas that year found me playing in "Squaring the Circle" (and sitting alone, biting my nails and remembering the happy summer) in Chicago. It was a horribly lonely Yuletide—the unhappiest I've ever spent. But I consoled myself as best I could by reminding myself of better times to come.

And of course they did come. Spring is always worth waiting for—but that spring, I know, was more than worth any amount of waiting. For it brought, at last, our wedding day—May 24, 1936.

We had just a small wedding, Staats and I—his family, mine, and a few close friends—at The Little Church Around The Corner. The rice-throwing wasn't even followed by a honeymoon. We couldn't plan one, because Staats was then appearing in a Broadway show called, ironically, "Pre-honeymoon."

IT was the very next day that my husband looked at me glumly and said, "Monkey-face" (*that* endearment explains the miniature monkey on my charm bracelet), "I didn't have the courage to mention this yesterday but now we might as well face it."

Staats showed me a slip of typewritten paper. It was his two-weeks notice from "Pre-honeymoon," dated May 23rd. After quite some talking I convinced him it wasn't worth brooding over. It was even-stein for bride and groom. After all, I wasn't working then, either. And so, to celebrate our let's-not-worry frame of mind, we opened our last bottle of wedding champagne (item three on my charm bracelet, you'll remember).

We didn't have our honeymoon but soon we did have "Pride and Prejudice." Twenty weeks on tour—together! Staats maintains that cross-country jaunt was more of an eating campaign than a theatrical tour. If it was, then we entered that campaign with terrific zest for, during the lean months leading up to it, there had been considerable belt-tightening. I will always remember Baltimore. Baltimore was our first stop and, in Miller Brothers famous restaurant, Staats put away a titanic meal of oysters.

In our calendar of off-stage activities, prowling had the next highest priority. We prowled all the museums and art galleries, browsed all the book and antique shops, gaped at almost every point of historical interest. Staats brought me to the famed Corcoran Galleries in Washington and showed me the wing where some of his own watercolors were once on exhibition. This time I was not prejudiced against his display of understandable pride.

However, I did let my husband down rather badly on Cubism. We were looking at a neon-bright splash of color painted by Braque. My blank expression must have been exasperating. Anyway it goaded Staats into a frenzy of explanation about the cubists, the expressionists, the abstractionists, the non-objectivists and all their diversified and, to me, incomprehensible the-

ories. At the end of his lecture Staats threw up his hands and confessed he was all confused, too.

Things were better when we reached Toledo. In the Museum of Art there we both enthused over an impressive oil by George Bellows depicting the Queensboro Bridge that spans New York's East River. I said, "Staats, when we settle down in Manhattan I want to live near that bridge." (Item: Queensboro Bridge is a vital part of the dramatic view from our East 55th Street apartment windows.)

A salient feature of that tour with "Pride" was the social aspect of it. Friends, friends, everywhere along the route. Dinner in their homes, dinner as their guests in restaurants with memorable cuisines. In Chicago, one night after the show, we were taken to a night club. With Staats and me it's usually a case of having to be dragged to a night club since our preference is for less gaudy entertainment. But we were enjoying ourselves that night, until the master of ceremonies began introducing "celebrities." A bright spotlight picked out our table and before we knew it the m.c. was braying, "Let's have a great big hand for that lovely couple now appearing in 'Pride and Prejudice'—Muriel Kirkland and, uh—" He faltered, squinted at his notes again, then added, "—and Slat's Cotsworth!"

Two more of the golden miniatures linked to my charm bracelet are linked with our mellow memories of that cross-country tour: the little railroad car, for obvious reasons, and the tiny smoking pipe which represents my decidedly un-lonely Yuletide gift to Staats when "Pride" was playing to Christmas audiences in Indianapolis.

OUR tour wound up early in 1937 and it was followed by what may be politely described as a lull. It was this acting profession, I'm sure, that inspired the inventors of the see-saw. Up one day, and down ("at liberty") the next.

The crystal ball had two entirely different predictions for Staats and me. I was fated to play the role of Mary Todd opposite Raymond Massey in "Abe Lincoln In Illinois." As you know, that was a brilliantly successful play and it enjoyed a long and prosperous run. But, during "Lincoln," Staats was beginning to wonder if the crystal ball had had a grudge against him. He was bedeviled by one bad break after another. No matter what he tried, it either failed to materialize or crumpled after starting. What with Lady Luck giving him the arctic shoulder month after endless month and what with my contrasting success in "Lincoln," I wouldn't have blamed even a less sensitive man than Staats for bogging down in despair and self-pity.

He neither despaired nor pitied himself. Instead, he kept trying and eventually the lady named Luck stopped being coy.

Staats did land a job—in another production of "Macbeth," this time an eminently successful one with Maurice Evans and Judith Anderson. Both artistically and box-office-wise he was in a hit and, what's more, his performance of the Banquo role drew excellent press comment.

"Macbeth" was followed by another successful engagement — with "Pygmalion" on the road for a run that extended from the Fall of 1942 to Spring, 1943.

It was late in 1943, after I'd finished a season playing Vinnie Day in "Life



No, Mother . . .

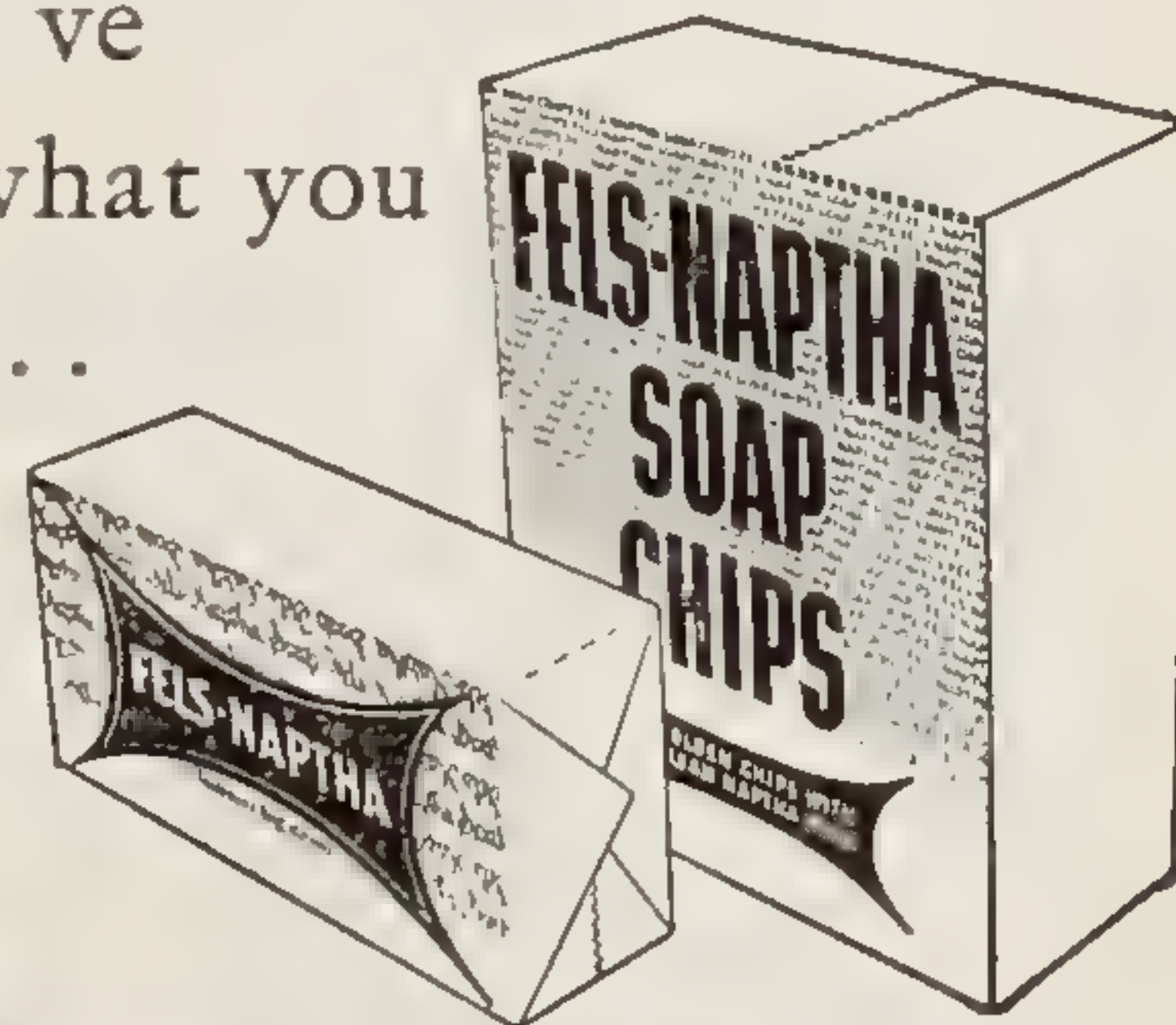
"I didn't forget to 'phone . . . but I never knew just how much work went with a wedding ring. Seems to me there's always something . . . Oh, my goodness! that's what you used to say, isn't it . . . ?

Yes, Mother . . .

"I'm doing my own cleaning and washing. Our place is so tiny . . . and everything's so new and bright, I can't bear to let anyone else touch it or my beautiful linens and towels either . . .

Of course, Mother! . . .

"Fels-Naptha Soap? . . . I never use anything else. That's one thing I did remember . . . By the way, Mother, *how* does a man get so much dirt in his collars and cuffs? . . . All you've learned is how to get it out? I see what you mean, darling. Fels-Naptha Chips? . . . I have plenty—I think. Soon as I hang up I'll make sure . . . 'bye!"



Fels-Naptha Soap

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Walk with comfort! Try the new Free-Stride Modess!

came really active in radio. Not that the medium was new to us—we'd each done radio work before, off and on, for several years.

But in the Fall of 1943 I started playing the title role in *Mary Marlin*. I did that series for one year and often Staats would appear on the program in supporting roles. Meanwhile, though, he was beginning to carve a radio niche for himself on his own. He auditioned for a sustaining series titled *Flash-Gun Casey*. Staats was given the title role and has been playing *Flash-Gun Casey* ever since, although the series is now called *Crime Photographer*.

He began doing other air shows. You began hearing him in shows like *Big Sister*, *The Man From G-2*, *The Sheriff*, *Mr. Keen*, *Tracer Of Lost Persons*, *Perry Mason*, *Amanda* and others.

Staats had really hit his stride in radio. He had become one of the most sought-after actors on the air—but an important question was troubling him: was the sheer quantity of all this work detrimental to his standards of quality? Staats came to the conclusion that "yes" was the inevitable answer—and so he decided to become more selective.

THESE days he does only occasional free lance work in addition to his three long-established programs. In these programs you hear him as David Farrell in *Front Page Farrell*, NBC, as Wolf Bennett in *Lone Journey*, CBS and, of course, as *Flash-Gun Casey* in CBS's *Crime Photographer*.

About two years ago something happened to *Flash-Gun Cotsworth*. He was bitten by the bug—the camera bug. Our closets at home are cluttered with all kinds of photographic equipment. Our kitchen frequently becomes a dark-room and I, as frequently, become a dark-room widow. Do I mind? Definitely not. Staats has proven as talented with his *Speed Graphic* as with his paint brush. In fact, both his water-colors and his striking photo enlargements share wall space in our living room and bedroom. He has photographic negatives and prints by the hundreds, and I might add that it is yours truly who organized and maintains a complete index file for them.

The chemical composition of a film-developer is as complicated as that of a *Worcestershire sauce*—and Staats knows the ingredients of both. He plays a dual role in our kitchen-dark-room. When he is not the amateur photographer he becomes the amateur chef and his approach to the skillet is a purely masculine and scientific one. "It's a hobby," he explains it. "I really enjoy the basic science of putting things together in just the right proportions to make them taste good. When I was an art student in Paris I often used to look wistfully at the expensive restaurants. Eventually I learned that it is not the expense but what goes into food that makes it good. You know—a pinch of this, a soupçon of that—"

Our friends will vouch for the excellence of his cooking skill. Every now and then we have them to dinner or late supper—friends from radio like Claudia Morgan and her husband Ernest Chappell, Marjorie and Lon (Nick Carter) Clark, Barbara Robins and husband Robert Bell. Staats will whip up something special like his curried shrimp (his own variation of an old Louisiana recipe) or a succulent French pot roast in Burgundy.

The demands of radio are many and unpredictable as to hours and so about half the time we dine out. We like

Sardi's, both for its theatrical tradition and its cuisine and we like a restaurant that is delightfully close to our East 55th Street apartment—it's called The Hapsburg House. Incidentally, inside that restaurant, scenes from Noel Coward's movie, "The Scoundrel," were filmed.

Staats belongs to Crime Photographer on Thursday nights but most other evenings we are free. What do we actors do? We go to the theater. You see, we still love it, no matter which side of the footlights we're on.

Books are important to us, too. Our tastes lean more to biographies and other non-fiction. When we're not reading we like to listen to good music. Our latest enthusiasm happens to be a recently-acquired record player. It's a gadget that's heard but not seen, for Staats had it built ingeniously into a tall cabinet that flanks our wood-burning fireplace. The problem of finding space for record-albums as well as floodlights and camera tripods is a bridge we'll cross when we come to it.

I've mentioned the miniature microphone attached to my charm bracelet. Naturally, that symbolizes the whole rarefied radio world we live in these days. But, as we think about it now, if it weren't for the little microphone there probably wouldn't be that other tiny charm—the airplane.

That miniature is a memento of our ten-years-late honeymoon and it is only fair that we ask announcer Ben Grauer to take a bow for making it the thrilling holiday it was.

LAST year Staats was at a rehearsal of Mr. and Mrs. North—you may recall that he played Lieutenant Weigand in that comedy-whodunit series. During a lull Ben Grauer remarked to Staats that he was planning to fly down to Central America again. Staats asked, "Central America? Why there?"

Ben Grauer's answer was a lengthy and rhapsodic description of a certain little-known-to-tourists paradise down there. Staats listened to Ben's word picture of the exotic place and said to himself, "This is it!" He immediately went into feverish activity that involved getting himself written out of advance scripts in all three of his running programs, contacting the Thomas Cook travel agency, instructing me to acquire clothes suitable to the climate, and so forth.

Somehow we gathered all the loose ends. Somehow Staats got disentangled from his complex studio obligations—and somehow we found ourselves soaring high over Manhattan, headed southward. We left our environment of skyscrapers and hustle-bustle and, less than thirty-six hours later, found ourselves in an environment that seemed part of another civilization, another age.

We had flown down to Yucatan.

We were deep inland, in the ancient city of Chichen Itza and from the wide windows of our room in beautiful Mayaland Lodge we could see the mysterious ruins of a Mayan temple. Mysterious even in bright sunlight! Our surroundings were a feast for the eye and the camera's lens.

Like two awe-struck youngsters we spent the days exploring and climbing about those ageless ruins, studying their weirdly inscribed columns, trying to decipher the meaning of carved picture-legends on their weatherbeaten stone walls. It was fascinating and unforgettable—all of it.

Our one-week honeymoon was worth the ten-year wait.



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Mary Chapman's devotion to her little son Peter blinded her to her daughter Susie's resentment of him. Mary's refusal of her request for a kitten and Jim Chapman's criticism of her poor marks in school convinced Susie that her parents no longer loved her, that only Peter was important to them.

A Little

MARY CHAPMAN considered herself a very good mother. Her home was attractive, her children were well dressed and well fed and her daughter attended an excellent school. But she overlooked a vital responsibility, the emotional needs of her daughter. The pediatrician, Dr. Black, realized Susie's difficulty. "Children want emotional security," he told her, "they need to know that they are loved, but Peter gets too much attention, Susie too little. Send Peter to nursery school; he will benefit. And Susie needs the attention she'll get."



Unhappy at home, Susie decided to run away. She played in the park, unaware that her teacher had reported her absence from school to her parents, who in turn notified the police of her disappearance. Finally an officer spotted her and, though she tried to escape from him, took her home again.



Disturbed as she was by Susie's escapade, Mary had no time for punishment beyond ordering her to stay in her room, for it was the day to take Peter for his regular visit to the pediatrician. Watching them from a window, Susie hated Peter for usurping her place in her parents' hearts.

Girl Lost

Exploring the Unknown's story of a child's need for security—a child who might be yours



Her feeling against her brother was so intense that it demanded an outward expression, so when Mary returned, instead of a repentant Susie she found a cold defiant child who showed her a doll hanging with a cord about its neck and said, "I call the doll Peter. I hate him—so I killed him!"

Mr. Meade, Susie's school principal, emphasized the importance of emotional security even more than the doctor had. "I have seen dozens of children just like Susie," he said. "They are problem children whose school work is far below what they are capable of doing, they are unhappy and difficult at home. In almost every instance we can trace this situation right back to the mother. In your case, Mrs. Chapman, by babying Peter too much you have robbed Susie of her rightful share of your love and thoughts. As a result, Susie feels lost and bewildered and Peter's self reliance and independence are developing more slowly than they should. The welfare of both children must be equally important to you, and they must realize that it is, or you cannot create for either one the happy independent life which you want for them."



Fearing from the violence of Susie's outburst that the child was abnormal, Mary went for advice to Mr. Meade, the school principal. He suggested that she herself was to blame for Susie's jealousy of Peter, and agreed that a nursery school for Peter was advisable, both for his sake and for Susie's.



With Peter enjoying his nursery school life, Mary had more time for Susie who, secure again in her parents' love, lost entirely her early jealousy of Peter and shared happily with him the exciting responsibilities of caring for the kitten which was Mary's and Jim's reward for a perfect report card.

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Something to Sing About

(Continued from page 33)

when I was about fourteen. Filled with Bing Crosby thoughts, I went to the WFOX radio station in Brooklyn to try out on the Children's Hour there. I manfully sang Bing's current sock hit, "I Will Gather Stars Out of the Blue." Mother sat nearby, moaning softly to herself.

And the very next night she made the move that was to change my whole life. When I came in from my usual struggle on the baseball diamond with my friends, she told me to get washed up and dressed up within an inch of my life.

"After dinner," she told me sternly from the kitchen stove, "I am taking you to the Metropolitan Opera House."

I got cleaned up in a rage. Opera indeed! I ate dinner in the same rage. Then we started out together for the Met, and we were soon hearing "Il Trovatore." Never mind what happened to me, listening to it. All I can tell you is that as we rattled home in the subway, I told Mother, "If you can find me the right opera teacher, I'll start studying."

SHE found me Sam Margolies at once. I'll never forget those next few years—going to New Utrecht High School, selling shoes and delivering them, and taking singing lessons. The Merrills were having an acute private depression, you see. I had to work if I were to go on studying. So, dressed in baggy pants and a leather lumberjacket, I'd deliver shoes for part of the afternoon, then dodge into Sam's for an hour of singing lessons, then go on delivering shoes.

I soon began using all of Brooklyn for a rehearsal room—I had to, if I was going to rehearse. On the subway I'd vocalize and mumble Italian pronunciations. When I was alone in the shoe store, I'd practice. Walking down the street with my arms full of shoe boxes, I'd practice. This is a habit I still have. Which is why so many passersby on the sidewalk must think I'm slightly demented!

Anyhow, came summers and my teacher advised me to get audience experience. So I signed up for seven summers with the "Borscht Circuit" . . . which is the name given to the summer variety shows at the hotels throughout the Catskill and Adirondack mountains. I was in very unoperatic company. On the same bill would be Danny Kaye, Milton Berle, Red Skelton and the Three Stooges. I usually played straight man to these comics, and then would sing some opera aria to the bewildered patrons.

As I say, this life went on for seven summers. Then, one night that looked like any other, came an evening that changed everything.

Our whole troupe was at the Grosinger Hotel in the Catskills. I went into an ad-lib act with Red Skelton and the Three Stooges—and somehow, in the course of it, we got into a wrestling match during which my brand-new suit was torn to shreds! The audience roared with laughter, but I felt slightly foolish—especially as I had to stand in that same mangled suit and sing the Figaro aria from "The Barber of Seville."

But somehow I did it. The minute I finished, a waiter came up and told me a Mr. Gale wanted me to join him at

his table. I didn't know any Mr. Gale, but, clutching my rags about me, I went to his table. He gave me his card—he was Moe Gale, the famous talent agent. "I think you have promise, my boy," he told me. "Can you be in New York on Monday morning for an audition?"

On Monday morning I did just that. By the following Sunday I was on a coast-to-coast radio program as soloist with a concert orchestra under the direction of H. Leopold Spitalny. In seven days, I had jumped from a stooge of The Three Stooges to a nation-wide operatic singer, and I had nobody to thank but Mr. Gale. Naturally, Mr. Gale has been my agent ever since. Under his management, I've made concert tours all over the United States; I've sung around thirty-five performances now with the Metropolitan Opera; and I've become the singer for the RCA Victor radio show on Sunday afternoons. One time Toscanini himself asked me to be solo vocalist with his famous NBC Symphony, rendering "La Traviata." And all this in five years!

Yes, things have certainly changed for me. And I owe everything I have to singing. I could tell you a lot of serious things about opera study—but maybe you'd rather hear some of the sillier ones. For instance: You have no idea how many unexpected people love opera—and what they'll do for you as a result! Take what happened to me in the middle of the shirt shortage, when I, like every other man, was dying to get my hands on some white shirts.

I was over at the Gotham Health Club, finishing a gym workout. At this particular point, I was sitting (in the altogether) in the steam room. There were about four other guys sitting there, also in the nude; and while I steamed, I was absently humming the prologue to "Pagliacci." Suddenly the fat little fellow sitting next to me spoke up, all excited.

"**Y**OU gotta good voice," he said. "Tell you what: if you'll really sing out with the Prologue to Pagliacci—right here in the steam room—I'll see that you get six handmade white shirts. Is it a deal?"

"Indeed it is," said I. And I really let loose on my vocal chords among the clouds of steam. I got those six shirts two weeks later! The fat little guy, it turned out, was one of the most famous shirt-makers in New York.

Or take the way I got my car. Like most car-owners, I'd sold my beaten-up old jalopy at the start of the war, and for years I'd been without one. Well, one night last year I came back to my dressing room at the Met, after singing "La Traviata," and right after me rushed a stranger who told me breathlessly two things: that he loved opera better than life, and that he was an automobile dealer. Then he beamed at me.

"How would you like the very first 1946 De Soto to hit the streets of New York City?" said he.

I admitted as how I would like it. But I never expected to hear from him again. Instead, a few days later, he left word at the Opera House for me to come down and pick up my new car. It had been (Continued on page 84)

The Mask of Love

(Continued from page 23)

half-opened schoolroom doors to the one marked *Principal* and under it, in small letters *Enter*. She turned the knob and walked in.

There were two men in the small, sparsely furnished office and both turned at her entrance. Both smiled.

Sometimes a smile can reveal a lot. Tom Field's was genial and kind and held the impersonal interest of the Principal of Fairview High School for one of his teachers, one whom he liked and respected for her ability.

But the look on Thornton Drexel's face told quite another story. Among the other teachers—and to Tom Field, himself—this young man was a puzzle. Some of them resented him. He was so stern that he seemed almost a Puritan throwback, rigid and inflexible in his standards. Now, for the first time, Tom Field saw him in an unguarded moment, and the expression on Thorn's face gave a revealing glimpse that there were emotions, warm and human, underneath the cool mask of his face. And it was Marguerite at whom Thorn was looking.

All this Tom Field saw in a quick flash. "Come in, Marguerite—I asked you to stop by to find out how you were getting along. Does it still seem strange to you, picking up in the middle of the term like that?"

"Oh, no—it's fine now. Those first two weeks I felt a little lost. Replacing another teacher who falls ill and taking up her work—it's rather frightening at first. But I feel confident now." She looked at the Principal as she spoke; then, as though unable to discipline her eyes any longer, she looked at Thorn.

THE quick glow in her cheeks—the open unashamed way her eyes caught Thorn's and held—well, either, Tom Field surmised, she was already in love with the young coach, or heading that way fast. He could almost feel the spark that leaped between the two of them.

It seemed a real effort for her to tear her eyes away from Thorn and back to Tom.

"We have a little surprise for you, Marguerite," the big man told her—"Thorn and I. Mr. Drexel has had his manual arts class making miniature Elizabethan period stage sets and he thinks they might be a big help to you in your literature classes. The Globe Theatre—the Court—the inns—"

"Oh, it sounds lovely!" When Marguerite was excited she looked no older than her pupils. "And it *will* be a help."

"Then why don't you take Miss Anderson down to the basement and show them to her, Thorn? Go on—run along, you two—I'm a busy man."

It was all the push they needed. They hardly seemed aware of Tom as they walked out of the room together.

But the Principal sat looking at the closed door a long time after they had gone. He felt strangely worried. The impulse that had made him send Thorn and Marguerite out together on an errand was fading and caution was replacing it. Helping romance along was one thing—but throwing together two people as different in temperament as Thorn and Marguerite might not be a good thing. Young Drexel was a good teacher, but markedly austere, reserved; while Marguerite was open

Pineapple on the Terrace

Summer skies . . . and pineapple dishes to make a super-supper! There's an idea—for what could go

better with outdoor eating than sunny Dole. Try Sliced, Crushed, Chunks, or Tidbits, as suggested here by Patricia Collier, Dole Home Economist.

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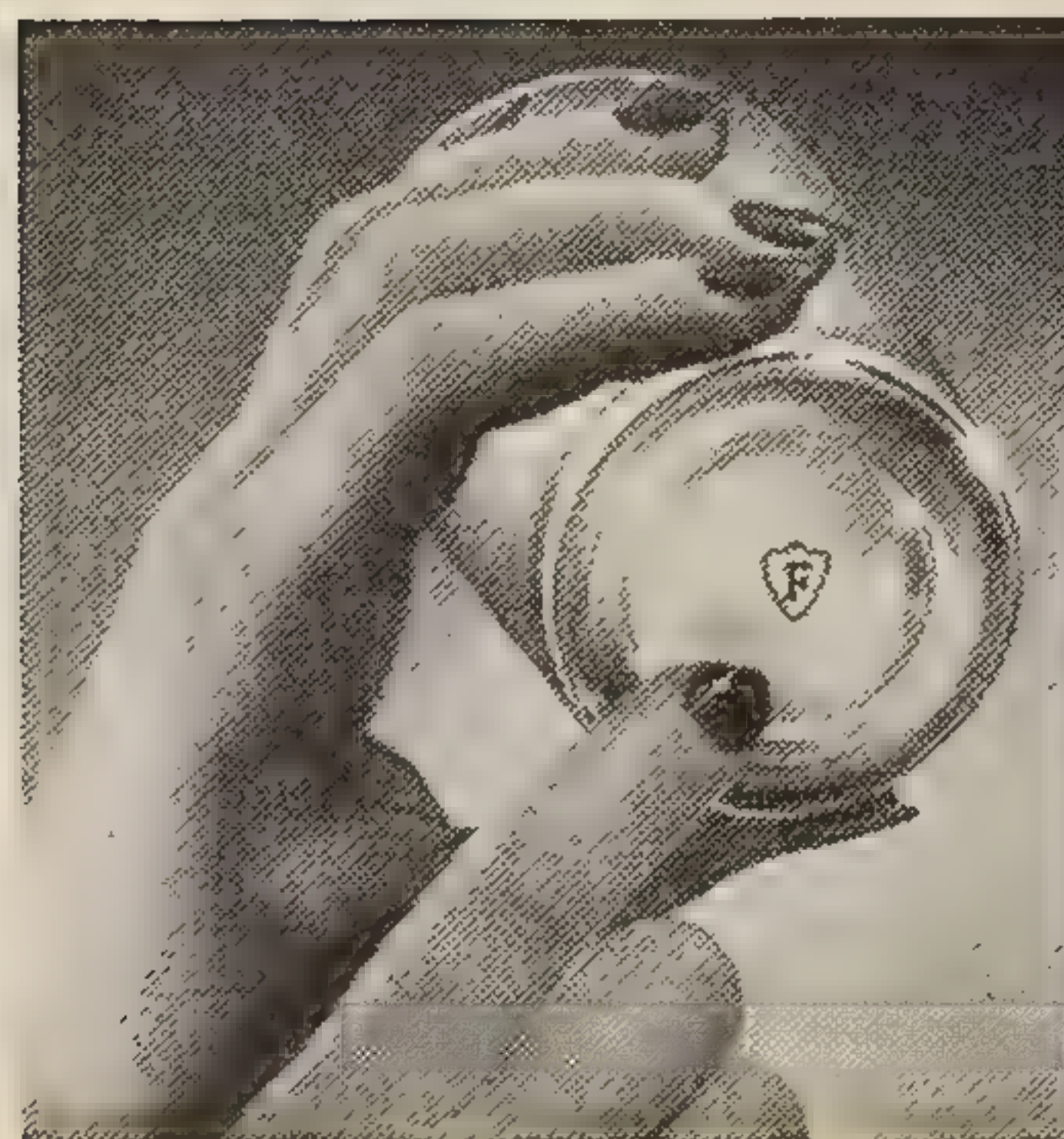
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and vulnerable, so eager and so easily moved by the slightest happiness or pain, so emotional—

But the two teachers, walking down the basement steps, had no such worries. Their conversation was animated and personal.

"... and I've seen you nearly every day, Miss Anderson, and at every Faculty meeting, but I've never before managed to really talk to you. Yet I've wanted to for some time."

"I know. I really believe it would be possible to spend the whole year here at the school and never say more than 'hello' or 'good morning' to the other teachers, if one wanted that. We're all so busy. You, especially, with the manual arts class as well as athletics."

He nodded. "I want it that way. Oh—" as the girl stopped short and looked at him—"I don't mean you! I mean I like my privacy. I've always thought it better to steer clear of too many friendships with the people with whom you work. Less danger of jealousy or trouble or gossip."

Marguerite started walking again, but her face was troubled. She changed the subject.

"I like Tom Field, don't you?"

"TOM?" Straight black eyebrows came together in a half-frown. "You've only been here a few weeks, since you took Miss Elkins' place—yet you call our principal 'Tom' and I still call him 'Mr. Field.'" An alert observer would have caught more jealousy in his voice than reproach.

The girl blushed. "Oh, not to his face! Although he told me to, once, and most of the teachers do. He's so friendly in spite of being such a fine administrator. I can't feel in awe or afraid of him."

"Neither am I," Thorn put in quickly. "It's not a question of being afraid. I just feel that it's not the wisest thing to do—to get on this personal footing with people just because you work with them. In time—"

"Oh, Thorn, don't be stuffy!"

But she was smiling as she said it. And she had used his first name—naturally and easily and so casually, that Thorn suddenly capitulated. Sheepishness completely transformed the sternness of his face and gave him an appealing charm.

"I was, wasn't I? I'm sorry, Miss—Marguerite. Not to change the subject—but have you met Mrs. Field, yet?"

"No. There seems to be something there—in that marriage—that it's not wise to pry into. I suppose many marriages and many people's lives are that way. I just hope everything works out well for him."

"I do, too . . . but let's not talk about the Fields. After I show you the Elizabethan models, do you suppose I could persuade you to have dinner with me, Marguerite?"

The girl caught her breath. Thorn Drexel the Unapproachable—asking her to dinner!

"Of course. I'd like that, very much," she managed to say.

That evening Thorn was surprised to find how much—how very much—he liked it, too; having Marguerite's piquant, soft-oval face across the restaurant table; listening to her funny little stories about her pupils; knowing that there was a warm, unstudied intimacy building up between them.

The other teachers at Fairview would have had difficulty believing their eyes if they could have peeked into the cafe booth and seen Thorn then.

Perhaps they would have realized

how little of his reserve was temperament—and how much was the result of self-imposed loneliness. The habitual half-frown between his dark, straight eyebrows was gone.

Even when they disagreed, he seemed to enjoy it.

"You can't coddle youngsters, Marguerite," he told her at one point. "It isn't fair. Discipline is the most important lesson a teacher can give to students."

"Oh, not the most important! Kindness and understanding and sympathy come first. Take Joe King, for example. Discipline is all he knows at home and he comes to us for the other. He needs our extra attention."

"In this life it's 'sink or swim.' And Joe can't break rules." His brows came together in a quick frown. "I didn't know Joe was having trouble with his studies. I only have him on the team. If I'd realized, I would have put my foot down when they elected him captain."

"You can't take him off the team, Thorn! It means too much to him. It would break his heart." Marguerite was startled.

"What do you think it would do to the team and to our chances of coming out first in the League this year? He's our star player. But if he can't keep up—" Thorn stopped then, seeing the distress on her face. "It's better for boys like Joe to learn they can expect justice, not mercy, in life—and learn it young. If he's going to be a farmer—"

"But he isn't. He wants to be a doctor—"

"A doctor!"

SHE saw with dismay that her words had shocked Thorn. Strangely, as she stared at him—she seemed to see a pain, an anger and agony of an old, old hurt in his eyes. But in an instant his eyes were blank, unrevealing.

In the days that followed there were many things about Thorn that surprised and dismayed her. She was falling in love—and these things were important to her.

Thorn Drexel was a fine teacher, conscientious and daring. But he was also hard and inflexible. The athletic record at Fairview High, under his two years' guidance, was fast becoming legendary throughout the state and the boys on his teams looked up to him with what might have become devotion—if he'd wanted it.

And, to Marguerite, this was wrong. She knew Tom Field agreed with her. Teachers should be friends as well as disciplinarians.

There were times, though, when she forgot Thorn was like that, because she was catching glimpses—only glimpses, to be sure—of another man under the sternness. This other Thorn was learning to give her a small part of himself that no one else saw. He showed her a sense of humor she hadn't thought possible of him; and a warmth and gaiety that at times amazed her.

But she was baffled. There was nothing, apparently, in his childhood that could give her a clue to his professional hardness. He spoke of his family warmly, especially of his doctor father who had died.

The night he proposed, Marguerite thought she had the answer.

"Marguerite—" the shabby little coupe had braked to a stop outside her boarding house and now he slowly shifted gears and turned off the ignition. He did not look at her. "Marguerite—I haven't any right to ask you—I haven't much of a job now and not



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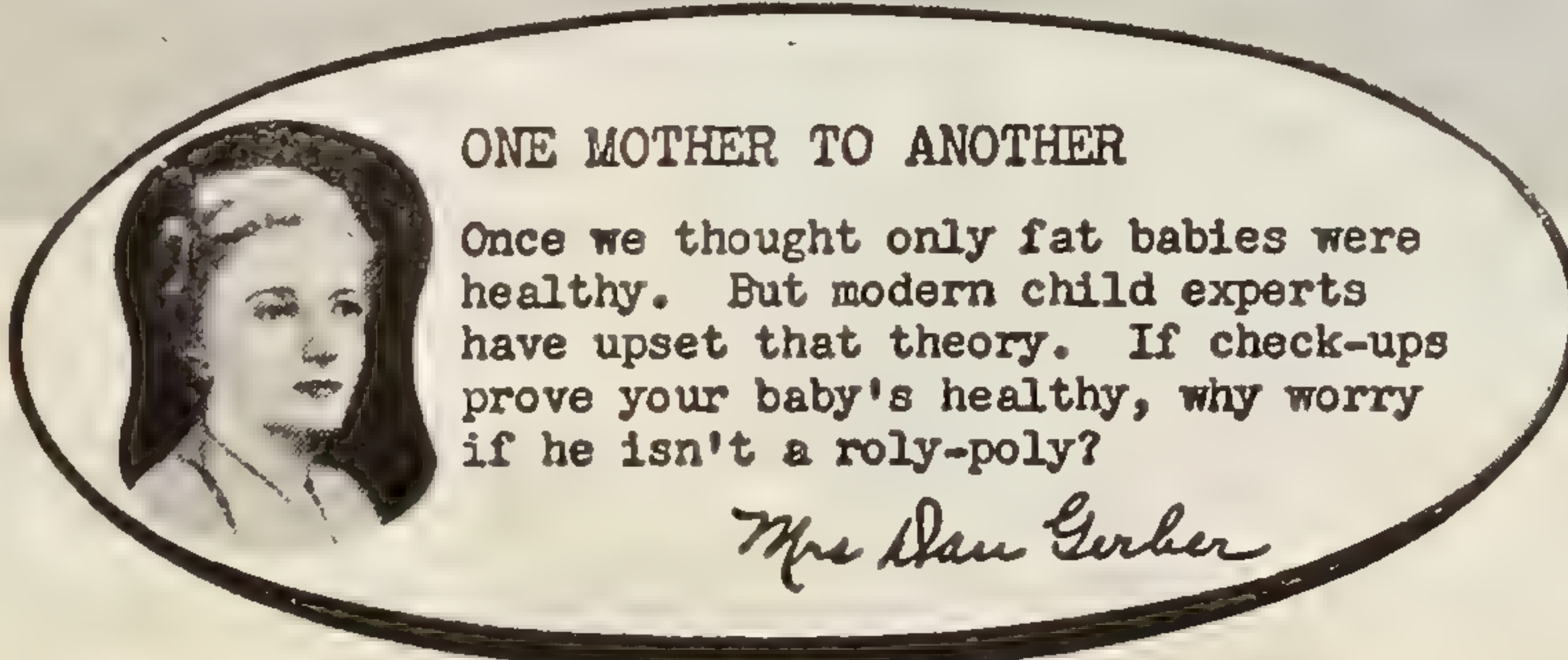
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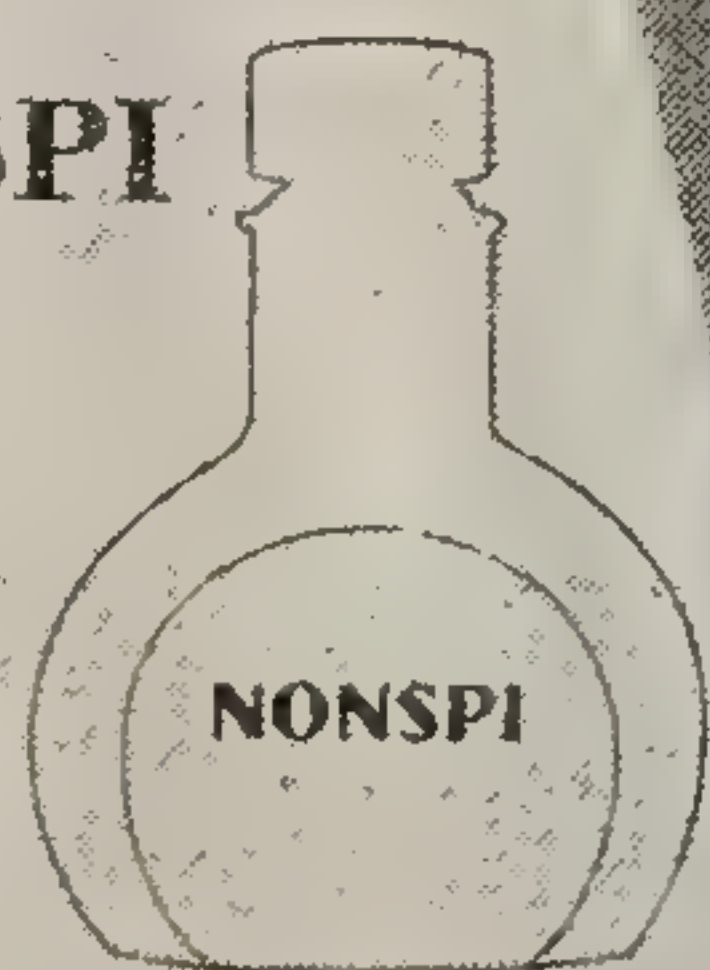
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many prospects and I feel you deserve the best—but—will you marry me?"

She held her breath. Was this the reason for his coldness—just stiff-necked pride that his job wasn't as big as he would like it to be?

"There's something more important, Thorn, than your job or your prospects. Do you love me?"

He pulled her to him suddenly and urgently. And kissed her. "There! And right in front of the neighbors, too. Doesn't that prove something? But what you can see in me—a high school football coach with no future and nothing to give you!"

She moved her head, tenderly, on his shoulder. "Loving people doesn't have anything to do with jobs, Thorn. And our future is ours, to do what we want with it. I think being a teacher is a wonderful thing. But if you aren't satisfied . . . you can find something else. I don't care what it is, as long as we're together."

"There isn't anything else I want." His voice was harsh, suddenly. "I'm perfectly happy where I am!"

His anger surprised her, but it couldn't quench the glorious happiness within her. Thorn's arms held her close and he had asked her to marry him. *Perhaps, she thought to herself, ambition is at the bottom of his troubles—he's driven.*

And as she walked up the steps she was treading on clouds. Thorn loved her and wanted to marry her! Learning to share, learning the give-and-take of marriage—surely that would soften Thorn and make him more human in his approach to others!

. . . Yet—the very next day—they quarreled, bitterly.

Inside the Principal's office Marguerite and Thorn faced each other across Tom Field's desk. Storm flags were red in her cheeks and Thorn's eyebrows were a slashing straight line.

" . . . and I tell you he *can't* stay on the team." There was no emotion in Thorn's voice, only cold obstinacy. "I looked into his grades today, after you mentioned them last night. I find he might pass the others, but not his English examinations. And yet you're protecting him, Marguerite, trying to keep him on the team when it's in your classes that he is weakest! Do you think you are helping him? You should have notified me before, so that I could have taken him out of uniform and let him concentrate on his school work!"

The girl looked miserable. "Taking

him off the team would be the worst possible thing—I found that out last night, Thorn. I talked to his father. He'd take Joe out of school today—right now—except that he's just bursting with pride that his son is the star baseball player here. That's all that keeps Joe in school. And I *do* have plans. I mean to tutor Joe for a half-hour in the mornings before school starts."

If she had thought Thorn's face stern before, now it seemed etched in stone. His mouth tightened even more. "That would be nothing less than cheating," he said, shortly, and seemed not to observe the pain in Marguerite's eyes. "He has to learn to work and play on the same basis as the other boys—no favoritism. It's dishonest to pamper one youngster and let the others make their way, alone!"

"Thorn!" her eyes were blazing.

But he didn't retreat. "I didn't mean that you were dishonest. I suppose people take different views of what is fair. Unfortunately, I can't see any possible compromise."

To himself, Tom Field groaned. *The young prig! he thought. The fool! Doesn't he see what he is doing? How can he expect Marguerite to forgive being called dishonest? Are his lofty principles more important than her love?*

They must have been or he would have relented before the anger in Marguerite's face. He might have stopped her before she finished speaking: "Then there doesn't seem to be any point in our discussing the matter, does there? We seem to have no common meeting ground in our ideas. I don't think we should discuss this again—or *anything*—ever again."

Even now it wasn't too late. They both knew that it was her anger that was making her words so final. But Thorn only looked at her for a second and then strode out the door, banging it behind him.

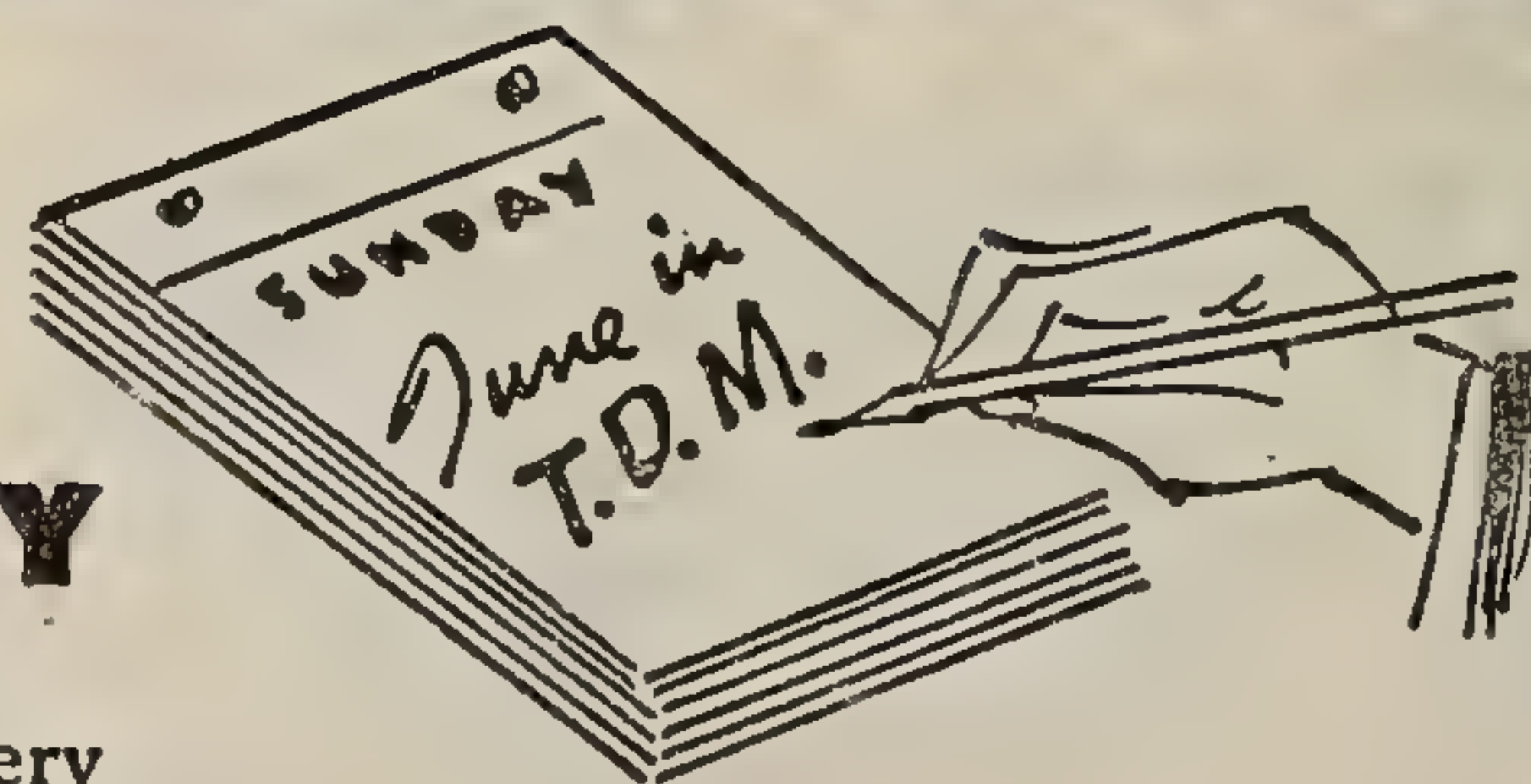
She made no move to follow.

Tom Field patted her shoulder. "That young man is suffering, Marguerite, but he'll have to fight this out alone. You can't plead with him. After all, the final decision on Joe King rests with me . . . although I honestly don't see how I can go against Thorn's recommendations. He's within his rights."

He continued, thoughtfully, after a moment while he watched Marguerite fight back the tears. "I think I'll try another method of persuasion. Maybe

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Joe, himself, can help the situation."

But that evening, when Joe King presented himself at the coach's room, he found Thorn Drexel even more distant, more inaccessible, than usual.

"If you've come to beg for another chance, Joe, it's too late. It's no use."

"It's not—well—yes, I guess you could call it begging, Mr. Drexel." The boy sat perfectly straight in his chair. "The team, Mr. Drexel, they understand what it's like at my house and they wouldn't care if I got some extra help from Miss Anderson. She's so swell! I know I can pass if I can study with her."

"But why do you think you deserve that extra attention? Do you expect to go through life getting favors? There's a lesson for you in all this, Joe, and it's a question of whether you learn it or evade it. Your problems may be different from those of other boys,—but they are your problems and you are going to find you'll have to meet them yourself, without help."

Joe's teeth had clenched on his lower lip. He had trouble speaking. "It would be all right, Mr. Drexel, if I wanted to be a farmer. Though—these days—farmers need a lot of education, too. But my dad thinks he could teach me all I need to know. *But I want to be a doctor!*"

IF he had been looking up he might have seen that same, strange spasm of pain flash across Thorn's face that Marguerite had once glimpsed. And the stiffening in the muscles around his mouth might have warned the boy.

But Joe's eyes were on the floor. "He wouldn't keep me from going to school a half-hour earlier, as long as I did my chores. But he can't stand to see me studying at home, and he'd take me out of school today—" he raised his head, eagerly, "but he's crazy about baseball, Mr. Drexel! That's why it means so much to me. I'm graduating this year and I've already had offers of scholarships from several big colleges. They were only promises, but if I play the rest of this season and we win, I'm sure I'll get a real bid. Then Dad'll let me go on to college and I can be a doctor. I don't care about the scholarship, myself—I can work my way through—but that's the only reason he'd let me go. He'd be so proud of me on a college baseball team—he could brag about me to his friends—and he wouldn't care whether I was studying to be a doctor or a farmer or anything else!"

"You mean you are planning to deceive your father. At least, it's a kind of deception! And I can't countenance that." Thorn's voice was unnecessarily harsh.

The boy rose. Defeat was in his shoulders, slumped, as he walked out the door. "Then I can't play tomorrow against Three-Oaks? Not even this Saturday?"

"I'm sorry." Thorn didn't even turn around from the desk as he dismissed Joe.

And then he was alone.

For hours he sat at his desk, his head clamped in his fingers. He had tried to read, but the words blurred.

Marguerite—why should it mean so much to her that this young boy should be allowed to escape the results of his own folly? Why should she be willing to pamper him, to connive with him against his father? Thorn tried to tell himself that she was weak, but he knew it was not true.

And the boy, Joe. Fiercely Thorn tried to put the image of the young-



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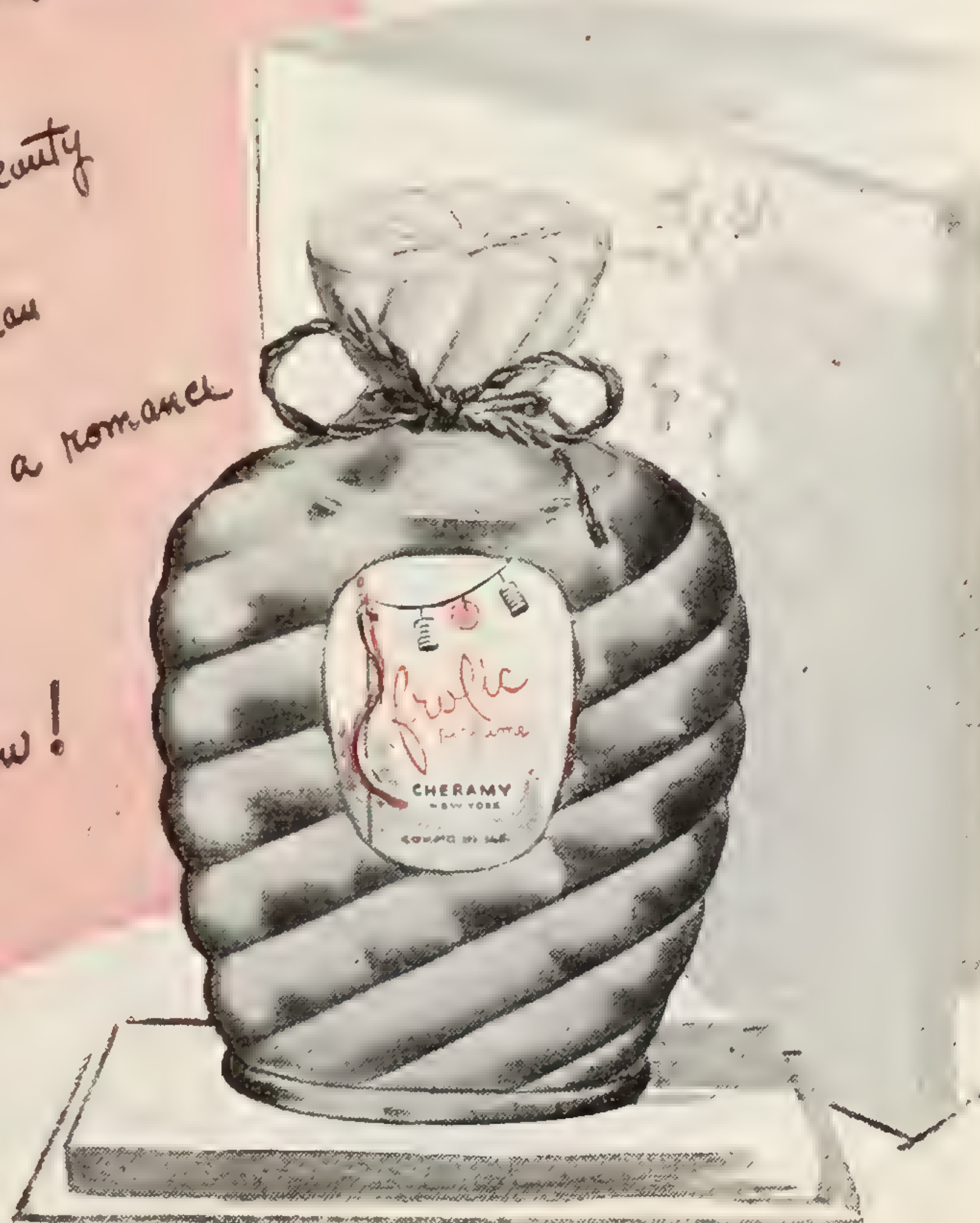
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Three drops for a romance

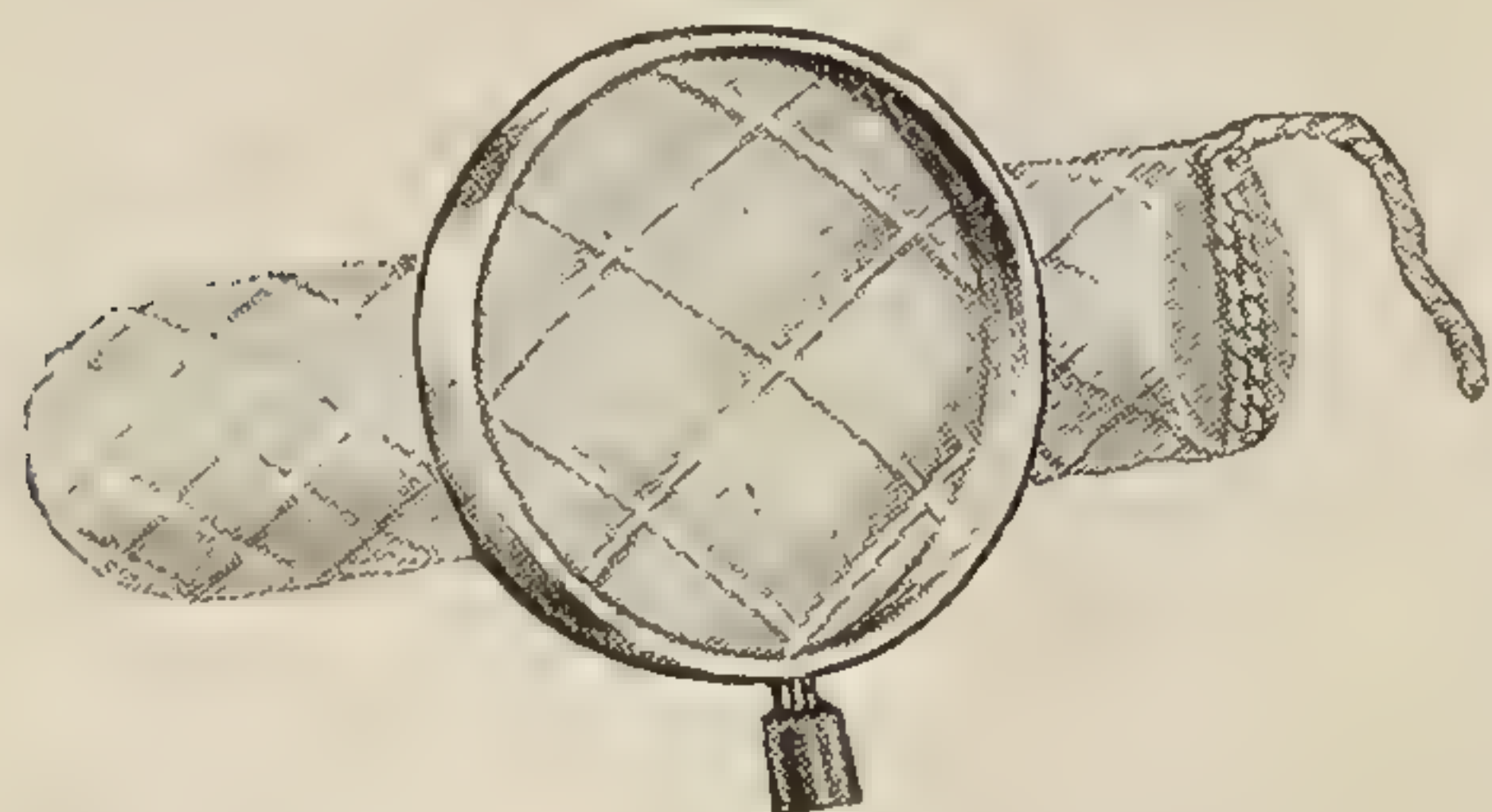
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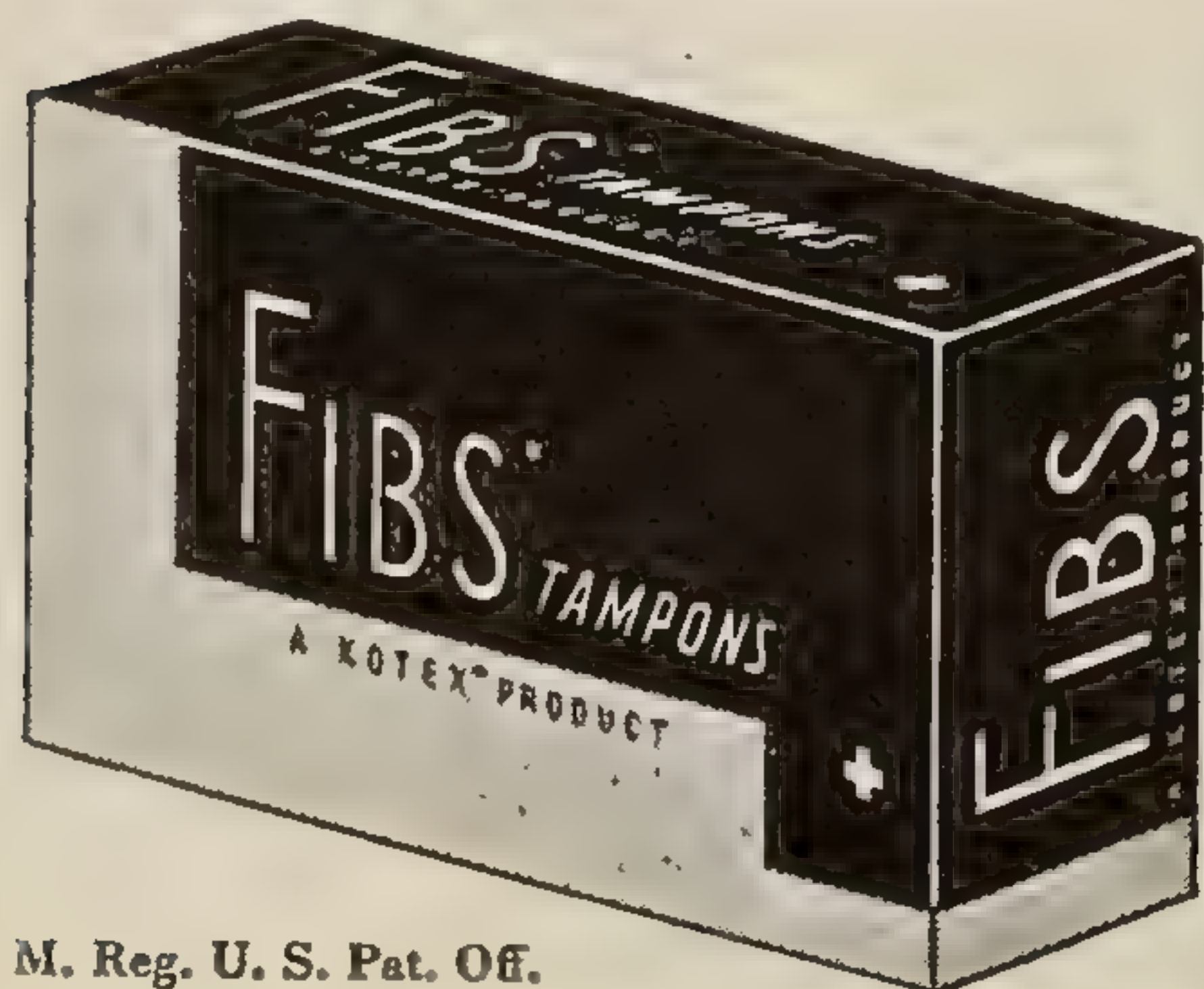


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•T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ster's face out of his mind but he couldn't. It was almost as if there were something personal between them—something that hurt Thorn too much to bring into the open, something that had made him almost vindictive when he had only wanted to be honestly fair.

A doctor. The word was like a blow to Thorn—a word he had forbidden his mind to remember—a word that was agony to him. He stood still in the middle of the floor—but now he couldn't force it back and a train of thoughts rushed over him.

Who are you to speak of deception! Are you so blameless of deceit that you can sneer at it in others? Where do your own high standards, your rules come from? From conviction and from honesty? Now his thoughts were torturing him... or do they come from bitterness and frustration so great that you cannot stand to see others being helped and shielded because you were not? From your own disappointments, are you seeking revenge on others?

THE dam, the tight, hard dam he had built between himself and his own memories, was almost broken. Almost—but not quite. Savagely, Thorn began his pacing again, trying to force his mind away. He wouldn't remember. It wasn't true!

Fists clenched at his sides, he moved blindly—and blindly, angrily, he kicked out hard at a book in his path.

It was a heavy book and it was flung hard against a shelf. As it fell it knocked down other books in its way—knocked down something else that rolled awkwardly to Thorn's feet. Almost unseeing he bent and picked it up—a soft, much-handled, much-worn, old black leather bag.

Without thinking, Thorn opened the rusty handles.

It was a doctor's bag. His grandfather's medicine bag and his father's—the same one they had carried with them on their travels by buggy and sled and, later, in shabby motor cars on their calls to the sick. The same old black bag that had always stood on the old hall table at home. The bag that Thorn as a child had regarded with such reverence and awe and pride.

And now the thoughts within him were so loud they seemed to fill the room. Now they seemed to come almost from someone else—or something else.

Look at it, Thorn! Handle it—and then say there is no masquerade in your life!

The bag was to have been his, when he, too, had become a doctor. The third generation to carry on a beloved profession.

Tell me that your soul isn't sick with frustration because there wasn't money enough when your father died for you to finish your medical training and you had to become a teacher. Tell me you are not punishing yourself and Marguerite and Joe and everyone else for that injustice you feel was done to you! Discipline you say—not kindness—because you feel that life has been cruel to you. Make the boys realize they can't expect any breaks—that there are two strikes against them before they even start—!

Slowly Thorn raised his head. He had been a sick man for a long time. He had let his disappointments turn in on himself, eating their way into his heart, making him want to lash out and hurt others as he himself had been hurt. He knew that now.

"Those who can, do, those who can't—teach." The mockery of the little doggerel had been his constant com-

panion, making him cynical and hard. And now it was all over. He knew now what had made him so *personally* severe in his dealings with Joe. The boy wanted to be a doctor, wanted to be so desperately that nothing would keep him from achieving his dream. He moved towards that goal as single-mindedly as if there were nothing else in the world for him. He showed up Thorn's own lack of determination. If Thorn had wanted—like that—to be a doctor—he would have made his way, unaided. But the desire to be a doctor was only a dream. He knew now that he loved teaching and that he was happy there. The ghosts of old desires would never again rise to taunt him.

Like a sleep-walker suddenly awakened, he moved to the telephone.

The next day was Saturday and it came with all the sweet, spine-tingling freshness of a spring day opening into summer. From the baseball field, as Marguerite walked that way with Tom Field, came shouts from the team already scattered, warming-up, smacking their fists into heavy leather gloves as they crouched down to intercept the practice balls. On the other side of the field the green-and-gold of the Three-Oaks cheer leader uniforms was a gay sight. From the bleachers came a rousing—if ragged—cheer from Fairview youngsters. The sun was warm, but Marguerite shivered.

"Cold?" Tom asked her, gently.

"A little," she admitted, and tried to speak lightly. "I couldn't sleep all night, so don't blame it on the weather."

He touched her shoulder for sympathy, but by that time they had reached the field and their attention was concentrated on clambering over students' legs to reach the seats reserved for faculty. Quickly Marguerite looked around. But Thorn was nowhere in sight—and neither was Joe King. How could Tom be so tranquil?

HER heart sank. All night she had been hoping against hope for a miracle that Thorn would relent. Surely the boy's own story or her words—but there was another lanky boy, not Joe out in the pitcher's box, exchanging practice throws with the red-headed catcher.

"I—I don't think I'll stay—" she turned to Tom Field and in spite of all her efforts, her eyes filled with tears again. But he was pulling her down and pointing, smiling—pointing to the far side of the field. To where two figures, one tall, the other a boy in a baseball uniform, were coming across the field. "Look—" Tom Field urged.

"It's Thorn—and Joe." And her voice rose on the last word. The others around them were taking it up, the students shrieking with excitement—"It's Joe—come on, Joe! Get in there and pitch, Joe!"

Marguerite sank back on the bench and faced the grinning Tom Field. "You knew all the time! Mr. Field, why didn't you tell me? When did Thorn change his mind?"

"He called me late last night. And, Marguerite, I asked him why he had so suddenly re-considered and do you know what he said? He said he'd been thinking it over—talking it over with himself. But then he got confused and it sounded as if he said he had been talking it over with 'someone.' Do you have any idea who or what he meant?"

The girl's eyes were shining with happiness. "I don't know, Mr. Field—" But the thought finished itself silently in her mind—"unless he was talking to his heart."

Porch Party

(Continued from page 55)

potatoes are well coated, then let them stand in mixture for $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hour. Combine mayonnaise, sour cream and mustard and pour over potatoes, mixing thoroughly. Cut hard-cooked eggs in quarters lengthwise, then slice crosswise. Add eggs to potato mixture and mix lightly. 6 to 8 servings.

Almond Cream with Crushed Raspberries

4 cups fresh red raspberries, washed and drained
 $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tbs. plain gelatine
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water
3 cups light cream
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. vanilla extract
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. almond extract

Cover raspberries with sugar, varying the amount according to taste, and crush fruit lightly with a wooden spoon. Let stand in the refrigerator. Soften gelatine in cold water. Heat cream; add gelatine, sugar and salt and stir until dissolved. Cool to luke warm. With a wooden spoon, force 1 cup of the raspberries through a sieve. Stir raspberry juice into the cooled cream. Add flavorings. Pour mixture into a 2-quart mold which has been rinsed in cold water. Chill until firm. Unmold and serve with sugared raspberries. 6 to 8 servings.

Graham Cracker Cream Pie

16 graham crackers, rolled into fine crumbs
4 tbs. butter or margarine
4 tbs. sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
2 cups milk
2 eggs, separated
1 tsp. vanilla
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt
2 cups fresh raspberries, sweetened

Combine graham cracker crumbs, butter and 4 tablespoons sugar and blend together thoroughly with a fork. Press firmly on bottom and around sides of a 9-inch pie plate. Bake about 8 minutes in a moderately hot oven (375 degrees F.). Cool.

Combine flour and $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar in the top of a double boiler; stir in milk slowly. Cook over boiling water until thickened, stirring frequently. Cover and continue cooking 10 minutes. Stir a little of the hot mixture into the slightly beaten egg yolks; then gradually add yolks to the hot mixture, stirring constantly. Continue cooking 2 minutes. Remove from heat; stir in vanilla and salt. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into pie shell and chill. Serve topped with raspberries.

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Something to Sing About

(Continued from page 76)

sent as his show window display car, but he sold it to me at once. So I've had a shining new car, and he's had season tickets at the opera ever since!

Not that that car stayed shining very long. I couldn't resist showing it off, of course; so the first day I had it, I parked it outside the Opera House. When I came out of the stage door that night, two things happened at once—my clothes were almost torn off me by bobby-sockers, and my car was totally dismantled! The handles, hub-caps and searchlight were gone, and its smooth chassis had scratches from one end to the other. I had to have it fixed up . . . and then, for eight months, I had to drive it up to its fenders in mud every day!

But the mud wasn't due to the bobby-sockers. That was due to my buying my dream house, which unfortunately was in a brand-new subdivision with no paved streets for eight months. The house made me overlook any such inconveniences, though. It's in Kew Gardens, Long Island, and my mother and father and I have lived there almost a year now. Frankly, since we moved in, we haven't had a chance to miss Brooklyn!

It's eight rooms full of music—because we have ten radios in it. (Two are in the two bathrooms.) The guest room is full of my brother Gilbert and his wife, come weekends, and the whole house is full of his lamps—Gilbert being in the lamp-manufacturing business. The two lamps in the living room I designed myself, and Gil made up. They're silver, with white shades decorated with hand-painted blue flowers, and I'm quite proud of them!

Our eight rooms are usually full of voices, too. I ask people over by the throng to sit in my basement rumpus room and watch prize fights and baseball games over my wonderful television set. And people come without being asked to eat my mother's potato pancakes. I might add that the house is full of one other thing: the smell of garlic. I love garlic, and even eat it raw. Fact is, I've learned how to toss together a few tasty garlic dishes myself—I can make spinach with an

oil and garlic dressing; Italian-style veal with garlic; and I wouldn't think of eating spaghetti except with a butter and garlic sauce.

You don't believe me about garlic? Then try my salad dressing: mayonnaise, horse radish, lemon, and garlic. You'll never eat any other kind!

I admit I probably carry this thing too far. The only time I don't eat garlic is before a performance of "Carmen." Then I have to kiss the heroine three times, and I don't think it'd be fair.

I think I've told about everything there is to tell. Except that I read the comics every morning, and hear the Inner Sanctum show religiously. When I listen to the radio, or when I'm watching television, I always get comfortable in pajamas—gray flannel in the winter, blue celanese in the summer. My taste in other clothes? Well, I like lots of them—probably because I didn't have any for many years—and I buy suits four at a time, when I'm buying. But never in brown.

And that about does it—except for one more thing: don't think for a moment that my Borscht Circuit friends haven't popped up in my life again! One time, for instance, I went to a big benefit show. I was delighted to see that my old pal Milton Berle was the comic of the show. But once he got started on his comedy routine, I couldn't resist a dirty trick: I knew his stuff by heart, after all, so just before he'd get to his punch line in each story, I'd yell it out for him!

Naturally, this is the kind of a thing that the audience loves. But Milton I might have known would get revenge.

Two nights later I was on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, surrounded by a company of serious singers and all of us, of course, in costume. The opera was "The Barber of Seville," I got to the Figaro aria and sang, as I should, "Figaro, Figaro, Figaro . . ."

Suddenly Berle's raucous voice rose from a front seat. "Hey, Figgy!" he yelled. "Hey, Figgy—yer mother wants ya!"

That little episode convinced me of one thing. Once you've been on the Borcht Circuit you can't get away from it. And maybe it's a good thing.

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Come and Visit Perry Como

(Continued from page 29)

his name, too. "Why did you give me a fancy name like Ronald?" he asked his mother and me the other night. "Why didn't you name me Mike, or Harry or Sam?"

Roselle said she didn't think Mike, or Harry or Sam would go very well with Como but "How about," she suggested, "calling you Tex?"

That went over big. Right now, Ronnie wants to be a cowboy. He plays cowboy. He wears his cowboy outfit everywhere but to Sunday school. He's been to Hollywood with his mother and me a couple of times and has met most of the Greats in the movies and in radio. Of them all, only Gene Autry, Roy Rogers, the Lone Ranger and Gary Cooper made any impression. His worst punishment is to be told he must miss an Autry or Roy Rogers picture. Or a Western film, starring Gary Cooper. He wants a horse. He goes around singing "Don't Fence Me In!" So now, Roselle and I call him Tex, "Tex Como from Port Washington" and the Ronald is forgiven.

We've been wanting a home of our own for a long time, Roselle and I. When we were first married, I was singing with Freddie Carolone's orchestra. Four days after we were married, I was on the road with Carolone and didn't see Roselle again for eighteen months. Those eighteen months were from hunger and thirst.

LATER, and after Ronnie was born, I was vocalist with Ted Weems' Band and still on the road. In a ramshackle Ford, in which we rode from town to town, Roselle and I "kept house." She gave the kid his naps in the back seat. I heated his formula over a kerosene lamp in the front seat. It wasn't so good.

In 1942, when Weems gave up his band to join the Armed Forces, I made up my mind to give up singing. It seemed to be a choice between being separated from my wife and baby or punishing them with the life of a traveling troubadour. Either way, it was no good. I decided to go back to Canonsburg, where I came from, and where I had been a barber, and take up barbering again. This was no joke. We went back to Canonsburg. I set about raising some money to start a barber shop, didn't chirp a note during that whole period, not even in the shower—and then Fate stepped in, disguised as a long distance telephone call from Tom Rockwell of General Amusements Corporation. Rockwell asked me to come to New York and do my singing on the air. He offered me a sustaining program on CBS. When he assured me I could bring my family with me and would not have to travel, it was a deal.

I still keep my hand in with scissors and comb, however. Ronnie has never been to any barber but "Pop" and during the barbers' strike in New York, I reverted to my old trade when I had the boys in the Supper Club band come to my dressing-room one night and went to work on them.

But now, let's go out to the Flower Hills portion of Port Washington and take a look at Casa Como. . . .

It isn't in the big "estate" class. One of eight or ten houses on the block, but each house, including ours, set in about



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Stay Dainty!



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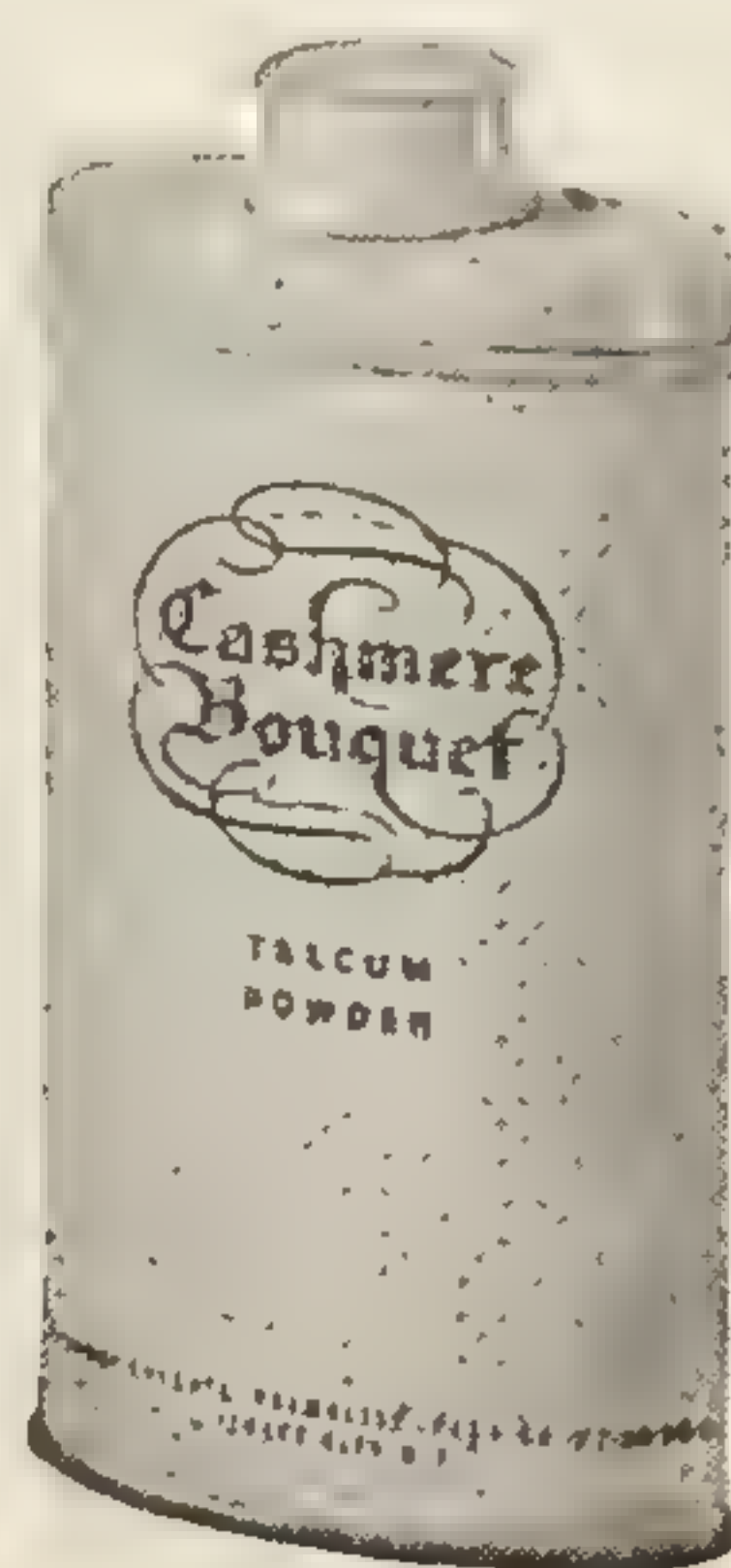
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"Our marriage was all thorns . . ."

Ned was habitually bristling like a cactus, over nothing at all . . . was seldom his sweet, loving self any more. What had happened to our perfect marriage? Why, *this*: I only *thought* I knew about feminine hy-

giene. I didn't realize that careless *now-and-then* care could spoil one's married happiness . . . until my doctor enlightened me. Yes—then, he recommended using "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.



"Now it's love in bloom"

Happiness is, to the heart, as sunshine to a flower . . . and we're so happy again now! Ever since I began following my doctor's advice on feminine hygiene—always use "Lysol" for douching. No more salt,

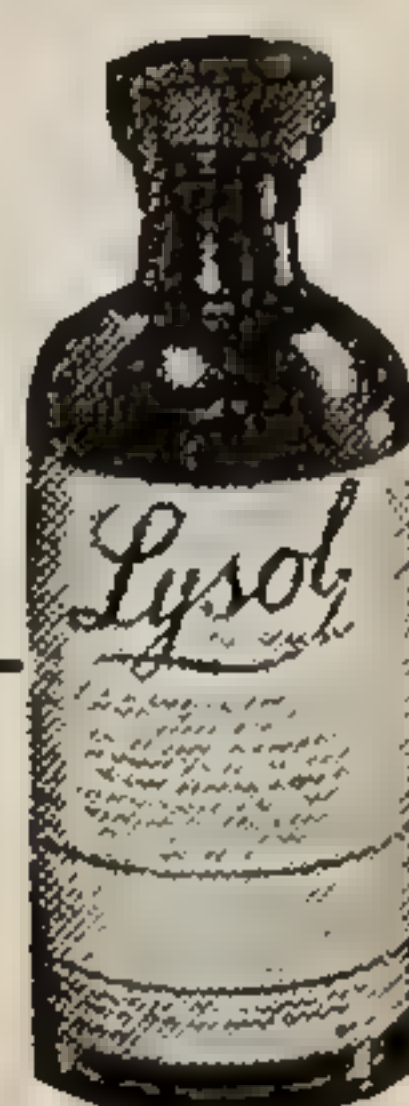
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an acre of land so there is a sense of the wide open spaces. It's a two-story white clapboard job with a "Come on in" expression on its face. Roselle says it's a Cape Cod type of house. I say it's English architecture. Roselle says since Cape Cod was settled by the English, who brought their architecture with them, Cape Cod and English are practically one and the same, aren't they? I can't answer that one, so I don't.

Too bad Roselle isn't describing the house for you. She has the "know-how." I only have the know-what I like about it. . . .

Downstairs, we have a living room, big one, fair-sized dining room, fair-sized library, a kitchen the fellow that sold us the house described as "spacious," dining alcove off the kitchen (where, on cook's night out, we "dine"!) and a screened porch. The living-room is furnished in French Colonial (Roselle says so) and what Roselle calls the "color scheme" is green and rust and gold and powder blue. Sounds like the spectrum, fenced in by four walls and a roof, but looks good. I like the room because it has a big fireplace and the kind of sofas and chairs a man can stretch his length on, including feet, and no hard feelings from the Missus.

IN the library, there are bookshelves, natch, what else? A lot of bookshelves, stretching clear to the ceiling. The bookshelves are still about three-quarters empty, but are gradually filling up. Last Christmas (that's one day we live for, Christmas) Roselle's big present from me was a gold key to the house. I designed it and had it made for her. The top of the key is a gold heart, with perfume in it. But Roselle doesn't use the key to lock and unlock the front door, she wears it as a lapel clip. The rest of her Christmas present, I took out in books. And red roses. And camellias. She's nuts about those wild pink and white camellias and, stumblebum that I am about making with the pretty speeches, I never forget her birthday, our anniversary, Ronnie's birthday, Easter, New Year's, Thanksgiving, Hallowe'en . . . on these, and every other feast and fête day, come the camellias. . . .

We haven't had much time, Roselle and I, to talk about the turn fortune has taken in our favor—we're saving that for our old age. But I get a bang out of getting things for Roselle. A mink coat. I got a big bang out of getting that for her. I get a big bang out of her shopping sprees. That we can afford them, sends me!

Late last winter, we took a honeymoon, our first—and, like the house, about time, too!—and went to Florida.

"What'll we wear?" Roselle asks when I tell her we're going.

"Honey, just get me my sport shoes, two sport shirts and my golf bag," I said, "and let's go!"

But Roselle spent the next three weeks on Fifth Avenue. (Women never have anything to wear. You know.) When she shows me the things she's bought, the suits and dresses and slacks and bathing suits, ten of everything, from the skin out, I see them without looking at them. But I like it, I get a kick.

The day I gave her the deed to the house was, of course, the best. The day we moved in, sure I carried her across the threshold, sure I did—with Ronnie's help!

Let's see, now, we were in the library, weren't we? Well, there's a center table in the library I'd better mention

because Roselle sets great store by it. It's made out of an old drum. It has a black marble top. It has a "history," so Roselle tells me. There's a game room in the library, too, where Roselle and I play dominos. I'm a fiend at dominos. So's Roselle. So's Ronnie.

Spend an evening with us and ten to one, you'll play games. In addition to dominos, we have a bunch of games—all of them played on tables or we'd knock ourselves out. We play Charades, too. And The Game. And Twenty Questions. And some gimmick called Guggenheim. Outdoors, we have an archery set. In the playroom, down-cellar, we have a ping-pong table. And darts. And a bar. (If they can't walk up, we carry them!) The playroom is paneled in pine except for one wall which Roselle is papering with copies of my old songs. Cut out and shellacked on the wall, they give the effect of newspaper headlines. At Ronnie's insistence, I recently installed a juke box in the playroom. Proving that he is his old man's Number One fan, Ronnie said he wanted the juke box so he could play my old records from the Weems days!

Most of our friends are music publishers and song pluggers. The Jack Philbins—Marian Philbin is Betty Hutton's sister—are good friends of ours and Vallando and Joy, the music publishers, who live a few miles away. They go for games, too.

WHEN we're not playing games, we're playing records. I'm a fan of Harry James—nuts about his music. Now and again, I get out my old trombone (the only musical instrument I play) and give with the tooter. Now and again, I croon a tune, when we're playing dominos or while Roselle is getting dinner—slip Ronnie a fast eight bars of his favorite "Little Man, You've Had A Busy Day" or run through "Song of Songs" and "Kentucky" for Roselle. If someone asks me what my favorite is, I answer "Temptation," then quick hum a few heaven-sent bars to prove it. Otherwise, I hum to myself and that's as far as the home vocalizing goes. Roselle hums, too. So does Ronnie. Minno and Ruth, our colored couple, are catching it and our house sounds like the inside of a beehive with all of us humming away, sometimes the same tune, more often five different tunes...

When Roselle and I have an evening by ourselves, we play dominos and, between games, raid the ice-box for a snack. In the snacks department, Roselle keeps a sharp ice-box. Now that we have a couple at home and Roselle can leave Ronnie, she sometimes comes to town on broadcast nights and we have dinner together—usually at a little Italian restaurant, La Como, in the Radio City neighborhood, where you get the super in spaghetti.

The kitchen is the best room in the house, for my money. Especially when Roselle is in residence there. She's a wonderful cook, is Flipper. (Pet name.) She cooks French; cooks Italian; cooks Hungarian; cooks in any language. Her spaghetti, which is my favorite food, is something I dream about twice a week. She does with a garlic what Shelley did with a sonnet.

With the exception of a spaghetti, subtly spiced, and a veal parmigiana, which I learned to make at my mother's knee and which I'll match with any man's, I can't cook. As a handyman, in fact, I'm not handy. I can change storm windows if I have to.

Arthur Murray Girls tell

secret of
daintiness
while
dancing

For
safe-and-sure
protection they
rely on this
deodorant
above all
others



THOSE GRACEFUL, gracious young instructresses at Arthur Murray's must be socially poised... must keep themselves *completely dainty* through strenuous hours of dancing.

NO WONDER they rely on Etiquet. For Etiquet gives safe-and-sure protection... stops underarm odor... checks perspiration... can be depended upon to guard daintiness through hours of active exercise. And not only is Etiquet so effective—so efficient... Etiquet is delightfully "fluffy"—goes on easily—is soothing to the skin.

ETIQUET stays moist in jar—is harmless to the most delicate fabrics. Now you can share this secret of "dancing daintiness"—always have confidence in your charm by using Etiquet. At all cosmetic counters—in 10¢, 25¢, 39¢ and 59¢ sizes.



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The safe-and-sure
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LITTLE LULU



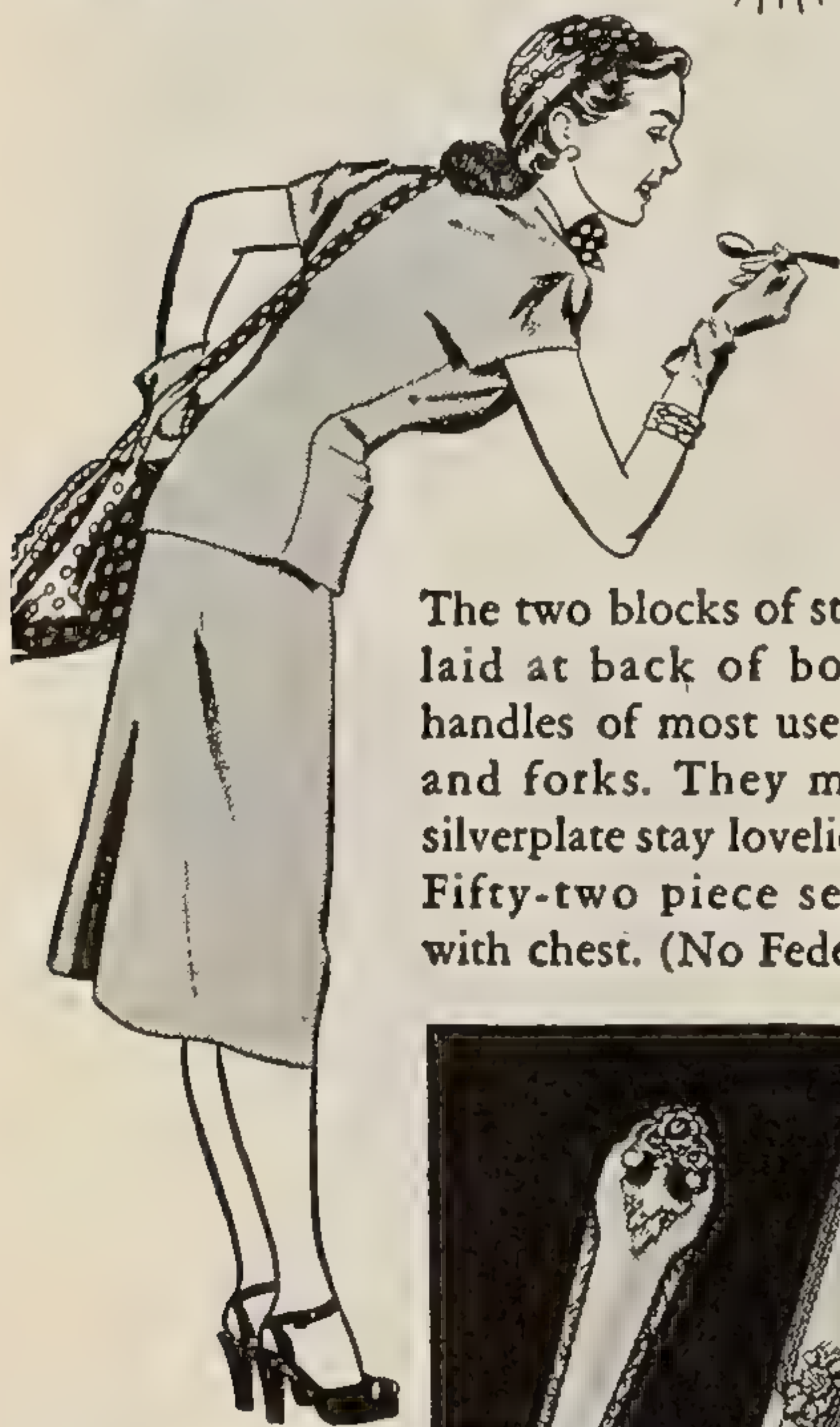
"Kleenex is softer!"

Little Lulu says... Compare tissues—compare boxes—and you'll see why 7 out of 10 tissue users like Kleenex best! Soft! Strong! Pops Up! It's America's favorite tissue.*

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The **NEW** way to judge
FINE silverplate



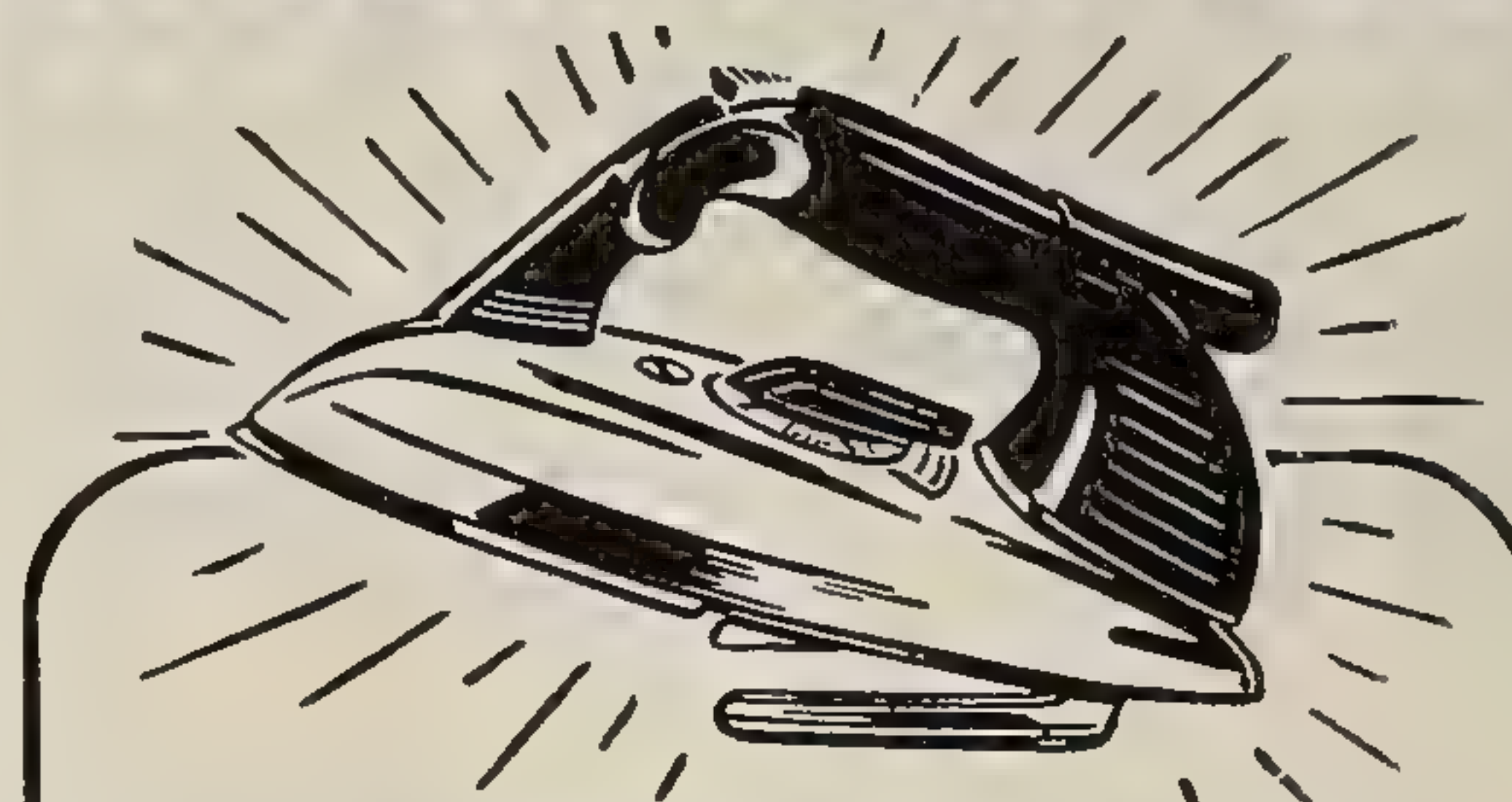
The two blocks of sterling inlaid at back of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks. They make this silverplate stay lovelier longer. Fifty-two piece set \$68.50 with chest. (No Federal Tax.)



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STERLING INLAID®
SILVERPLATE

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WORK FOR YOU**



with the PROCTOR NEVER-LIFT

Just think! Ordinary ironing means lifting 2½ tons in the average ironing day. The Never-Lift lifts itself! A touch of your finger and it stands on its own cool, sturdy legs. See it at Proctor Dealers now! "No lift... No tilt... No twist"

It's new... it's exclusive... it's
PROCTOR

PROCTOR ELECTRIC COMPANY,
PHILADELPHIA 40, PA.

I can build a fire that burns. I can get pushed around by a lawnmower. But let me touch a dripping faucet and the drip's a downpour. Let a fuse blow out and you're blacked out for the duration—or until help comes from the outside world.

Okay, so now, let's go upstairs, where there is a master bedroom, a guest bedroom, Ronnie's room and two baths. Ronnie's room looks to me the way a boy's room should look. That is, there's wallpaper on the walls. There's a desk where he can spread out with his homework. There's a big globe of the world. There are shelves and cupboards and a couple of old sea chests where he can stow his gear.

THE master bedroom, our room, is enormous. Originally two rooms, we smashed a wall down and made the two into one. One huge one. It has a fireplace in it. It has something Roselle calls a chaise longue. She takes naps on it. It has some marble-topped tables that you can't burn with cigarettes. But otherwise, the room is nothing but bed. Made of a light wood and what Roselle describes as "dusty pink tufted leather," measuring four miles by four miles, that bed is really a production! But it's a sort of symbol to Flipper and me—a symbol of security and comfort and home. It's a sort of compensation for those years spent sleeping, cold and cramped, on four wheels that were always moving. At the foot of the bed are two little satin chairs. One has the name Perry, embroidered on its seat; the other has the name Roselle. What they are for, I wouldn't know—can't be to sit on!

Roselle did the house, every square inch of it. She did a Job. She spent four months, from 9 A.M. every morning to 6 P.M. every night, tramping the streets of New York with interior decorator Joe Lombardo (the only non-musical member of the Six Lombardos) and together, they picked out samples, wall papers, rugs, furniture.

Until recently one girl, Anna, was the "staff" at the Comos. Now we have the couple I mentioned—a colored couple, Minno and Ruth, and they're the tops. They're wonderful to the kid. They talk nice. They act nice. They have strictly character. It's the way they talk and the way they act that, even more than the way they cook and clean, endears them to us. They're swell cooks, too. Even so, I still prefer (hope they don't see this!) to live on Roselle's cooking.

In the fan mail department our friend, Edith Landesman, one of the most efficient secretaries in Greater New York (or make it in the USA) is my Girl Friday. Originally the president of my fan club, Edith took the job over in easy stages and has now gained such momentum that the requests for autographs and photographs are answered more rapidly, I am told, than those of any other performer on the air or on the screen. Not too long out of the fan class herself, Edith remembers the resentment she felt when she had to wait weeks for answers to her requests and, remembering, she sits at her desk with her foot on the gas.

Banjo Eyes is another, and very important member, of our household. Banjo Eyes, not named for Eddy Cantor, is Ronnie's Treasure. A little cat, a little black cat, Banjo Eyes is not a special cat—just stray. We are also blessed by a family of frogs and an out-sized turtle.

Last year, Ronnie made a special re-

quest: "I want a new pet," he said. (Here we go, I thought, a horse moves in!) "What kind of a pet do you want?" I asked. "A bee," he said. We now keep a bee.

To borrow a popular cliché, I'm That Way about my home. For the good warm reason that it is a home.

Roselle feels the same way about it. We both love to go to the movies but haven't been to a movie for a year and a half—plan to go but never quite make it. We never go to nightclubs. No fun for Roselle to go to a nightclub with me, anyway; I never dance. Just stand around and listen.

For two or three years, my Sunday morning chore at home was reading the comics to Ronnie. But now, at last, deliverance is at hand—or isn't it? For now Ronnie has learned to read but he announced last week that, effective as of this Sunday, he will read the comics to me!

WHEN Sunday rolls around my routine, at home, is to relax in old clothes and take a swing around the golf course. Couple of Sundays ago, Como, junior, looked me over, done out in cords an antiquarian would pay dough for, a flannel shirt and the kind of tie I like best, which is none at all and, "Pretty sloppy, eh, Pop?" he said. He spoke kindly but it kind of scared me. Maybe, like in the pictures I've made, in which I always wind up in a tuxedo I never wear, I'll wind up in one out home in Flower Hills. But I doubt it. The kind of things we do at home, you don't dress . . .

. . . like I'm playing cowboy with Ronnie. Or I'm giving Ronnie a little snow treatment, in the winter. Or I'm rolling around on the grass with him, in the summer. Or we're playing darts. Or swimming. About a year ago, we had a fishing routine but the thought of a hook catching in his hand scared me to death and I talked him out of angling and into archery. Then he talked me out of that. Practising one day, with the target, an arrow stuck in my hand. "We'd better quit archery, Pop," Ronnie said. "These things are dangerous!"

After archery, carpentry was the hobby. And then I got chicken about that, thinking what can happen to a seven-year-old with an ax, a buzz-saw and a few nails.

So now, when I have a few minutes off, I'm playing dominos. Taking it easy with the idea that you can't fracture yourself at dominos. Or I'm on the golf course. There's a golf course right in back of our house—which didn't make it too tough for the realtor that sold us the place.

It was a down payment on happiness, you bet. On the kind of happiness there isn't money enough in the world to buy.

The PHIL BAKERS

Live a different kind of

California Life . . .

Come and Visit Them In The

AUGUST RADIO MIRROR

On Sale Wednesday, July 9th



Sparkling hair that thrills men!

Your hair can be your most intriguing charm—when you know this special secret of shining *natural* hair beauty. For whether your hair is honey blonde or raven black, sunny brown or fiery red—whether it's straight or curly—it's your *natural hair-appeal* that wins the eyes of men. And more and more women of all ages are discovering that Lustre-Creme Shampoo is the winning secret of True Hair Loveliness! Not a soap, not a liquid, Lustre-Creme Shampoo is an amazing new dainty *cream* that whips up luxurious lather like magic in hard or soft water—sweeps dullness away—and in its place leaves hair heavenly soft, shining, delightfully obedient. Out of her wealth of cosmetic lore, Kay Daumit combined gentle lanolin with special secret ingredients to achieve this almost-magic new formula that gives your hair a stunning new sheen and finish. Discover what true hair loveliness one jar of Lustre-Creme Shampoo can bring. At all cosmetic counters.



See how a fingertipful of Lustre-Creme Shampoo bursts into heaps of fragrant lather. See

how tempting it leaves your hair! Not dried—not dulled—not unruly—but silken soft, responsive, sparkling as if you'd given it a hard brushing.



Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Four Ounces, \$1.00; Family 1 lb., \$3.50

Kay Daumit, Inc. (Successor), 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Barbara Is A Homebody

(Continued from page 31)

Capistrano. But no steady dates with any one boy.

Last year Barbara was married, but two months later she was back home with her mother and her sister. It didn't work out. Now she is willing to wait for the quiet judgment that will tell her when she has really fallen in love.

And if she has neither a radio program nor a date to pass an evening—well—there's always Buff and Fritz.

Buff is the homeliest dog in the world. His mistress will swear to it—but she will also tell you he is the most wonderful scamp in the world. A blond cocker spaniel, Buff was bought as a puppy from Frank Nelson who told Barbara he had been run over and the accident had left him with his nose pushed up, much like a pug's. It's true—but that doesn't keep Barbara from adoring him and it doesn't seem to bother Fritz, either. The big Doberman Pinscher slavishly and meekly permits the little spaniel bully to have his way around the house.

THE only time Mother Eiler or Barbara can get severe with Buff is when they come home to find the knitting basket all over the floor and Buff all wound up in yarn. This has happened more than once, till Barbara took to carrying her knitting *everywhere* she went. Now she knits at the studio—at the movies—her escorts are sure she would knit in a night club if she could get away with it.

But it pays off—in socks and sweaters and handbags—and now she is tackling a dress.

There's another star rising in the Eiler household. Barbara's younger sister, Virginia, is following fast in her dramatic footsteps—which isn't surprising, considering that the two girls have always shared their work and their fun and their dreams.

Much reading, back and forth, of scripts goes on in that house and far into the night, with the two girls sitting up, Indian-fashion, on Barbara's bed, munching apples. And pacing back and forth over the living room rug as one acts out her part to the sisterly criticism or approval of the other. This went on even before Virginia ever saw a studio—which is probably one of the reasons she is climbing so fast into professional radio.

Just by way of keeping everything in the family, Virginia got her first part when she stepped into Barbara's role in Roosty of the AAF. Barbara had been making weekly jaunts down to the Army Air Forces base in Santa Ana all during the war, first to help in the morale radio show Hello, Mom—then with the production of "Roosty." But work at the regular studios was piling up on Barbara so she stepped out—Virginia stepped in—and has been steadily making her own way in radio ever since.

The two girls took a side-flyer in business during the war, although, to be sure, it started out to be a purely non-commercial, leisure-time hobby. They were going to raise rabbits—just two rabbits. Thumper and Lady Macbeth. But rabbits are rabbits and before long the two Eilers were in business. They ate rabbits. They dreamed rabbits. Their friends bought them for



Stay Sweet with

LEAF SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM

LEAF PEPPERMINT CHEWING GUM

LEAF
CHEWING GUM

THE FLAVOR LINGERS LONGER

* BETTY JANE HESS—Leaf Gum Lovely, says: "It's the long lasting flavor that makes LEAF GUM my favorite."



the secret's
in the circle!



*Only Peter Pan makes patented Merry-Go-Round-LOOK FOR THE LABEL!

For FREE Booklet, "Your New Guide to Bustline Beauty," Write Dept. MA3

Merry-Go-Round *
A PETER PAN BRA

Merry-Go-Round encircles your bust with glamour—transforms a small bust into alluring, feminine curves—gives a full bosom youthful, firm contours. Circles of stitching support the bust—patented Circular Bias molds the bust. The secret's in the circle!

PETER PAN 116 EAST 27 ST., NEW YORK 16

pets or to help out with meat-shortage meals. And still there were rabbits . . . for Barbara and Virginia to feed and keep clean and water and protect. When at last there were two dozen or more hippity-hopping around the back lawn and in the hutches—it was too much. The market in rabbits was glutted to overflowing and even their friends were beginning to avoid the Eiler sisters—afraid that meeting them would end up with an impassioned plea to come out to the house and *pick up a rabbit*.

They managed, finally, to give them all away. But it wasn't easy and today Barbara fights shy of anything that will involve her in activities outside of radio.

That's because her activities in the radio business keep her so very well occupied, and nearly always have, ever since that day after Don Chapman had stopped her on her high school campus and asked her how she'd like to be on the air. She remembers, you see, that although she *got* into radio very easily, *staying* in radio was every bit the long, hard road the directors and producers say it is.

That first program of hers was a small one, sustaining. It went on without fanfare for some two years and, to be perfectly honest, so did Barbara. Talent scouts didn't storm her dressing room. Newspaper columnists made no mention of this pretty little newcomer to radio. She wasn't besieged by contracts. But she stayed with it, went on to high school in the daytime, and she learned. She learned how to train her sweet, appealing voice into a wide flexibility of range—to use it as a vehicle for laughter or tears or drama.

She was wise enough, too, to seek the help of an expert. For years she studied the finer points and the subtle

technicalities of voice and drama under Coach John Morley, a teacher who has earned the gratitude of a great many Hollywood greats and near-greats today. And the work paid off. With Barbara's next radio program she stepped right into the ranks of big-time radio. She was Baby Rosalie in the Screen Guild show "Babes in Arms."

She shot up rapidly. Her seven years in radio include many a top role in many a top show. She played, among many other parts, Lois in Junior Miss, supporting Shirley Temple in that popular series, and Mary in Dr. Tweedy.

Barbara has had her share of ups and downs—and sometimes she thinks it's been more down than up. Right in the beginning of her career, when she was playing in Junior Miss, Barbara had one of those most sickening moments an actress can know—when it looked as if she would be taken out of the show for something that was not even her own fault.

Via the radio grapevine, she had heard that the New York office of the sponsors and the agency while listening to the show had decided her voice was too similar to Shirley Temple's—and Shirley was the star. It was too bad—that little Eiler girl was a fine little actress—but it wouldn't do to have the voices so much alike over the air. Too bad, but Eiler would have to be replaced.

She heard this news on a Friday. For just a few minutes she was a stunned and miserable girl, and then went to work! She couldn't change the facts—but she *could* change her voice and the character. And when the show was broadcast that weekend it was an entirely new Barbara Eiler who spoke the lines of Sister Lois. And nothing more

was heard from New York. She stayed with the show.

Only once did she seriously consider giving up acting as a career.

It was during the summer months and in that season life in radio always seems to slow down to a walk. The regular programs are off the air as their hard-working stars take well-earned vacations. New shows are tried out, but budgets are usually kept down to a minimum and large casts are definitely frowned on. So many actors and actresses are jobless.

Barbara was one of these, that summer of 1943. Not only that, there seemed nothing promising in sight.

It was in these desperate straits that she confided to her mother that she thought she might as well forget radio and find another job.

Mother Eiler promptly put her straight.

"You're an actress, Barbara. If you're going to fail, you might as well do it in your own profession—not in someone else's. You can't type, but even if you did . . . do you think it would be fair to your employer for you to be acting Camille or Lady Macbeth in the office, when all he wants you to do is take shorthand and file letters?"

Barbara admitted her mother was probably right, but it didn't help those out-of-work blues very much.

And then the very next day she got some work reading commercials, so life was "up" once more!

These commercials are both bread-and-butter essentials for young actresses—and at the same time the bane of their lives. Barbara enjoys doing the dramatic ones, but the long, wordy, rapid-fire straight expositions scare her. It's so easy to "fluff"! And anyone who

ADVERTISEMENT



"She's not a model really—that bag's full of Pepsi-Cola."

Lovely hair
deserves
fine care
... use
Du Pont Combs

Whose dream girl are you? Somebody's . . . if you
keep your hair shining-smooth with plastic Du Pont
Combs. Scalp-gentle, curl-kind . . . yet strong,
strong, strong! Rainbow colors . . . buy a complete
comb wardrobe. Du Pont quality . . . 10-50c.

Du Pont Combs

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY



has been in radio knows that "fluffing" is the Damocles sword that hangs by its cobweb thread over the heads of every actor and announcer.

The thread snapped once for Barbara. She was doing a hand cream commercial and she was to advise—"Ladies, use this cream to keep your hands smooth and prevent stocking snags."

But it came out "snocking stags!"

Even what looks like a disappointment can sometimes turn into an opportunity.

Last summer an advertising agency telephoned her. Would Miss Eiler like to audition for a role in a new show called Glamour Manor? Opposite Kenny Baker? Miss Eiler most certainly would—and she flew to the agency office.

Here she ran into a real lump-in-the-throat disappointment. The show was to be an audience participation program and she had never acted in a program, before, which called for actors and audience to mingle in an ad-libbing half-hour. The rest of the show—the comedy dramatic part—she knew she could do well. But there was no use pretending she had had the experience for the other. Sadly, she told the producers and the sponsor that it was impossible. And, sadly, she went home. A really big chance had gone "poof."

But no sooner had she reached her house than the telephone rang again.

It was the agency and they were asking—apologetically—if she would mind doing them a favor. The audition record for the show would have to be cut the next day and even though Barbara was not to be in the show, would she mind helping them out and doing the audition. The girl who was to be signed for the coveted role Barbara had lost was out of town for the weekend and someone was needed to make just that one record to send to the sponsors in New York.

Radio may make many rules of its own, but the Golden Rule works there just the same as any other place. Barbara found out. She came into the studio that next day purely in the spirit of neighborliness—with nothing to lose or to gain—and only anxious to do some nice people a favor.

She didn't know it then, but she walked out that day with a job.

The record she made that day was such a success—her acting so exactly what the producers wanted—that a new decision was made in order to fit her into it. Glamour Manor, ordered the New York sponsors, would come out two days a week as an audience participation show—and three days a week with Kenny Baker and Barbara and Don Wilson and Schlepperman and the others as purely a script-written comedy show. Possibly this arrangement had been contemplated even before the making of that record—nevertheless, it was a break for Barbara and a further proof of her talent.

Those proofs of her talent—and those breaks—still make up the most important part of her life. Even marriage, when it comes, will not have to interfere with her work she firmly believes, because by now she is so well established as an important part of the Hollywood radio scene that she will be able to combine the two careers successfully.

Certainly her family will be able to give her the best of references as a housewife—because, though far apart as they may seem to be in fields of interest, the two things Barbara Eiler most enjoys are acting and scrubbing a kitchen floor!

NEW ODORLESS CREAMY LOTION

SAFELY
REMOVES HAIR



1. A pleasant white lotion without bad clinging depilatory odor.
2. Not messy. Quick—rinses off easily with lukewarm water.
3. No razor stubble. Keeps legs hair-free longer. Economical!
4. Doesn't irritate normal skin.
5. Removes hair close to skin, leaving skin soft, smooth, and alluring.
6. World's largest seller. For free sample mail this ad before Dec. 30, 1947, to Dept. 119, Nair, 53 Park Place, New York 8, N. Y.

Cosmetic lotion to
remove hair

NAIR

59¢
plus tax



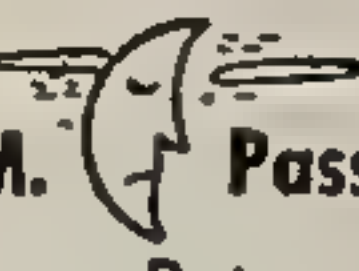
At Drug, Department and 10c Stores

Patsy had
Part-Time Glamour



A.M.  Admired!
Crisp and curled and
carefully coiffured...
her Best Beau looked
at her hair and said
"Smooth!" But then,
what happened?



P.M.  Passed Up!
Poor Patsy didn't
know what it takes to
keep a coiffure (and
a beau!) just so. . . .

'til she discovered
Nestle HAIRLAC

— the delicately perfumed hair lacquer

A smart hair-do needs
a good start . . . and
... a good finish, too!
A few drops of Nestle
Hairlac on your fin-
ished coiffure will
give you all-day neat-
ness. At drug and
dept stores. 50¢



Keeps all styles of
Hair Well Groomed

It's In Your Heart

(Continued from page 21)

can afford," he told me, and when he mentioned what he expected to sell the houses for I had to admit he'd done a good job. They'd be bargains. Al wasn't grabbing for profits, although he was sinking all his own capital in the project and borrowing from the bank as well.

"This is one thing in my life I'm going to be proud of," he said—not boasting, but so happy about it that he couldn't help saying what was in his heart. "I wish Elsie could have lived to see it—she was always so anxious to see young people have nice places to live when they got married."

"Maybe," I said jokingly, "by the time you've got all the houses up Ann will be thinking about getting married herself, and you can give her and her husband one of them for a wedding present."

Al laughed. "I hope it doesn't take that long to get 'em built," he said. "Ann's too busy having a good time to think about marriage for a while yet."

Funny that I should have said that. Because, as it turned out, Ann did think of getting married, and not only thought of it either. . . .

Ann was twenty years old and beautiful, with her strange amber-brown hair and eyes, and a gentle dignity that she'd inherited from her mother—along with a stubbornness that she got from Al himself. Al idolized her. Since she was a baby, she'd had everything in the world she wanted, and the only thing that had kept her from being spoiled was her own good sense. I wondered, whenever I saw her, how Al was going to act when Ann finally did fall in love. The man was going to have to be someone pretty special before Al would agree that he was good enough for Ann.

THE Oak Knoll houses went up pretty fast, considering the difficulties Al had in getting materials. By spring, a dozen of them were ready for occupancy, with another dozen half finished, and every Sunday you'd see groups of people out there, going through the one that Al had had decorated to serve as a model. I drove over to look at them one day, and I stood and talked to Al. It struck me that he was acting upset about something or other, and I asked him if he were having trouble selling the houses.

"No," he said thoughtfully. "No, Don, they're easy enough to sell. Too easy, in fact," and he gave a short laugh that didn't have any humor in it. "Listen to what happened yesterday—" he said.

Now, in writing down what Al Tyler told me, I'm going to change a family's last name. I'll change it to Smith, because that's about as ordinary and common a name as any I know. Their real name has a foreign sound, and that was the unfortunate thing about the Smiths—they had a foreign name. They owned a little restaurant and they'd worked hard all their lives, saved their money and brought up five children. Now, Al told me, they'd come to his office and wanted to buy one of the houses in Oak Knoll.

"Of course, I had a perfect out," Al said. "I explained to them that the houses are just for veterans. The old man got excited then and began to tell me about Rick and Sam both being veterans. He talked so fast it took me

Pity the young wife held back by false modesty...



Ignorance of these
**INTIMATE
PHYSICAL FACTS**
has wrecked
many an otherwise
happy marriage!

Often a married woman has no one but herself to blame if her husband starts losing interest—

False modesty may have kept her from consulting her Doctor. Or perhaps she very foolishly has followed *old-fashioned* and *wrong* advice of friends.

If only young wives would realize how important douching two or three times a week often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, charm and *marriage happiness*. If only they'd learn about this newer, scientific method of douching with—ZONITE.

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several minutes to find out what he was driving at. You know, Don," Al mused, "Smith's lived here at least twenty, twenty-five years, hasn't he? And he still can't talk decent English so you can understand him. Well, anyway, as I was saying, I finally broke in and explained that while I knew Rick and Sam were veterans they weren't the ones that wanted to buy a house—and even if one of them did I couldn't sell it to him unless he was married.

"They're my sons," he said. "They live in the house, along with me and the wife. And they're veterans. So why you don't sell me this house?" Al sighed. "I guess I was pretty short with him at the last," he confessed. "I had to be, or he'd have stayed there arguing all night."

"Well," I said. "Why don't you sell him one of the houses, Al? You could get around the veteran angle all right, if you wanted to, seeing that two of the boys are veterans."

"ARE you kidding?" Al asked irritably. "You know darned well if I let one family in there'd be a dozen more coming around, wanting to get in too. And none of our own kind would want to live here then, so Oak Knoll would end up being exclusively—." He said the name of the nationality the Smiths belonged to. I don't want to write it down, because whether it was Italian or Polish, Irish or Scandinavian, doesn't really matter. It just happens that in Al's town there is one particular nationality there's a prejudice against. It may be a different nationality in the town where you live. Or it may be a matter of color. As I said, the particular kind of prejudice isn't important. It's still prejudice.

I saw there was no use arguing with Al, and I couldn't agree with him, so I said nothing at all. Perhaps he could see what I was thinking in my face, because he went on:

"I wish it hadn't happened. I hated like the dickens to turn him down, but what else could I do? I've got a lot of money tied up in this development—all I own. I've figured it on a narrow margin of profit, and if anything happens to lower the value of each house as much as even a hundred dollars I'm going to lose money. Besides—I want it to be nice out here!"

He didn't realize it, but he gave himself away with that last sentence. He couldn't imagine anyplace being nice if it included a family bearing that particular kind of foreign name.

Yet—here was a funny thing. I remembered an afternoon during the war when Al and I had had a cup of coffee together one Saturday afternoon. Someone had said something slighting about there being a lot of people of that particular nationality in town. And Al had lit into that stranger for all he was worth.

"Those people are all Americans!" he'd said. "They're Americans, and we're proud of them, and glad to have them living here—every one of them. They're good, loyal, useful citizens; their boys are overseas fighting just as hard as other people's; they pay their taxes and obey the laws and mind their own business. I don't know what more you can ask of any group of people."

That was what Al had said—but here he was, doing just the opposite. I drove back home feeling depressed. It depressed me all the more because I could see Al's point of view. Everything he'd said about the consequences of letting the Smiths have one of the houses was perfectly true. It would

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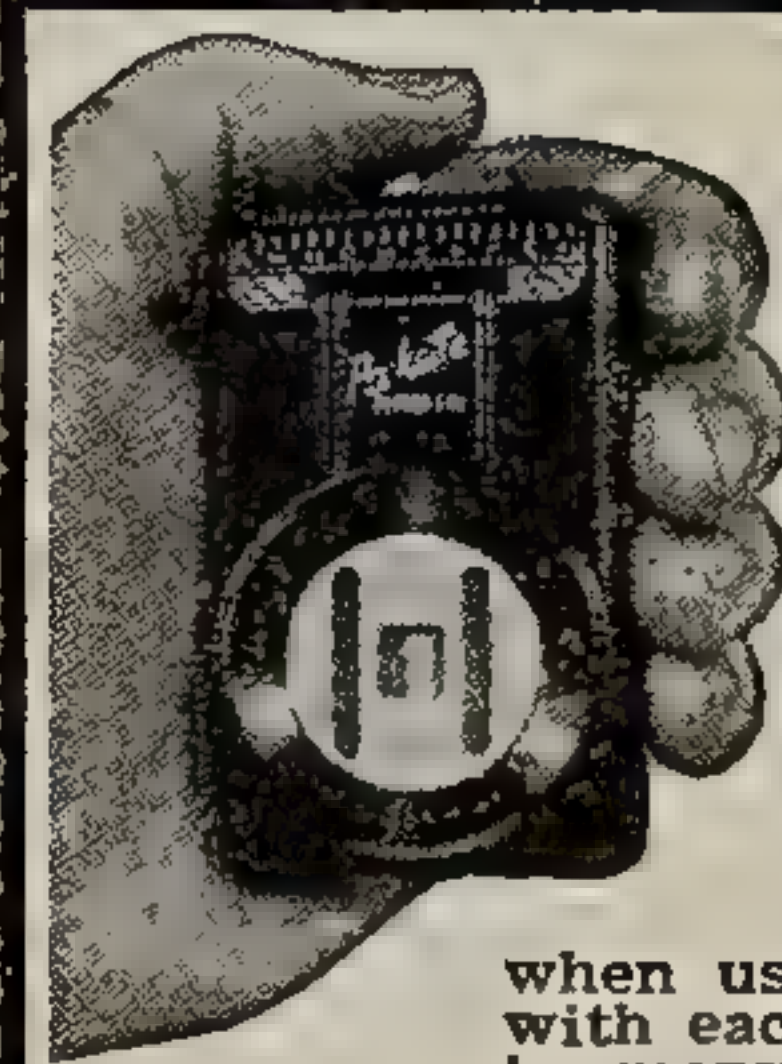
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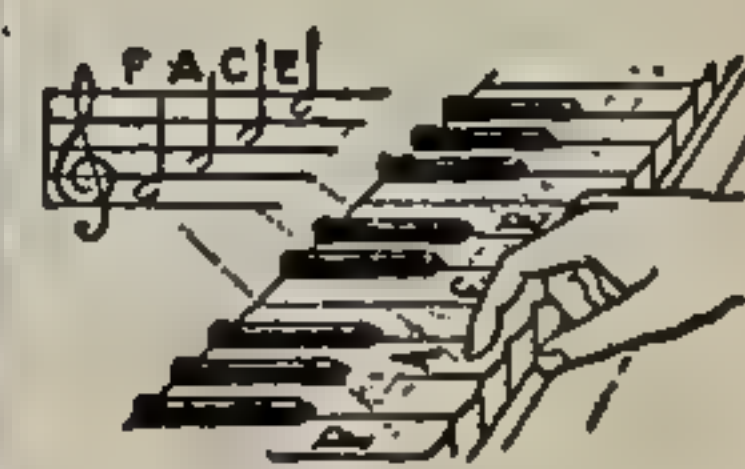
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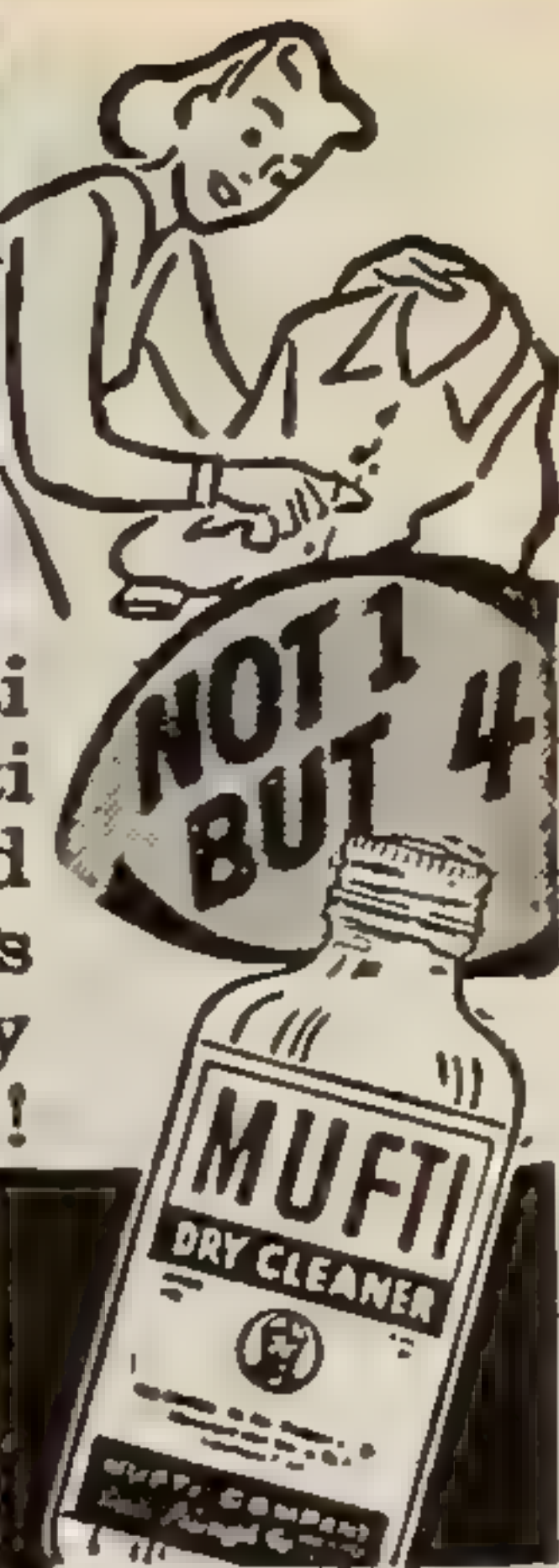
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hurt Oak Knoll, make it a less desirable place to live in the eyes of a good many folks. All the same—

Al hadn't heard the last of the Smiths. I got the story from Al and his daughter later. A day or so after that Rick, the younger of the two Smith boys, came around to the office to talk things over. He thought that perhaps, being a veteran, he could make some kind of a deal with Al where his father couldn't.

Al wasn't in the office when Rick came in, so Miss Miles, his secretary, told the young fellow to sit down and wait. Rick obeyed, and he hadn't been there ten minutes when Ann, Al's daughter, walked in. She glanced at Rick and he looked up at her and—something happened. Just what it was nobody, since the beginning of the world, has ever been able to explain.

THE telephone rang and Miss Miles, unaware of what was going on right there in front of her, picked it up and spoke into it. Neither Ann nor Rick heard what she said until she raised her voice. "Ann—it's your father. He's out at Oak Knoll and won't be back in the office until afternoon. Do you want to speak to him?"

"What?" Ann started. "Oh—oh no, I guess not. I was just downtown, and I thought I'd drop in and say hello to him . . ." She shivered, tearing her eyes away from Rick's rapt face. Nothing like this had ever happened to her before. "It wasn't important," she said to Miss Miles.

The secretary turned to Rick. "I'm sorry," she said. "Something came up to detain Mr. Tyler out at the Knoll. Could you come back later?"

"Oh—sure." Rick stood up. Right now nothing mattered except getting to know this girl.

Ann helped him. Impulsively, she said, "If you want to see my father, I—I could drive you out to the Knoll. My car's right outside."

"Why—thanks," Rick said. "If you're sure it's no trouble—"

They spoke politely, like two chance acquaintances—but the politeness was only a mask for what both were thinking. "I mustn't lose you!"

Neither of them remembered to say goodbye to Miss Miles. And they never did get to Oak Knoll. At the place where Ann should have turned, Rick said suddenly, "Don't. I mean—can't we drive on out into the country?"

Ann, lifting her eyes from the road to his intent face, let her hands rest on the wheel without making any move.

It was a day full of magic. Spring was heavy and warm on the earth, and little clouds drifted in a sky that had never seemed so blue to Ann and Rick. They bought sandwiches and sodapop at a roadside stand, and consumed them sitting on a grassy bank where their only witness was a placid cow in the field beyond. They talked and

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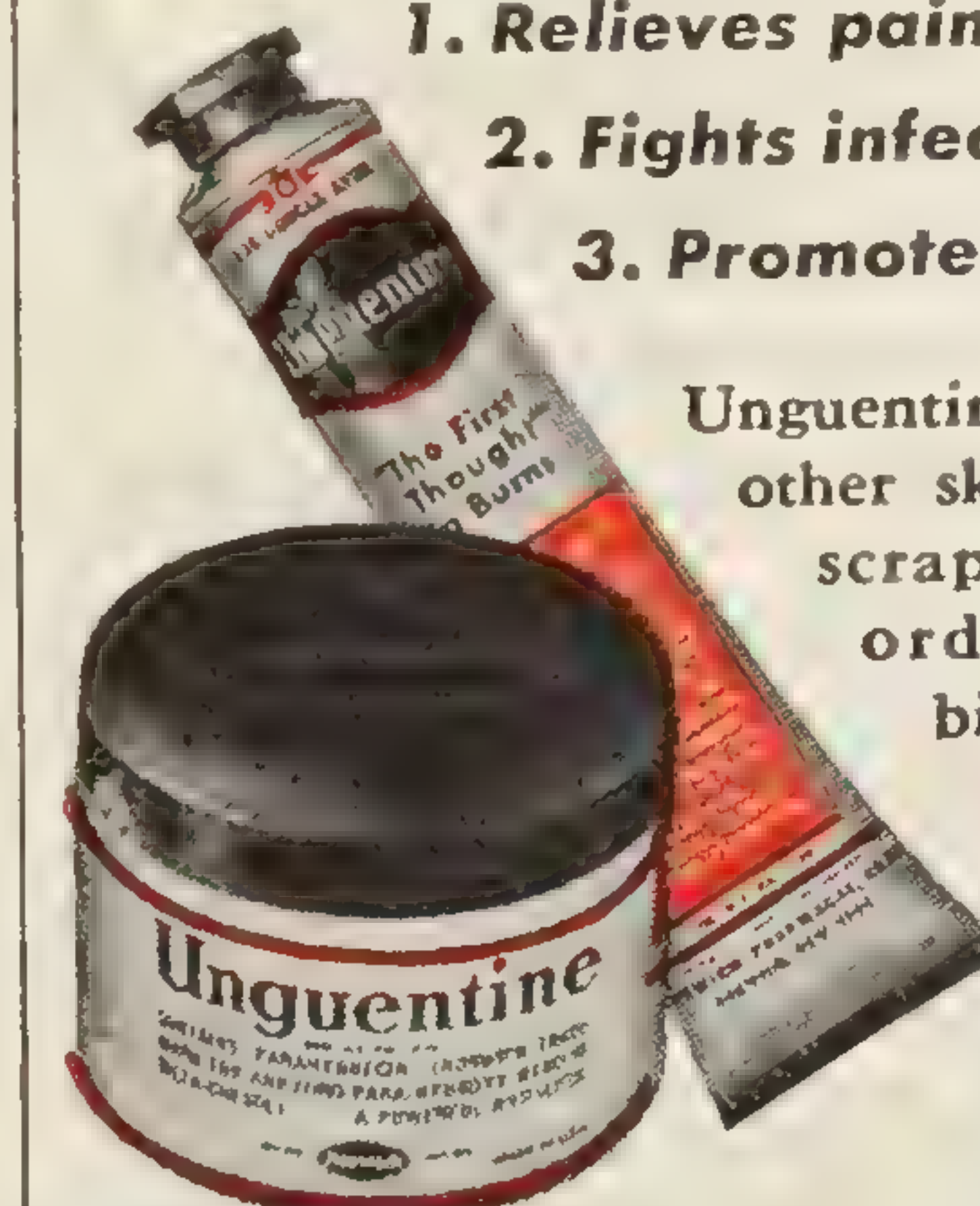


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talked, as if they had to learn everything there was to know about each other right away.

Late in the afternoon they drove back to town, and Ann said, "I'll drop you at Dad's office, shall I? He's surely back there by now?"

Rick didn't answer right away. Suddenly, the spell of the day was broken. He realized that he was in love with Ann, and that just because he loved her he couldn't risk being involved in any unpleasantness with her father. He hadn't gone as far as thinking about marriage. He had a job in the ice plant—this was his day off—and some money in the bank. He didn't like the job, and he thought that perhaps he could borrow some more money and buy a small truck farm; he'd always liked growing things and was good at it. At any rate, if anyone was going to see Al Tyler about the house, it would have to be Sam—he himself couldn't, not now.

"No," he said. "It wasn't important." He turned to Ann. "I've got to see you again," he said. "Is tonight too soon?"

ANN'S breath caught. Instinctively, she knew she couldn't let her father know she was seeing Rick—although another part of her mind told her he would have to know it eventually.

"Tonight? No, it's not too soon, Rick. I'll—I'll meet you somewhere."

He smiled—abruptly, delightedly. "At the bus stop on Fourth and Hull," he said. "What time?"

"About eight."

Without saying it in words, they had agreed that their meetings would have to be secret. But after a week of this secrecy—after they had whispered their love into the shadows of Ann's car as it stood parked at the edge of a little-travelled country lane—they didn't care any longer.

"This is silly," Ann said with a bravado she didn't really feel. "Come on home with me, Rick. I'll make coffee, and we'll sit around and talk—we needn't tell Dad, just yet, that we want to be married . . ."

"Do you think he can look at us and not know it?" Rick asked. But he went with her, because letting Al Tyler see them together was something that had to be done.

That was a bad hour all three of them spent in the comfortable expensively furnished living room of Al's house. Because Rick had been right. The minute Al saw them together, he knew.

At last Rick stood up and said it was time for him to go, and Al said heartily that he must come again sometime. "I'm always glad to have Ann bring her friends here," he said—desperately trying to make Rick just a friend.

Ann went with Rick to the door. They didn't speak. Rick just kissed her once, before he went.

Slowly, Ann returned to the living room. Al had picked up a magazine and was staring at its open pages—staring blindly, seeing nothing but his own fear.

"Dad," she said, "why don't you like Rick?"

Al lowered the magazine. "Like him?" he hedged. "What makes you say that? I was polite to him, wasn't I?"

"Too polite, Dad."

"I was surprised to see you with him. He's not the kind of boy you usually run around with. I didn't know you even knew him."

A deep flush spread over Ann's face, "I've known him a week—I met him in your office." She stood straighter. "I love him, Dad. We're going to be married."

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Al seemed to shrink back in his chair from a blow. But only for an instant. He leaned forward. "No, you're not," he said thickly. "I won't allow it. I've given you every advantage, Ann, and I won't let you throw yourself away on a—a—"

"A what, Dad?" Ann asked when he hesitated.

So he told her. He spoke the word for Rick's national ancestry.

Al never forgot the look of shame and contempt in Ann's eyes, never forgot the tone of her voice when she said, "He's not! He's an American!"

"Oh—yes," Al said confusedly. "An American. But there are different kinds of Americans, Ann. I haven't got anything against Rick personally. It's just that his family—they aren't our kind of people, baby." Frightened, he was pleading with her. "You don't know—you don't realize. Has he taken you to meet his family?"

"Why—no. Not yet."

"Ah!" Al said triumphantly. "When he does—if he does—you'll see they don't like the idea any better than I do. They're clannish, you know. They stick to their own kind."

"THAT doesn't prove anything," Ann said, but she was shaken. "We don't care—Rick doesn't care—if his father and mother are old-fashioned. We love each other. It's nobody's business but ours!"

"Wait and see," her father advised her darkly. "Just wait and see!"

All this, as I said, happened in the spring of the year. Summer came early, with a hot month of June. Rick and Ann didn't see each other every evening any more. They had laid their plans and didn't want anyone—particularly their parents—to know what they were. On one of his days off Rick borrowed a car and took a look at a farm that was for sale, a small place about fifty miles away. He decided it would do, and went to the bank and applied for a loan big enough to swing the deal, with the cash he already had. Two days after the bank notified him the loan had been approved he bought the farm—and two days after that he and Ann went in Ann's car across the state line and were married.

That was on July the second. By the third the news of the elopement was all over town. What made it twice as exciting to most people was the fact that Alvin Tyler was scheduled to deliver the principal address on the Fourth.

That meant trouble for the Committee on Arrangements that year, because as soon as the word came that Rick and Ann had been married nobody believed Al Tyler would want to make that speech. I was over in town that afternoon and Henry Parks, who was on the Committee, asked me if I'd talk to Al.

"If you'd try it," Henry said, "I think you'd get results. It'll be a little different than if one of us here in town talked to him. You and he have always been good friends—you're the best one to do the job."

There was no light in Al's house when I went up the front steps—none that I could see, anyway. I rang two or three times, but there wasn't any answer, and finally I tried the door. It opened under my hand and I walked in.

He was there, in the living room—sitting in the dark beside the window, looking out at the street.

"Al," I said, "it's me—Don McNeill."

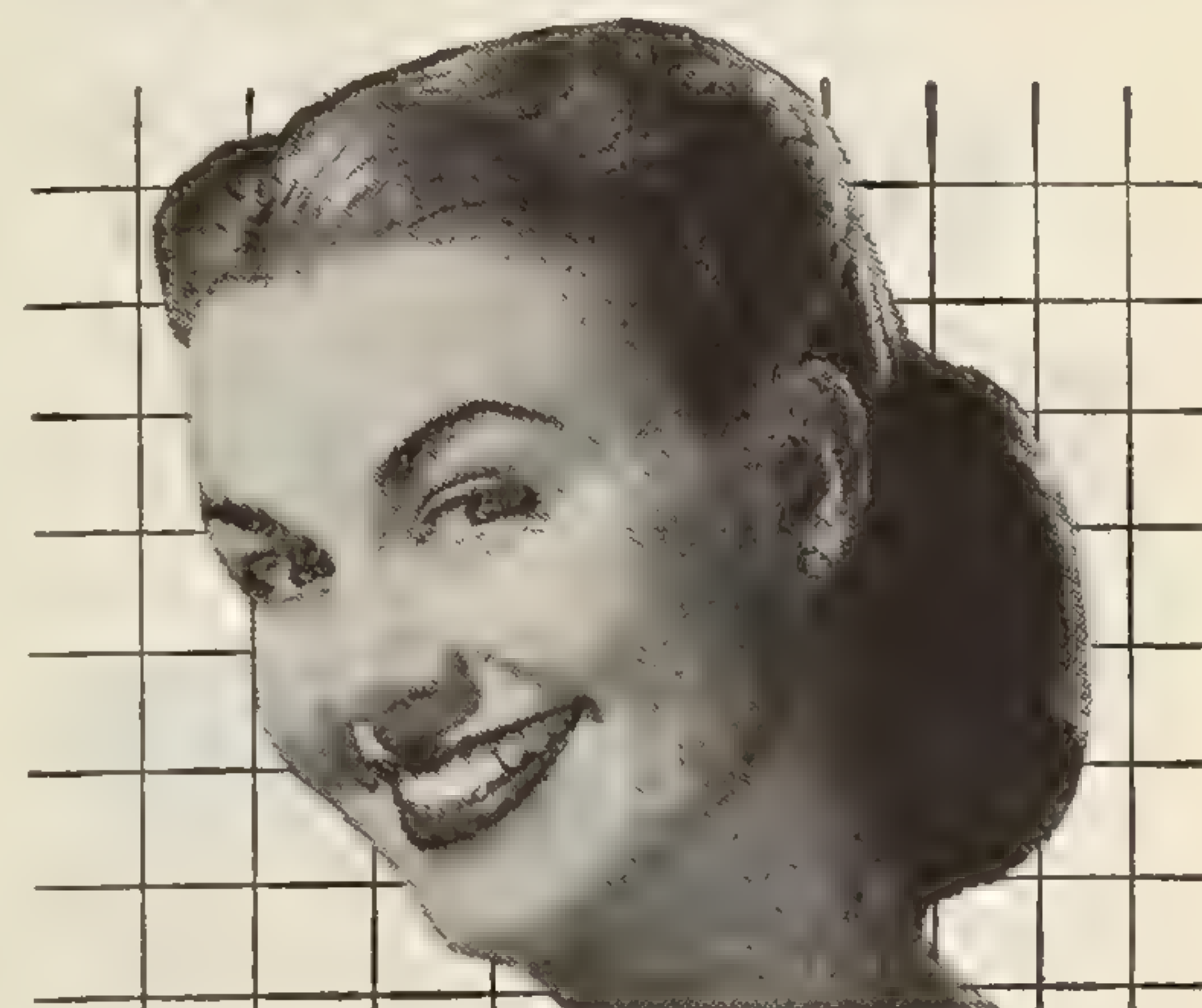
"Hello, Don," he said, not moving.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, Al," I said, coming a little farther into the room. There was something almost frighten-

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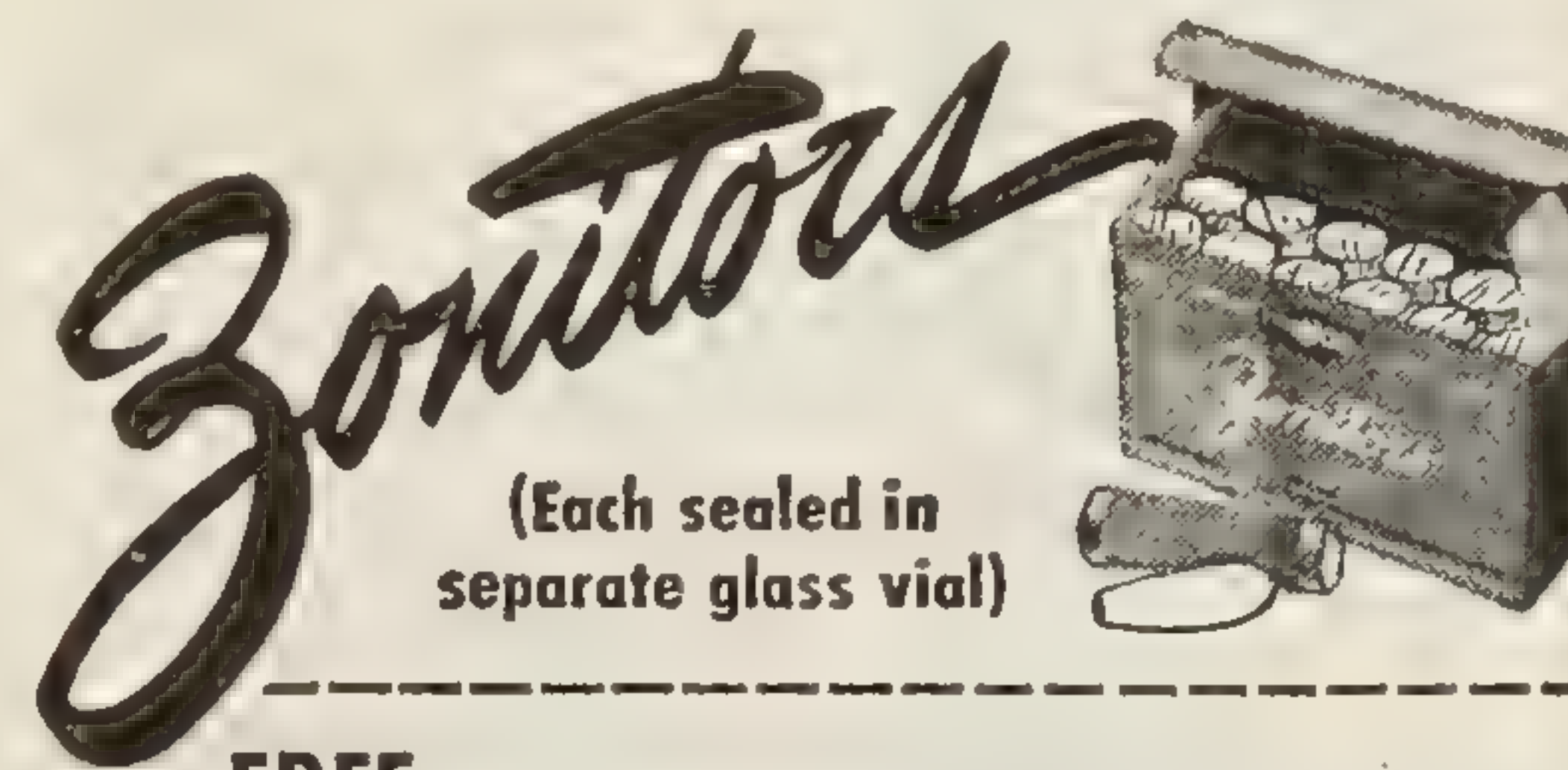
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ing in the way he sat there, so still and defeated. "But I hear the Committee's wondering about tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?"

"Yes—your speech. Are you going to make it?"

"Oh—the Fourth of July." From the way he spoke I knew he had forgotten all about it. "How can I, Don? You know—what's happened?"

"Well yes, I do know, but do you think that ought to make any difference, Al? The kids are in love."

He interrupted me. "That's where I got caught. Ever since Ann was born I've wanted her to have everything. When—when Elsie died, I promised her I'd take care of Ann. And I've failed."

"Don't say it, Al!" I said sharply.

"You didn't even know you were prejudiced against people of Rick's ancestry," I told him. "It only came out into the open when your pocketbook was threatened, and again when your love for Ann was threatened. But you just admitted yourself that if prejudice hadn't kept you from letting the Smiths have a house Rick and Ann probably would never have met. You wouldn't have lost her to him."

"Yes—that's true—"

BUT don't you see, Al—it's only prejudice, again, that makes you think you have lost her! If she'd married—and I mentioned the names of a couple of young fellows I'd heard Ann mention, "if she'd married one of them instead of Rick, you'd be contented enough, wouldn't you—you wouldn't say that you'd failed?"

"No—no."

"Yet you haven't a thing against Rick except that his father and mother weren't born in this country. That's prejudice, Al. And it's making you suffer, more than Rick. He has Ann. You've got nothing except bitterness."

I'd said enough. If he didn't understand—if he didn't believe me—now, he never would. "How about it, Al?" I asked. "About tomorrow, I mean."

"I—I don't know. You think I should make the speech?" He sounded worried, uncertain.

"I think it'd be good for you if you did. Good for all the folks in town, too. It'd show them you aren't letting Ann's marriage to Rick make any difference to you. And there couldn't be any better time than the Fourth of July for you to prove to everybody you believe in what the Declaration of Independence says. You do believe it, don't you?" I asked, though I knew he hadn't, and maybe still didn't.

"Believe in the Declaration of Independence?" he asked, puzzled and a little angry. "Why—of course. That is—"

I quoted part of it to him. "We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness!"

After a little silence Al stood up. "I'll make the speech," he said quietly. "Thanks, Don, for coming around."

That was a year ago this coming Fourth of July. Since then, the Smiths have moved into their new house in Oak Knoll—where property values haven't gone down at all as a result. Ann has just had her first baby, and Al Tyler swears there never was a baby quite so wonderful. He's wrong, but nobody tells him so.

I expect I'll read the Declaration over again this Fourth, sometime during the day. It won't do me any harm.

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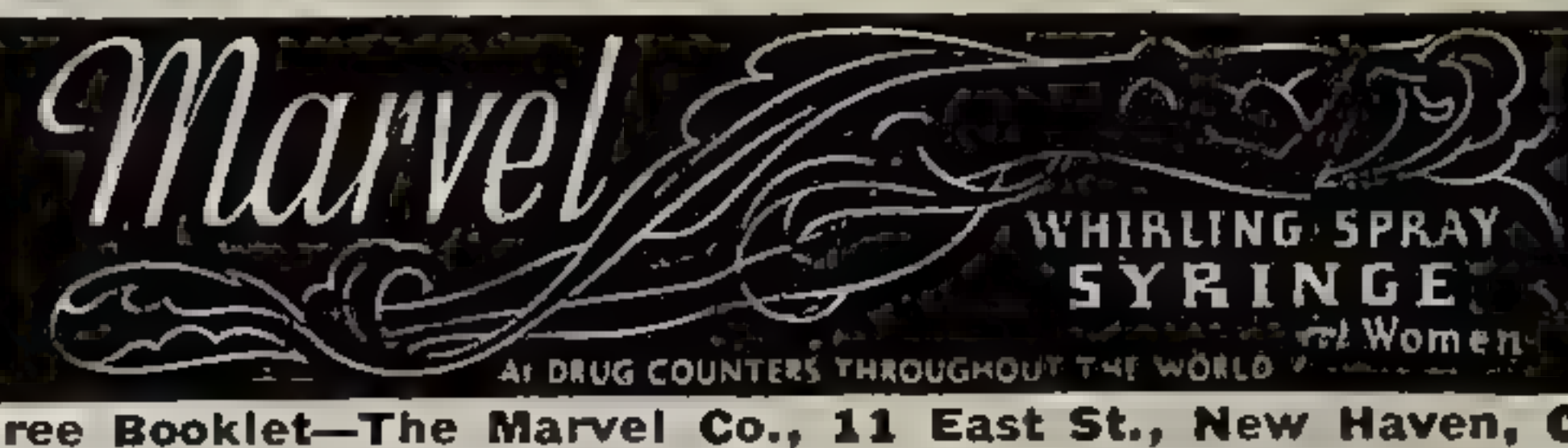


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You Know What the Moon Does

(Continued from page 41)

of Mrs. Anderson's eyes boring into the back of his neck. He hardly dared breathe—let alone look at the pretty Anderson daughter snuggling so close to him.

What should he do? He had to plan. How could he rescue Mrs. Anderson from danger and make her realize what an intrepid fellow he was at heart? Dennis breathed in the cologne from Mildred's hair—but, though it made his heart beat faster, it only confused his mind more than ordinarily.

He tried to think of all the possibilities... but it seemed pretty hopeless. If a tramp should ever have the nerve to bother Mrs. Anderson, Dennis was quite sure she could handle the situation much more forcefully than he could. Could he rescue her from drowning? He knew she hadn't planned to go swimming but—maybe—if he could persuade her to come close to the brook and if he stood behind her and gave a little push—Dennis shivered. The idea had possibilities. But if it didn't work out or she guessed that he had pushed her—there were other possibilities—of her committing assault and mayhem on one Dennis Day—that he hated to think about.

He was still casting about for the foolproof idea when they reached the picnic spot. It was a lovely place—green grass and flowers and mossy banks. Or, rather, it would have been a lovely place if only he and Mildred were there—alone. He looked at her fondly and caught her wistful sigh in return.

"WELL! Dennis Day—are you going to stand around with that stupid look on your face all day? Here—help me to put down this steamer rug so I can sit. Find a good place for it."

Dennis obediently took the rug and hunted for the grassiest, softest place he could find.

"There—how's that, Mrs. Anderson?" He pulled the rug carefully into place and helped her lower herself slowly onto it. "You look just perfect sitting there—like a circus tent when it's pegged down."

"Dennis!"
"Oh—I'm sorry, Mrs. Anderson. I didn't mean—I mean—can't I help you lay out the food, Mildred?" He grabbed for the box of sandwiches, took one step forward, stubbed his toe on a protruding tree-root and sat down, heavily. Right in the middle of the chocolate cake.

"Dennis!"
"How could you be so clumsy?"
"I don't know—" dejectedly—"it just seems to come easy to me." Moodily he wiped chocolate frosting off his clothes and contemplated the future. Things were certainly getting off to a bad start. He had insulted Mrs. Anderson and ruined one of her best layer cakes—all in the first ten minutes. What could he do to make up for his mistakes? Somehow he had to make a good impression on her this afternoon!

And for a little while it seemed as if his hopes might come true. Mrs. Anderson wanted a lot of attention and a multitude of details taken care of—more mustard on her ham sandwich and more salt on the potato salad and more this and more that and her sunglasses



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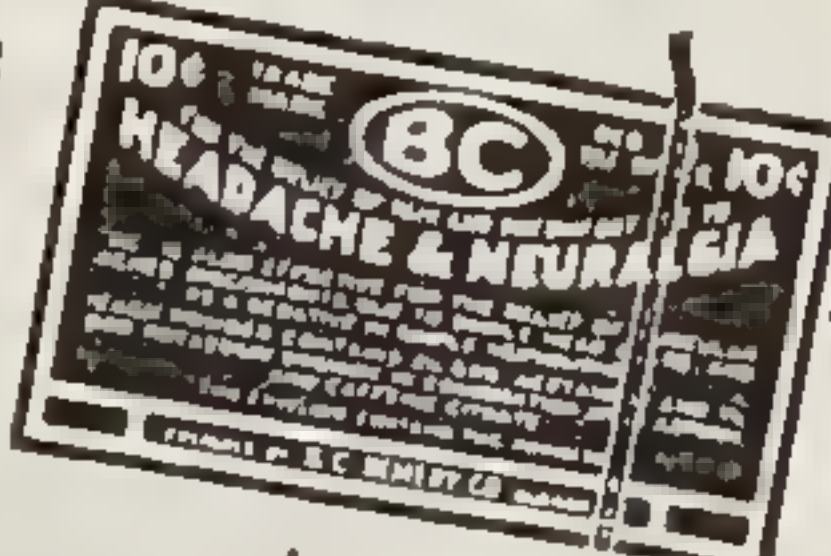
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cleaned and her jacket folded and put into the car and her knitting bag brought to her. Dennis was kept running. And, by some miracle, he did nothing wrong. There was no sand in the sandwiches he brought her; he spilled no salt; he broke no glasses; the knitting ball failed to unravel in his hands. Almost he caught himself saying, "Yes, dear" just as Mr. Anderson did, as he panted around on her errands.

As for that gentleman—he stretched himself out on the rug and gratefully winked at Dennis. And from the other side of the picnic cloth, Mildred smiled her approval. Everything was going fine... there was almost a family atmosphere with Dennis, for once, included.

Then it happened. Mrs. Anderson began to fidget. She shifted position uncomfortably.

"Can I bring you a pillow?" Dennis asked, solicitously.

"Never mind." But she sounded puzzled. She fidgeted some more—she jerked, nervously—she bounced—she slapped at her legs—and then she jumped to her feet with a yell—

"DENNIS DAY! You brainless, addled, stupid idiot! You did that on purpose! You put that rug down there for me to sit on *right on top of an ant hill!*" She brushed furiously at herself, and with all the energy she had left, she loudly berated the hapless Dennis. He was a moron! He was a cruel, conniving, sinister character who had lured her out there to sit on ant heaps and be bitten! He had the nerve to want to marry Mildred—she wouldn't have a son-in-law who would probably murder them all in their beds someday!

There was no stopping her. Herbert tried to calm her down with his "Now, lover girl," and his "Now, Poopsie"—but it didn't work. Dennis took refuge behind a tree, while Mildred moved the rug to a safer and antless place.

"—I won't stay here to be tortured alive! We're going home!" Mrs. Anderson refused to be seated. "We're going right back and Herbert will drive the car. I couldn't trust my life in the hands of that nincompoop again!" She started majestically for the car, and then stopped. "But first I want some of those lovely leaves over there, to fill the vases at home. Herbert! come here and help me pick them!"

Dennis stuck his head out from behind the bush, timidly. "Gee, Mrs. Anderson—I wouldn't—"

"Don't speak to me! I know you wouldn't! And I wouldn't trust you to pick a dandelion for me! You'd probably get poison oak instead!"

"But that's what—"

"Silence!" she thundered. And he subsided, meekly.

Mildred stayed behind with Dennis, as her parents moved toward the low bushes and began to gather armloads of branches and leaves.

She turned a hopeless face to his own woe begone one. "Oh, Dennis, everything's turned out wrong. Now Mother is madder than ever at you and she'll never let us be alone. She thinks you're stupid and she'll never let me marry you. Poor Mother—all bitten up by those nasty ants!"

"Poor little ants trying to bite—"

"Dennis! Don't you dare say such a thing."

He sat down beside her and looked at her, adoringly.

"You're so pretty when your eyes flash like that, Mildred. And you're so clever and smart. Do you think you could ever make a success out of me?"

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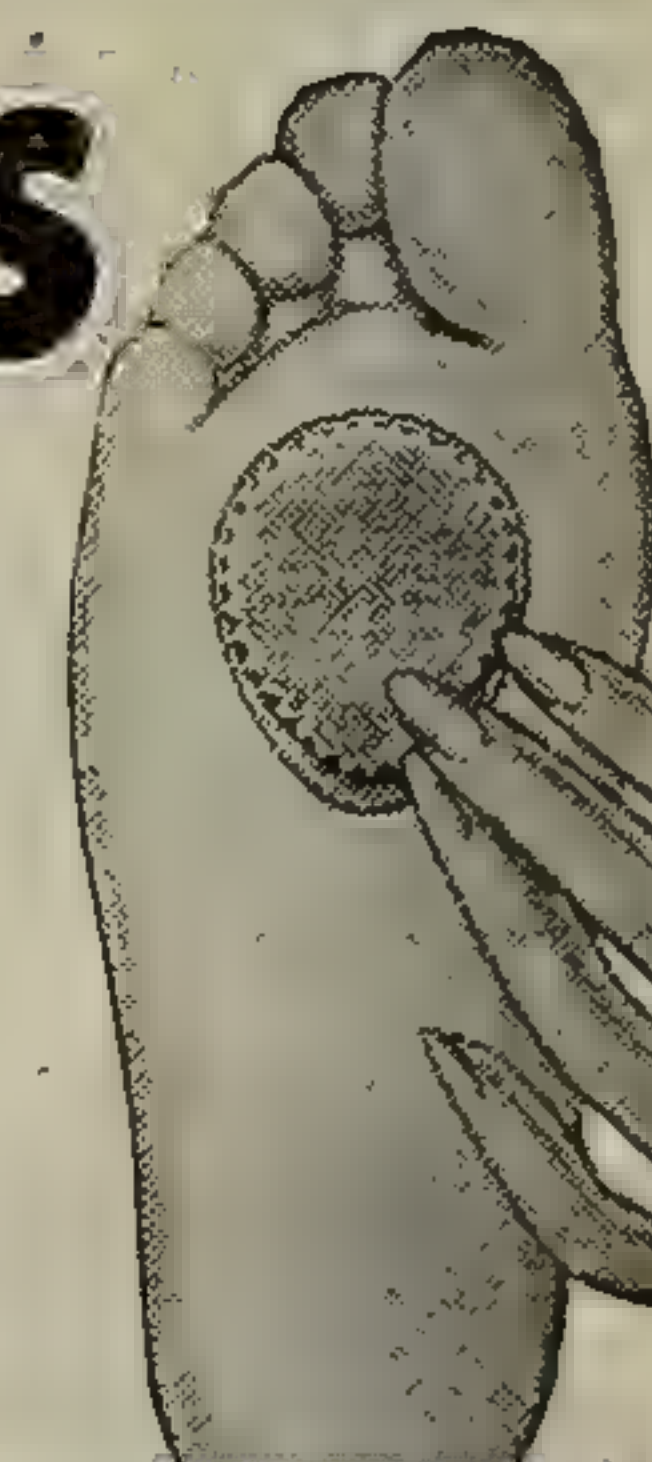
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She sighed. "Of course. They say nothing's impossible these days. Scientists can even revive people after they're dead—and you're still living!" She rested her chin in her hands and looked soberly at the two figures who were stripping the bushes and vines, carrying armloads to the car—Mrs. Anderson looking like an invading battleship intent on carrying out a raid—Mr. Anderson, like a little tug trying to maneuver around the big ship. "But you won't be living. And to think that you were going to rescue her from some great danger and make her grateful—what's that!"

That was a yell, loud and long, that pierced the rural peace and quiet—again and again. It was Mrs. Anderson and she screamed without stopping, throwing her burden of leaves into the air and standing, rooted, stock-still and pointing, looking with horrified eyes at something on the ground.

"It's a snake! Herbert—Mildred—oh!"

But it was Dennis who reached her first and saw the tiny, harmless little garter snake at her feet.

Here was his chance. Now he could rescue her from danger and be a hero in her eyes—now she would realize what kind of a man he was—

"It's all right, Mrs. Anderson." He struck a dauntless pose and spoke fearlessly. "I'll save you—look!" And picking up a stick he bent down and inserted it under the pretty little green-and-gold wiggler. Triumphantly, he raised it aloft on the stick. "See—I'm not afraid. Dennis Day isn't afraid of anything! Even the jungle holds no terrors for a man like me! I can look a wild beast straight in the eye and calm his savage nature—I can—"

BUT the little snake somehow must have missed Dennis' eye. Or else he had plans all his own. Or maybe Mrs. Anderson looked more terra firma to him than the slender stick that was his only support in the air. Whatever it was, he gave another wiggle and was off the stick—straight for Mrs. Anderson.

For a moment there was bedlam as she leaped back with remarkable agility for one of her size—leaped and shrieked and yelled. Then she sat down, hard. With Herbert fanning her on one side and Mildred shooing the snake away on the other, it was a full moment before she could get enough breath to speak.

"Murderer! Get me away from here, Herbert—we're not safe with him! Mildred, I forbid you to have anything to do with that man! And you'll move out of our house tonight, Dennis Day. I wouldn't trust you not to bring cobras and pythons and boa constrictors right into the house . . . you and your jungle beasts! Take me home."

And with the other two supporting her and Dennis trailing abjectly, behind, they moved toward the car.

"You'll have to sit in back, Mildred. Move those branches down to the seat of the car. Herbert, you'll sit up here in front with me and drive the car and protect me from that—that monster. He'll have to sit in the back seat but we'll pile those leaves between him and Mildred so he can't harm her. Get in there, Dennis!"

"But, Mrs. Anderson, I don't want to sit—"

"Do as I say!"

"But—all those leaves—"

"Do as I say!"

"But—it's poison oak!"

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Silence fell on all of them as they stared at him. For once, Mrs. Anderson was speechless.

"I tried to tell you. You wouldn't listen."

Mildred backed him up. "He did, Mother. He tried to tell you not to pick them. He said he wouldn't." And even the silent Herbert for once plucked up enough courage to add his meek voice.

"That's right, Lover Girl. He did try to warn us."

It seemed incredible to Dennis, but for once Mrs. Anderson was at a loss for words. She was completely non-plussed. She just looked at the others, but her usual belligerence had faded to a horrified uneasiness. Visions of herself and Herbert picking all those nasty leaves, cradling them in their arms, rubbing them up against their chins as they carried them to the car, filling every inch of car seats with them—and the worst of it was that, for once, she couldn't blame Dennis!

When at last she could speak, it was in a stutter.

"But—but—what can we do?"

DENNIS thought furiously. He had read something just recently and if he could only remember what it was! It was in that old almanac that Mr. Wiloughby kept in the drug store—

"I've got it! I remember now . . . it was an old Indian remedy for poison oak. Look—you take that wet mud from the brook and mix it with some kind of roots—come on, folks—follow me and I'll show you!"

It was against their better judgments, but Mrs. Anderson was in no mood to object to anything. An old Indian remedy sounded better than nothing; in fact, it sounded hopeful. And with just the right touch of magic to send Mrs. Anderson and Herbert and Mildred scrambling down to the brook, digging into the wet mud, mixing it hurriedly with the roots of various plants that Dennis seemed to be pulling up at random. Mrs. Anderson could hardly wait for Dennis to pronounce it the correct mixture before she was slapping it all over her face and arms.

Herbert followed suit. In a few minutes, with the mud rapidly caking over their faces and hands, the two of them looked the end men in a minstrel show.

"Comlong, Mildith—" Mrs. Anderson was finding it difficult to speak plainly with the mask on her face—"we'd better get home."

But Mildred shook her head, sweetly. "You wouldn't want Dennis and me to get poisoned, too, would you, Mother? We might touch those leaves—or we might get it from the car seats, themselves. You wouldn't want us to run any risk, would you? Dennis and I had better walk home. It's only five miles."

From behind the mud Mrs. Anderson glared impotently. Five miles! That her daughter and that Dennis Day should be alone—all that time, walking through the twilight, hand in hand—she groaned to herself. This was too much! But there was nothing she could do about it. Mildred was right. Her daughter couldn't be exposed to that awful stuff. And, right now, more than anything else, Mrs. Anderson wanted to get home quickly. The poison oak—or the mud—was beginning to make her itch.

Herbert had flung the offensive branches out of the front seat of the car so there was nothing left for her to do but climb in beside him—glare once more at Dennis—and then off they drove, a grim and fearsome sight.

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Left behind, Dennis and Mildred looked at each other.

"Gee—" he was dazed at the suddenness of it—"Gee, we're alone at last! It's five miles to town and I get to walk all those five miles with you. And if we take our time there will be a moon coming up in an hour and you know what the moon does to two people in love—"

"Yes, Dennis," she prompted, quickly, "what does the moon do to people in love? You're so bold and masterful, you'll probably even try to kiss me!"

He swallowed a couple of times. "I am? I'm masterful? Oh, golly—Mildred—you don't have to worry. I promise I won't take advantage of you!" They started walking and he quite missed the girl's tiny sigh of despair.

And so the two of them strolled happily, contentedly, into the gathering dusk. The moon came up, its silvery light making a broad pathway for their feet as they crossed meadow and road and hill. Once there was a fence to climb over and Dennis was in seventh heaven. Mildred had to hold his hand to help him over!

They talked. Now everything would be different around the Anderson household. Surely Mildred's mother had seen what a sterling character Dennis showed in emergencies! For once he had saved the day. He had risen to the occasion. He had shown her he was smart—he knew poison oak when he saw it! And he had remembered that Indian remedy and surely Mrs. Anderson would be eternally grateful to him. Now they could almost consider themselves engaged, and when Mr. Willoughby gave him a raise, maybe they could be married. Dennis was getting nine dollars a week now—perhaps in a few years he'd be making ten.

THEY came at last to the Anderson boarding house. Their feet were tired, but their spirits were soaring. It was dark on the porch and Mildred hesitated just a little, her hand on the door-knob. Dennis was so close to her—maybe if she leaned a little closer—But—suddenly—the door was yanked open from the other side. Light from the hallway streamed out onto the porch, silhouetting the Amazon-like figure that stood there in the opening, warlike, arms akimbo.

For some reason, Dennis' heart sank down to his boots.

"Aha! So there you are at last . . . you idiot . . . you Dennis Day!"

"But, Mother—"

Mrs. Anderson brushed aside the interruption.

"Poison oak, indeed! A numbskull that can't tell the difference between a sumac branch and a poison oak leaf! Frightening us out of our wits—and then making us drive all through Weaverville, with all the neighbors gaping, with mud splashed all over our faces. If Mr. Willoughby hadn't come by and told us what those leaves were, we'd probably both be still sitting around looking like the bottom of a river bed. You—Mildred—come in this house! And as for you, Dennis Day, if I never see you again it will be too soon and if I ever catch you around my daughter again—"

Slam! The door banged shut, right in Dennis' face. He sat down, disconsolately, on the porch steps, chin in hand, and sighed. So there it was again! Just like it always was—and then he brightened.

Mildred had called him masterful! And tomorrow was another day!



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I'm A Winner Who Took All

(Continued from page 25)

of the audience? I'd be lost in the crowd!"

"No, sir," I told her. "I got a scheme to get you up there!"

My scheme was very simple. I was going to get her there early, find her an aisle seat—and make sure she wore her new \$35 hat which is so covered with doo-dads that anyone'd have to be blind not to notice it!

Well, my scheme worked like a charm. I got her there early, put her in a seat on the aisle, and her hat showed up like a fire engine. I sat next to her. And Mark Goodson, the master of ceremonies, chose her to come up on the stage the minute he saw her—and the minute he heard she was a visitor from Oregon. What's more, she was chosen to be the first one in front of the mike.

YOU probably know the program—it's a quiz show. Two contestants are picked out of the audience, and get up on the stage in front of two mikes. One contestant has a bell, the other a buzzer; and when Mr. Goodson asks them a question the one who thinks of the answer first presses his bell or buzzer—and gets first chance to speak. Their scores are marked on a big blackboard. After three right answers a new opponent is picked to contest the winner, who keeps on going until he's beaten by someone—sometimes it takes a week! And every time he wins it means more presents!

Well, Vaughn got up there with the bell in her hand. Another woman was opposite her with the buzzer. Just as I predicted, the questions were duck soup for my daughter. Like: "Where's all the gold in the world—right near here?" Vaughn said: "Fort Knox."

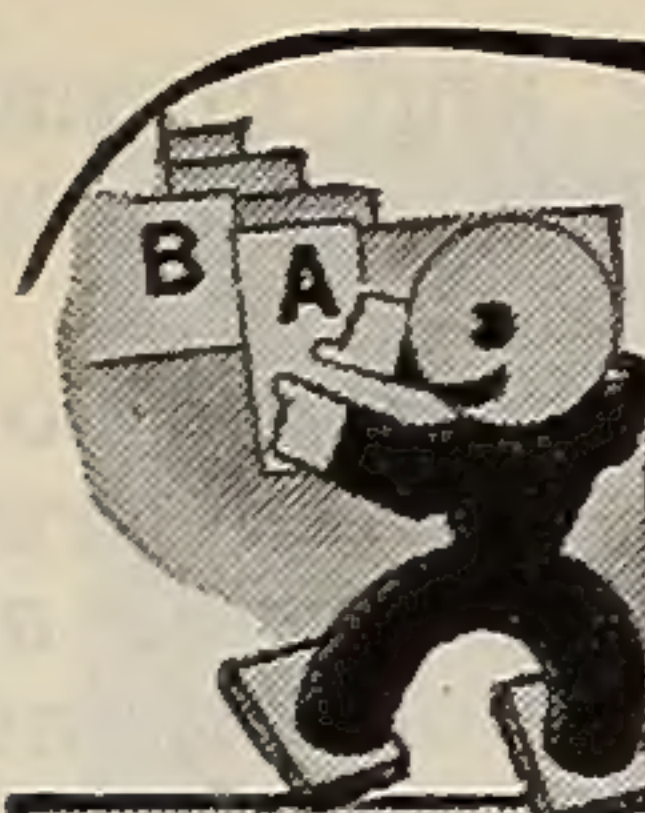
She won that day, and she stayed on the show four days straight. She got a carload of stuff: a rug, a man's suit (which she gave me), a washing machine, three suitcases, a radio, a diamond ring, three dresses, to name what I can remember.

But after the fourth day she had to go back to Oregon. Her Latin pupils were waiting for her at the Jane Adams High School in Portland. Her train left at night, she was able to be on the Winner Take All show that last afternoon. She sadly said goodbye to everyone on the show, and we left. But as we headed toward the station I had another brainstorm. "Say, Vaughn," I said, "we've got time before your train leaves. Let's go into the Give and Take Show and see what happens."

You won't believe me—but she got on that too, and won every prize but one. One question she answered stumped me plenty. They asked her, "What was the real name of an author whose pseudonym was W. M. Tompkins?" "William Makepeace Thackeray," said Vaughn correctly. Then we rushed to the station, and she got on her train!

I've since found out that it's almost never happened that one person gets on two shows in one afternoon, like that.

Now, as for me, I went to a cafeteria after putting Vaughn on the train that evening, and I ate some kind of food that was poisoned. Result was I was sick in bed for a couple of days. When I went back to the Winner Take All



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show next time, Mark Goodson (the master of ceremonies) almost jumped off the stage at sight of me. Then he told the audience about Vaughn and how she'd had to go back to teach school, and he said, "Since she wasn't disqualified, how'd it be to let her father carry on in her place?"

'Count of the food poisoning, I wasn't feeling my best. But I got up on the stage just the same—and I stayed winning for the next five days!

They threw questions at me, and I tossed the answers right back. One was, "The Kanakas owned what country now owned by the United States?" That was easy for an ex-history teacher like me. I said, "Hawaii," and was right. Another question was, "What's the difference between a rifle and a shotgun?" That was easy too—for an ex-hunter like me! I said, "The rifle's inner barrel is rifled, and the shot gun's inner barrel is smooth." Right!

The trucks were bringing home what I won for the next couple of weeks—a vacuum cleaner, a dandy overcoat, a silk lounging robe, a desk, a sun lamp, a rug, a suitcase, a set of dishes, a roaster, a radio, a broiler . . . and plenty more I can't recall.

See what I mean? It pays to take a chance!

BUT I was taking a pretty big chance a year ago, just coming to New York City. I lived in Oregon, and I'd quit teaching school in 1944. Three years before that my wife had died, and I figured what was I doing hanging around Oregon? I had a small income from a gold mine I own up in the Oregon mountains. And the good Lord knows my five children didn't need me any more. The oldest boy's Glenn. He's forty-seven and owns two Oregon radio stations; and the youngest, Donald, is thirty and is back practicing law now he's out of the Navy. Lloyd's a lawyer too, and he and Donald own a sawmill on the side. My two girls, Vaughn and Mrs. Helen Knowles, both teach school in Oregon.

So I figured my family'd all been voting for some time now, and with my wife and work both gone, nobody'd notice if I took off on a little gallivanting jaunt to New York City. At my age, I thought I owed myself a little adventure!

I drove the 3,000 miles to New York in my 1941 Ford, all alone. It was fun seeing the country; and I only had one mishap. One night while my car set outside a hotel in Goshen, Ohio, some sneak broke in and made away with all my stuff I'd left locked in the car. Broke the doorhandles off to get at it. But I'd been smart enough only to leave some old shirts and my summer underwear in the car, so the next day I kept on driving to New York. Took me six days, from Oregon.

When I got there, I was pretty dazed by it. I'd never seen anything so big. But I thought, "New Yorkers are just people like the folks in Oregon," so it didn't trouble me. And the very first day I got into the YMCA all right, and then set out to find Columbia University—because in the back of my mind I thought I'd take a "busman's holiday." I'd been teaching school ever since I was sixteen, you see. So naturally I thought I'd go to Columbia's summer school. After so many years of school-work, it's kind of hard to break the habit!

That turned out to be a good idea, too. Because I met many members of the profession there, and had a wonder-

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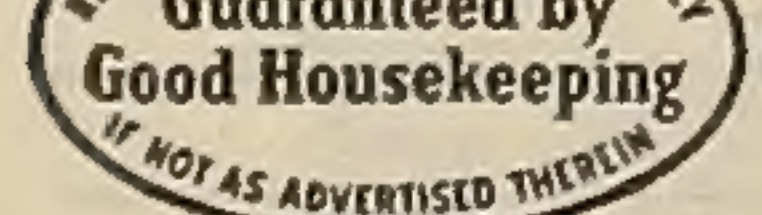
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ful time swapping stories with them.

And as far as I'm concerned, that's one of the best things that happened in New York! I went on a trip to Maine, and when I came back I talked a friend of mine into finding me an apartment. I'm living in it now—a nice layout of living room, bedroom, kitchen and bath in Forest Hills.

I wrote my five kids about my trip after it was all over. But they weren't much surprised. I've been doing things suddenly ever since they can remember. Most of 'em turned out right, too. But then an old crow like me has had plenty of time for sudden events. I was born in Kansas in 1870, and first money I ever earned was selling buffalo bones I picked up off the prairie. Saw a few live buffalo, too. When I was sixteen, I became a school-teacher—those days, all you had to do was pass an easy test and you got your teaching certificate. For pay, you got \$40 a month!

Anyhow, I taught in Kansas until 1912. It was there I had my first big teaching excitement: General Eisenhower went from the first to the sixth grade as my pupil. That was when I was principal of the Lincoln School in Abilene, Kansas, from 1900 to 1905. But even that wasn't exciting at the time. Ike was a mischievous, bright, pesky little boy and once I had to spank him to quiet him down!

There were a few other teaching adventures, of course—hard to believe today. Once, when I was teacher of the Saline County Country School in Kansas, we had a school dance on a Friday night. Nine o'clock darned if a big blizzard didn't come up—and we didn't get out of that dance hall until the following Tuesday! We ate all the refreshments, burned the benches to keep warm, and hated each other by the time it was over!

Another time a big Kansas twister came along in mid-day and I had to have all my pupils run out and lie down in the plowed fields around the school-house. The tornado picked all the chickens clean, but didn't kill a one! Kansas used to be visited by swarms of grasshoppers, too—came into town like a black cloud and they'd eat everything, the leaves off the trees and the clothes off your back. Only thing they didn't like was onions and tobacco.

But those were the big things. I moved my wife and kids to Oregon in

1912 for better schooling and climate. And I went on being a school principal there; but every summer I took off for adventure. And I had 'em, too.

One time I bought an abandoned railroad car, outfitted it as a sleeper and buffet lunch car—ran it from Kansas City to Brownsville, Texas, and made a mint of money. Another summer I found out I could make a \$25,000 commission if I could sell a batch of land in Texas. I made it, too. I found a colony of those hook-and-eye Pennsylvania Dutch people—they never use buttons, and their pants hook on the side. I offered their preacher \$5000 of my commission if he'd talk his flock into buying land in Texas. He did. So I netted \$20,000—which I lost by investing it in a newspaper the minute I had it! Those hook-and-eye farmers are still in Texas, and made right good at their farming, too.

So you see my kids weren't surprised when, after I'd been pensioned off as a teacher, I came to New York City. Here I'm very happy. I go across the street to the movies evenings; and I have folks over to meals—some of which I cook. I can cook almost anything, but my specialties are soups, rice pudding, spaghetti with cheese and steaks. And every midnight I like my fourth meal of the day—orange juice and a sandwich. I haven't as many friends as I'd like, but they'll come.

Meanwhile, I read a lot of books from the public library, mostly history books of the Middle West; and I listen to the radio, and read everything in the newspapers except the funnies. I do the laundry in the basement of my apartment house, too—all except the ironing, I draw the line at that. And some days I clean with the vacuum cleaner I won on Winner Take All.

But mainly I'm busy as a bird-dog outside the apartment. Every morning I'm up early, and I walk a half-block to the subway and ride into the broadcasting stations in New York to get tickets to the shows. Two reasons for this: one, I love being on the shows, and two, I'm kind of planning on having one of my own some day soon! Yes, I got an idea for a "spelling bee" on the air, and all I need now is a sponsor.

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*Mildred
O'Donnell*

DIVING CHAMPION

More people are smoking CAMELS today than ever before in history!

**Yes, experience during the shortage taught millions
the differences in cigarette quality!**

**YOUR 'T-ZONE'
WILL TELL YOU...**

T for Taste...
T for Throat...

That's your proving ground for any
cigarette. See if Camels don't
suit your 'T-Zone' to a 'T'!



DIVING Champion Mildred O'Donnell hasn't forgotten the war shortage of cigarettes. "I never realized there were such differences in cigarettes until the shortage," she recalls. "That's when I really learned what cigarette suits me best — Camel."

Millions of others had the same experience, with the result that *today more Camels are being smoked than ever before in history*. But, no matter how great the demand:

We don't tamper with Camel quality. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.



'IT WAS NO FUN, the cigarette shortage; but it was a real experience. That's when millions of smokers learned the meaning of the phrase, "Camels suit my 'T-Zone' to a 'T.'"

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

According to a recent Nationwide survey:
MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS
than any other cigarette

Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—in every branch of medicine—to name the cigarette they smoked. *More doctors named Camel than any other brand.*